Moon-shine,

OR THE RESTORATION OF *JEWS-TRUMPS* AND BAGPIPES.

Being

An Answer to Dr. *R. Wild*'s Letter, and his *Poetica Licentia*, &c.

Cynthius aurem vellit.

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AN ANSWER TO Dr Wild's LETTER. &c.

Doctor,

WIth as many *Faces*, and as much Pain as ever Tooth was drawn, I made ſhift a while ago to wade through a moſt vile and dirty *Pamphlet* of yours with this Title: *A Letter from Dr.* Robert Wild *upon occaſion of his Majeſties Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience, together with his* Poetica Licentia, *&c.* Which *Pamphlet* I found all the way pretending to moſt extraordinary Joy

and Thanks; but of such a *witless* and *slovenly* kind, that, could His *Majesty* have possibly imagined that his Clemency could have been so *saucily* abused, and his kindness so *nastily* and *Sirreverentially* received, most certainly *Robert* had been as particularly excepted from the benefit of the *Declaration*, as *Hugh* and some others were, from the *Act of Oblivion*. And my business, Dr. at present is only to acquaint you, that though *Poetica Licentia* jingles very prettily with *Liberty of Conscience*, yet that *Poetica* is never Latin for *Conscience*, nor *Licentia* for any such *ill manners* as you at large shew, both in your *Letter* and *Poem*. And that I may in your own stile convey my meaning the easier into your belly, I am to tell you, that when you went about to confound the one with the other, you were as absolutely mistaken, as he that took a *Glister pipe* for a *Flageolet*, or the *Intestinum rectum* for the *great Artery*.

And in the first place I observe, that before you signifie your receiving the news of the *Declaration*, you would fain

fain delude the *Friend* you write to, into a fit of laughter, by the mere *dull* jeſt of telling him that *you are a merry Fellow.* For when you go about to tickle him up to a belief of it, with ſuch deadly *old* and *ſmall* Provocations as of *hanging your harp upon the Willows, and ſinging* lachrymæ *inſtead of the ſongs of* Sion; *of laughing at a feather, eſpecially,* O eſpecially, *if it be upon a Fools Cap; of being as merry as the old Sect of Crickets, though after a baking,* yea verily though after a baking; *or as the Chimney-men themſelves, who are a new Sect of Crickets,* at ſome certain times of the year: nay, though for the better diſguiſe you ſplit an ancient abuſe, and call the *Biſhop* of *Briſtol, Cock* in one line, and *comb* in another; yet I durſt boldly ſay, that if your *Friend* has but the leaſt ſhare of Wit, or any ſence of Conſcience, he can no more laugh at ſuch overworn and tatter'd ſtuff, than if he ſhould find his houſe all in flames, and his Wife and Children hung up in ſeniority.

And as thou ſetteſt forth with ſuch a Niggardlineſs of Wit, that it is great Impudence in thee to preſume, that the moſt eaſie of thy *Non conforming Friends* ſhould ſmile at it: ſo thou as ſaucily proceedeſt, comparing the grave and ſolemn *Muſick* of our *Church*, to a *Whiſtle*, *Bagpipe* and *Jews-trump*. Which, if thou hadſt done with Wit anſwerable to its Inſolence, much Time and long Repentance might perhaps have brought thee off: but to ſay that *the Whiſtling of a Bodies-maker is every whit as good and Elevating as a* Salisbury *Anthem*, and that *a Bag-pipe does far excel the Organ at* Hackney, and to give no better reaſon but only that thy *Sowſes* are not made of *Silk*, is ſo very rude and unpardonable, that ſeeing thou wert not *excepted*, thou doſt now deſerve to be *excommunicated* out of the *Toleration* it ſelf.

For, let us a little conſider, Doctor; is there not an *Organ* in the *King*'s Chappel, as well as at *Hackney*? and are not *Anthems* ſung there, as well as at *Salisbury*? and has not His *Majeſty*

Majeſty told thee in his *Declaration*, that 'tis his expreſs Reſolution and Intention that the *Church* of *England* be preſerv'd in its *Doctrine*, *Diſcipline* and *Government*: and whoever preaches *ſeditiouſly* or to the *Derogation* thereof, muſt expect ſeverely to be puniſhed? Suppoſe ſuch a thing as this ſhould be objected to thee: I am confident thou haſt nothing in the world to ſay, but only what thou would'ſt have impos'd upon thy *Friend* in the beginning, *viz.* That *Robin* is a *merry Fellow*, an abſolute *Cricket*, a meer *Wagg*, a *Droll*, and a moſt accurate ſplitter of a *Prelatical Cocks-comb*. But, thou that pretendeſt to dance on the *high Rope*, to ſoar aloft, and clip Clouds, thou muſt not cheat thy ſelf and think that ſuch *crawling Humours* as theſe will excuſe thy Rudeneſs. For although His *Majeſty* of Tenderneſs and Compaſſion to ſuch *weakly Subjects* as thy ſelf, has gratiouſly condeſcended, that, anſwerably to your ſtile and matter, you ſhall be indulged either the liberty of a pair of *Tongs*, to play you to perch

upon a *Plum tree*, and from thence to diſtribute; or to be ſqueak'd up the Hay-loft with a *Comb* and *Paper*, and there to float and ſpread it over a *Beam*; yet I ſuppoſe he never did deſign to give over the *Muſicians* of his *Chappel*, either to *Dutch* or *Devil*, in compliance with thy elegant Advice from the two D's, nor to ſend for thy *blind Piper*, *Jews-trumper* or *neighbouring Bodies-maker*, to whiſtle up his *Biſhops* and *Chaplains* when they preach before him. Upon my word, **Dr. Robert Wild**, if one of you three will but read over the *Declaration*, you will find you are all moſt vilely miſtaken.

The ſmall feather'd and cricket-like *Preface* being thus finiſhed, and the *Doctor* having made therewith no Creature in the world *merry*, beſides himſelf: it is high time for him now to leave the *Frying-Pan*, and the *Four Herrings*, and to attend the *Poſt-boy*, who blew his *Horn* and *Toleration*. But why in ſuch haſt, good *Doctor*? what liſten to a *Horn* before the Orthodox Exerciſe of Eating and Drinking?

ing? eſpecially at an hour when the *Maw ſtretches and yawns*, and makes humble requeſt for Victuals? how, ſo cruel as to forſake four penſive diſconſolate Herrings; when your own Conſcience flew in your face, and told you that they had lately been in very great diſtreſs, and in as ſad a *pickle* as the *Dutch* Fleet the week before? How ſo careleſs of your *Family*, as to give over your *Wife* and *Maid* to the cruelty of four hiſſing ſputtering outragious *Herrings*? Suppoſe one of the ſtouteſt and moſt diſcontented of 'em had made a *violent digreſſion* out of the *Frying-Pan*, and ſtruck up your *Maids* heels, and in your abſence had ſwallowed your *Wife*, head, ſhoulders and all. (As the great *Pike* at *Boſco*, that on a ſudden ran away from the *Pound* and his *Keepers*, and in a trice devoured a whole flock of *Sheep*.) Suppoſe, I ſay, any ſuch calamity had happen'd in the *Family* by your neglect: would it not have prick'd you ſorely to have left the houſe in ſuch Tumult and Diſorder? I, I, you, you are the men that

that have got the *Conscience* of the whole *Nation*: that pretend to such Curiosity and Neatness of *Conscience*, and yet make nothing to leave a poor helpless Wife and but one Maid to the fury and insolence of four dissatisfied and devouring *Herrings*: and only upon that quibling Pretence, forsooth, that *you had other Fish to fry*. Come, come, *Doctor*, deceive not your self with such *loose* Principles. You may pretend to as much tenderness of *Conscience* as you will; but I am afraid if you had had four *Cormorants*, or four *Eagles* for dinner, the case would have been the same; for you would either have had other *Birds* to look after, or other *Fish to fry*, or some such *Conscience-palliating Excuse*.

But I shall leave you to consider of this unanswerable neglect at your Leisure, and we'll go on, if you please, to the very *Declaration* it self. But before we read it, that our Joy may be *gradual* and *solemn*; and that not the least Expression of Thanks and Mirth may be wanting to so great an occasion, let us

droll,

droll, *flash*, and be a little *phansiful* upon the very *Paper* it self: which being *clipt* for the better lying in the *Letter*, affords four absolute *new* merry Conceits. First, the *Declaration* thus shorn is like a *Round-head*: the reason of that is plain because of *Aquarius*. Secondly, 'tis like an *Amsterdam Divine*: that also is as plain because of *Sagittarius*. Thirdly, *'tis* like an *officiating Friar*; upon the account of the *Bulls right Eye*. Fourthly, 'tis unlike *Clipping of Money*; upon some other account.

Having thus bedabbl'd the outside of the *Declaration* with four such *dewy delicate Phansies*: now Dr. we'll set on and fall to reading. But not rudely and unsanctifiedly, but with that short *Ejaculation of* the Antients, S. George *for* England. Or as one of the *Latins* renders it, *Cynthius aurem vellit*. *Buchan. Jac. Presb.* And the *Grace* being ended, we venture now upon the *Title* of the *Book*. *His Majesties Declaration to all his Loving Subjects*, *March* 15. 167½. "What, to all his Loving Subjects! this is joy indeed!

"However

" However I am ſure His Majeſty means
" me in a moſt ſpecial manner: for I
" have a ſoul as white and ſpotleſs
" towards the *King*, as any Lawn in
" *England*; and I do and will love the
" *King* with any *Church-man* of them,
" all, for a thouſand pounds. A *Prelati-*
" *cal* man love the *King*! that's a frolick
" indeed. Where's any one of them
" that in obedience to the *Act of Uni-*
" *formity*, preſently laid down a plump
" *Parſonage* as I did, and ſuffered ever
" ſince for His *Majeſty*. And (if I
" may be ſo bold) how came His
" *Majeſty* I pray, into *England*? who
" was it that invited him hither, and
" ſettl'd him in his *Throne*? did not
" *George* and I do all that buſineſs?
" *He* and his *Forces* undertaking for
" the *Proſe Part* of his Reſtauration:
" and I, with my *Muſes* undertaking
" for the *Poetick*? I tell thee *Doctor*,
thou ſwaggereſt much what a loyal,
white, ſpotleſs *Lawn Soul* thou haſt to-
wards His *Majeſty*: but he that ſhall
torture himſelf ſo much as to look
over thy late *Letter* and *Poem*, will
preſently

preſently perceive ſo much of *Coarſeneſs*, *Greaſineſs* and *Naſtineſs*, that he'll think thy Soul much more like that ſame *Presbyterian Horſe-cloth* thou ſpeakeſt of, than any *Lawn* or *Tiffany*.

The *Title* being thus diſpatch'd, and the Clemency of His *Majeſty* being juſtly compared to that of *Cyrus* to the *Jews*, or *Conſtantine* to the oppreſſed *Chriſtians*, or as the welcome *Dove* to the water-beaten *Ark*, (as if the *Doctor* and two or three of his *Crickets* were the *only* people of *God*, and had beſpoken all *Chriſtianity*, and taken up every inch of the *Ark*.) we go next to the *Date* of the *Declaration*; which happening to be upon the fifteenth of *March*, ought to be moſt ſolemnly commemorated; partly by way of *Panegyrick*, and partly by way of *Wonderment*. In *Panegyrick* thus: "O thou "fifteenth of *March*! be thou and the "four *ſalt herrings* for ever Chronicled "and extolled. It is a thouſand pities "that thou art already engaged to be "the fifteenthof *March*; for if thou "hadſt thy right and due, thou doſt as

" certainly deserve to be the first day of *January*, as a quart of *milk* is worth a " peny. It is my request and wish that " thou be acquainted with the twenty " ninth of *May*: and seeing thou art de- " creed to be the fifteenth of *March*, be " thou however kind to the fifth of *No-* " *vember*: for five and ten make fifteen. " But as for the twenty fourth of *Au-* " *gust* and the thirtieth of *January*, hold " no correspondence with them; for " upon the one I lost my living; and " upon the other the *King* lost his *head*: which by all the *people* of *God*, *good Christians* and *Ark-holders* ought to be utterly forgotten. Now for *Wonder-* *ment*. " How! what, the fifteenth of " *March* bring forth such news as this? " can Mercy, Truth and Peace, long " Preaching and Praying be restored " again in *March*; can such heavenly " and elevating *Musick* as *Bagpipes* and " *Whistles* and *Jews-trumps* be brought " home to an unsettled Nation in the " month of *March*? can such a big- " bellied, Dutch bellied, blundering " blunderbuz *month* as *March*, that

" feeds

"feeds wholly upon *white Peaſe-Pot-*
"*tage* and *Dumplings*; afford any
"ſuch bleſſing to the *Iſrael of God*? *Grey*
"*Peaſe* indeed have ſomewhat of Fa-
"therlineſs, Clemency and Compaſſion
"for a *diſtreſſed Church* and a *perſecu-*
"*ted People*: but *white* Peaſe, back'd
"with perverſe, obſtinate, and hard
"hearted *Dumplings* —— ſurely it can-
"not be! nor ever would have been,
had it not (as the *Doctor* well obſer-
ves) ſo handſomely *jumped* with the
Jewiſh Feaſt of Purim on their four-
teenth and fifteenth of *March*.

The *Date* of the *Declaration* being thus ſufficiently wondered at: in the next place we proceed to the great Benefits and Advantages of this *Liberty of Conſcience*: which are of ſuch a kind, that neither *King* nor *Council* could poſſibly ever gueſs at or hope for. For whereas His *Majeſty* expects nothing elſe, but that *ſilly ſtubborn* People may hereby perceive their Folly and Error, and in time be reduced to a *ſober* mind, and the *Church* of *England*: the *Doctor* holds forth, and declares that this ſame

Toleration

Toleration (if rightly understood) notwithstanding it came out in the blustering Month of *March*, will have such a vast Influence and Power over *Holland*, that all the *Fish* now at *Amsterdam* (*excepting the small Fry*) will forthwith skip out of the water, and run all away to *London*: and that now, upon *Liberty* of *Conscience*, 'twill be as common a thing to meet with *Carp*, *Pike*, *Tench*, and *Eel* walking about the *streets*, as in the days of *Uniformity* to meet with a *Dog* or a *Porter*. But because this looks like too great an alteration on a sudden; therefore it is to be noted that by *Carp* we mean *soft and smooth-mouth'd Presbyterians*: by *Pike*, *bouncing and devouring Prelatists and Pluralists*: *and* by *Tench* and *Eel*, *muddy and slimy Opinionists*: aud well we may: both because of the *Feast* of *Purim*, and that the *Evening and the Morning were the fifth day*.

And now we are talking of *Ponds* and *Rivers*, of *Prelates*, *Presbyterains*, *Opinionists* and *Fish*: and there being a certain *River* here in *England* call'd *Trent*,

Trent, affording only a ſmall quibble (as ſmall as the remaining *fry at Amſterdam*) it may be not amiſs to obſerve, that of all waters the *Papiſts* delight moſt in *Trent*. For take a *Papiſt* and tye him head and heels together, and fling him with a good luſty ſtone about his neck into the *Thames* or any other *River*, beſides *Trent*; and he preſently ſinks to the bottom, lies ſullenly there, and will not feed nor fatten himſelf at all. But ſtroak him ſoftly upon the *back*, and put him gently into the River *Trent*, and he's as brisk and frolick as a Mouſe in *June*, and in a very ſhort time proves as *fat* as *a Lamprey with nine eyes*. For, as the *Doctor* well obſerves, *a Papiſt is nothing elſe but a Lamprey with nine eyes*. For as *Rome* ſtanding upon ſeven Hills was called *Septicollis*: ſo the *Papiſts* have juſt *nine eyes*, neither more nor leſs, and may be thence called *Lampreys*.

Thus far, Dr, you are very *airy*, *ſmooth* and *delightful*; but, in my opinion, towards the latter end of this Secti-

on, you are a little too *deep* and ſomewhat *reſerv'd*. Where you leave *frying* of *Fiſh*, and fall to telling the *Pope* what a great loſs he had (upon the *Reformation*) of the *Engliſh Shambles*, *of the Engliſh Muttons*, and *Engliſh Veals*; and of the *luſty Chines of noble Fornicators*, which he us'd to torture, as ſeverely as when they fell into the *cruel clutches of King* LUES *or Morbus Gallicus*. Now, Dr, that which I am horibly puzzl'd at, is this ſame *King* LUES. For ſearching very carefully my *French Hiſtory*, I can hear no more news of any *King Lues*, than *of King Scorbutus*, or *King Catarrhus*. If you had committed theſe ſame *Fornicationers* into the *clutches* of *King Pharamond*, *King Dagobert*, or *King Pippin*; I had almoſt underſtood you: for I know, that any of thoſe would have *claw'd* the Rogues away; eſpecially *King Pippin*, for a certain reaſon that I know: which I ſhall not now ſtand to tell you, but inſtead thereof tell you a ſhort ſtory out of one of your own *Claſſical Authors*.

There

There was a man in the *Weſt*, who being to be tryed for his life; was asked by the *Recorder* his name; who anſwered *Spillman*. Say you ſo, quoth the *Recorder*, *Spillman*? 'twill go hard with you, upon my word, friend: for take away S. *P.* and what's yout name then *Sirrah*? E'en what your *Worſhip* pleaſes, quoth *Spillman*. Come, come, Sirrah, you are an old cunning *Rogue*: you have been of the trade ever ſince you were *born*, and you know it well enough: for take away S. *P.* and 'tis *Illman*: and then *Sirra*, *Sirra*, put but *K* to it and 'tis *Killman*. Take him away Jaylor, we need no witneſſes in the caſe: he's a born *Rogue* for his Name has hang'd him.

'Tis good thus far; but what follows is much better and as *Claſſical*. A while after there came one to be tryed before the *Mayor*, who having learn'd of the *Recorder*, how to hang in his abſence, asked the *fellow* his name; who anſwered *Wilſon*. How now, *Sirrah*, *Wilſon*? take away *S. P.* and then 'tis *Illman*, and put *K* to't and then 'tis *Killman*, away with him Jaylor.

And let thus much ſerve for *King Lues*. Now we go to the *Miniſter* of the *Doctor's Pariſh*: upon whom he has two admirable Remarks. Firſt, his *Pariſhioners* don't *grunt* at him. And why? becauſe *he takes no Tythe-Pigs*. Secondly, his *Church is conſtantly very full of Ears, becauſe his Barn has none*. Admirably good indeed! have a care Dr, of going into the *Weſt*, for if the *Mayor* meet you, he'll take away *S. P.* for your *wit* ſake. This is *Robin* the *Cricket*! this is the fruits of *Milk-Pottage, crumm'd thick, and eat hot*! O how it *fluſhes the cheeks*, and makes the Phanſie to *glow* again! Surely the *young Scholar* that put that handſom Abuſe upon Mr. *Eaton*, had got a *fluſh* from ſome ſuch *inſpiring Soupe*: for he being at Mr. *Earon's* houſe, where there was a *Gooſe* for *Dinner*, *Mr. Eaton* asked him if he would not *eat* ſome Gooſe. The *young Scholar* being a little *fluſh'd*, laid upon catch, 'till all was *eaten* and took away; then ſays he, I thank you for my good chear, good Mr. *Eaton*, for I perceive the

the gooſe is *Eaten*. This Dr, as I well remember, happen'd in the Reign of your *King LUES*, or immediately after.

And now Dr, I have very little more to ſay to your *Letter*; only I cannot but a little delight my ſelf to ſee what great pains you take to excuſe your ſelf to your grave friend for being ſo *merry* and *witty*. Whereas I'll undertake to fetch an ordinary *Waterman*, and the *Rogue* ſhall not be aſſiſted at all with any extraordinary *fluſh*; who (ſetting aſide your *Lachrymæ ad uſum Sarum*, and two or three ſuch *Latin* Smalneſſes) ſhall void as many paſſing and luſty Jeſts between *Temple-ſtairs* and *Weſtminſter* as are to be found in your whole *Letter*: and I'll not ſo much as except the *Herrings tail hanging out of your Wifes mouth*. Neither, Dr, muſt you hope to be pardon'd for overcharging ſuch a very *ſmall* meaſure of Wit with ſuch a *vaſt* proportion of Rudeneſs and Arrogance; by ſaying that you were infected by reading a late *Dialogue* againſt *Mr. Hobbs*.

For what if a young conceited *Coxcomb* ſhall be ſo pert and confident as to try to invent any thing againſt *Mr. Hobbs* after ſo many grave and learned *Confutations* of him: or be ſo pragmatical as *to crack a few Lice upon his head*, make a few trivial Jeſts about his *ſtaff*, and moſt philoſophically confute his *Boots*: can't you ſee ſuch a *Jackanapes on horſe-back*, but preſently you muſt call for a *pilion* and get up behind him; or rather, take a freſh *Hobby horſe* (that now is a kind of a *King L U E S*, or a *Robiniſm*) and ride his *Jackanapeſhip* quite out of ſight? Truly, Dr, although *all the world* (as you ſay) *is ſo very big with Jeſt*, yet this won't at all ſerve your turn, neither muſt you ever expect to ſee your intolerable Dulneſs excus'd, by ſaying that *we Nonconformiſts don't go to plays and therefore we can't match their Cocks.* For there is a very *worthy Perſon* that frequents *Plays* no more than thy ſelf, whoſe *Friendly Debates* thou takeſt thy common Rudeneſs to compare to the *ſputtering of Fiſh*, or the ſcolding

at

at *Billinſgate*: whereas 'tis known to all the world, that the ſame learned *Author* has given more proof of *Senſe* and *Wit* in any ſix lines of his *writings*, than thy *Punning Abilities* will ever give thee leave ſo much as to underſtand thy whole Life.

And ſo farewel, *Doctor*, as to thy *Proſe*. Now for *Poetica Licentia*! now for *Liberty* of *Conſcience* in *Rhime*! now, ſtand by *Gout* and *Senſe*, wit and good manners: and let the *Doctor and his Muſe Mopſa* have a bruſh at *pro* and *con*. Now ſtretch forth thy ſelf, my dear one, and be thou tranſported above all the pedantic Laws of *Poetry* and *Modeſty*. Don't ſneak now, and like a *Conformiſt*, utter things that are mean and deſpicable: but ſpeak Fire and Lightning, Fury and Raptures; and let the firſt mount be within a ſpit and a ſtride of the *Moon*. Thou knoweſt, my *Girl*, that thou haſt been clip'd and ſhortned; thou haſt been in bonds and fetters, ſince the accurſed *twenty fourth* of *Auguſt*. But the *fif-*

teenth of *March* is now come, my pretty witty *Slut*: *Liberty* of *Conſcience* is now come: *Poetica Licentia* is come: and the *Joy* is great, the *King* is great, and the *Bible* (*by Grandſire* Hierarchy's *leave*) is now again great. And therefore *pluck out the half Herring out of thy mouth* forthwith, and call together all the *Flowers* and *Phanſies*, *Puns*, and *Quibbles*, and *Clinches* in to thy aſſiſtance.

Muſe. Truly, Dr, this *Cup* of his *Majeſty's* Favour is ſo ſtrong and heady, that I can't at preſent find my *Feet*; and to go about to make *Verſe* without *Feet*, is next to going to *Foot-ball* with ones *Shoulders*.

Dr, Away, away, with ſuch *Uniformity*-Excuſes: for ſeeing there's *Liberty* of *Conſcience*, if thou haſt no *Feet*, then *fly*, my *Girl*, I ſay fly into ſome loftineſs and Mightineſs of *Gratulation*.

M. *We would make Boneſires, Sir,*
but that we fear
Name of Incendiaries *we may hear.*

Dr.

Dr. That's moſt admirably ſaid, my dainty *Mouze*, let *King* LUES with all his *Corneilles*, *Scuderys*, and the reſt of his *morbify'd* Wits produce ſuch a Diſtich: 'tis ſhort, clean and ſmart. *Boneſires* and *Incendiaries*; *Powder* and *Peace*: *Treaſon* and *Glory*. *Amen*. And now, my *fine Wench*, for one ſtrain more: let it be ſeaſonable and brisk, and gripe the *Churchmen* for their *tooting Organs* and *ting-tang Preaching*.

M. *We would have Muſick too, but*
'twill not do,
For all the Fidlers are Conformiſts Too.

I pray, Dr, now let me ſay a word or two to your *Muſe*: and you ſhall come in again by and by. Have the *Conformiſts* taken up all the *Muſick* and *Fiddles*, my Dear; I am ſorry that thou ſhouldeſt be ſo diſappointed: for if thou hadſt ſent to me, I could have furniſh'd thee with great Variety: either with grave ſlow-pac'd *Nonconforming Pavins*, concerning *flowing-*

flowing-guſhing-full with ſelf-emptineſs: or with *Sarabrands* of *glittering* and *glaring Glories*: or with *querpo-friſcado Jigs* of Jeſts and Jingles. And indeed, *Muſe*, thou oughteſt to take it very ill, that the *Doctor* himſelf was ſo unkind as not to offer thee out of his own rich Treaſure. For he could have ſhown thee a certain *Letter*, which he wrote upon the great Fright and Confuſion that his *Books* were in, upon the receiving of Dr. *Reynold's Works* into his *Study*: where in my opinion he does far *out-fiddle* the very famous *Sweed* himſelf. For *Juſtin* Martyr, *he feared he ſhould again be a Martyr*; Tertullian *began to make Apologies*; *St.* Auſtin *Retractations*; *and poor devout* Bede *got into a corner and fell to his Beads.* Jee Bald! Then for the *School men, they all look'd like School-boys*: the *Fathers* having before look'd all like *Children.* And Aquinas *himſelf wiſh'd with all his heart he had not had ſuch* Sums *to reckon for*; *and Dr.* Preſton's *All-ſufficiency pleaded Inſufficiency.* And which I had like

like to have forgotten, *Cambden*'s Britannia *ran quite away into the further parts of* Germany, *and was never heard of to this day.* And I don't at all queſtion, but that let the Doctor have but his *common ſtuſh*; and his hand is every whit as good at a *Sermon*, as 'tis at a *Letter*. And now, I prethee go on, Muſe; for I perceive by thy *Lip* that thou haſt one ſtrain of *Gratulation* ſtill leſt.

M. *Nor can we Ring, the angry*
Church-man ſwears,
By the Kings leave the Bells and Ropes
are theirs.
And let them take them. Yet our
Tongues ſhall ſing
Your Honour louder than their Clappers
Ring.

Now, Dr, I deſire to ſpeak one word or ſo to your ſelf: beſeeching you out of all love, that you would take off, and tye up your *Muſe*; for moſt certainly, if ſhe goes on thus, I ſhall either bepiſs my ſelf, or go to the *Groom*

of

of the *Robe*: for ſhe flags ſo horribly and grows ſo deadly *dull* and *jadiſh*, that ſhe is e'en forc'd to ſteal from *our own ſelf*. For with *Bells* and *Changes*, with *Ringing* and *Clappers*, with *Steples* and *Ropes* you brought in his *Majeſty* in your *Iter Boreale*. And now with the very ſame *Inſtruments* you *congratulate* the *Toleration*. And beſides all this, about 40 years agon, (as you may find it in a moſt faithful *Hiſtorian*) there was one *John Hall* who, being both a *Cap-maker* and a *Sexton*, *died* and *lived again* with juſt the very ſame ſort of *Phanſie*. He died thus.

Here lies John Hall *the Univerſity-capper:*
Who lived by the Bell and died by the Clapper.

And being cruelly mad, that he ſhould be ſo beſpatter'd after his *Death*; he ſtarts up again, after this manner.

John

John Hall *lives ſtill,*
And lives in hope,
That he ſhall live by the Bell,
And you ſhall die by the Rope.

But if after all this, your Muſe has any thing new, I pray ſpeak to her, and let's have it.

Dr. What doſt think, *Muſe*, of his *Majeſty's Declaration* being a *Trojan Mare* with *foal* of *Popery*? Thou knoweſt 'tis but a little way from *Rome* to *Troy*; and if the *Pope* ſhould break paſture —— Beſides, t'other day, I over-heard the *Gridiron moſt horribly grumbling at the Frying-Pan.*

M. *As for the Popes Supremacy, alack!*
'Tis but the Bunch upon the Camels back.
The Lyons skin can't hide the Aſſes Luggs;
We ſtamp Popes Faces on our bearded Juggs,
And make no more confuting Bellarmine,
Than taking off the luſty Ale or Wine.

Dr.

Dr. This Muſe of mine is both the moſt *waggiſh*, and moſt *argumentative* Slut, that I ever met withal in my whole life. Six ſuch keen and compacted lines as theſe, ſhall moſt effectually keep out the *Pope*; when he ſhall make nothing to leap over a thouſend dull Pages of your learned *Chillingworths*, grave *Stillingfleets*, and *Tillotſons*. For moſt plain it is, and moſt demonſtrative, that ſo long as the *Pope* continues to be a *Camel*, he can never with his *Supremacy-bunch* get into the low and narrow gate of *Reformation*. In like manner ſo long as we keep to our *Bibles*, and neglect not to paint *Popes Faces*, plentifully and largely upon our *bearded Juggs*; the *Pope* will be hang'd a thouſand times over, before ever he'll come hither, to ſee himſelf ſo apparently viliſied and affronted. Nay, if he were juſt now about landing, and any body were but there in readineſs to hoiſe up againſt him, one of the beſt ſort of theſe *bearded-Juggs*; he would preſently turn tail, and run roaring

home

home to *Rome*, as if you had a deſign to get away his *Maidenhead*. And in the laſt place, ſo long as we be carefull to keep *Ale* or *Wine* in the *Kingdom*; and have Spirit and Valour enough to ſend for a vaſt *Pitcher*, and ſay thereunto, oh thou *Dragon*, *Bell* or *Bellarmine*, be thou for ever confounded and as utterly *run down*, as this drink *runs down* my throat, ſo long I ſay as this Care be taken, it will be impoſſible for any of the *Defenders* of the *Church* of *Rome*, ever to ſpread their *Doctrine* in this Nation.

And therefore as to this, my Muſe, thou art certainly in the right. But what doſt think of their *Images* and *Muſick*; of their *Pyxes* and *Fixes*, and ſuch fine tempting things.

We all know Popes-head Alley trades in Toys,
Our Merchants come not thither, but our Boys.

Dr.

Dr. Moſt *Divine* and *Politick*! O *Lachrymæ*, O *Miſerere*! O the Dulneſs and Stupidity of *Prelates* and *Church-men*, that ſhould go about to ſuſpect the Increaſe of *Popery*, and not ſtudy to underſtand the Concern and Intrigue of *Popes-head Alley*! Ye *Brethren* and *Siſters*, and all that have *Bibles*: keep but the *Roman Noſes to the grindſtone of your Bibles*, and examine your own Conſciences, and the *Hiſtory* and traffick of *Popes-head Alley*, and if ever *Clement* or any other *Pope* get footing in *England*, I'll give, him and all his *Succeſſors* leave to *kiſs*——

But doſt hear me once more, my *girl*; there are ſome parlous acute men among them; and without doubt they'll now take all occaſion to *write*.

Then I'l *ſh* —— againſt them.

The other day into a place I went,
Where Mortals uſe to go that want a vent;

There

There by the mouth of Purgatory hole,
Where many groan and their hard
caſe condole:
Saul Creſſy's *ſacred legend I did find,*
One Leaf whereof gave eaſe by breaking wind,
And wip'd Aſperſions from Rome *behind.*
Rare man (cry'd I) worthy to be no leſs,
Than Groom o' th' ſtool unto his Holineſs.

Dr. A moſt eaſie and compendious way of withſtanding, confuting and ſuppreſſing *Popery*! For the *Pope* himſelf, he's to be *faced down*: *Bellermine* to be *drunk down*: and *Creſſy* to be *wip'd down*. And therefore I ſay once again, (and I wiſh it would enter into the hearts of all cowardly and jealous *Church-men*) that if his *Majeſty* will be pleaſed not to confine me to *ſet Forms* and *Faſhions*, but ſtill to allow me the free uſe of my whole *Bible*; and that *Coſtive Saturn* does not ſeiſe upon my *Fundament*, and bung up thoſe *hindmoſt Faculties*, if ever *Popery*

get one inch further into *England*, let not *Officious Robin* ever go to *stool* again.

But now, Dr, If I were sure that thy *Muse* had *wip'd* her tail, and that she would not *bedung me*; I would venture to come a little closer to thee, and ask thee: Dost thou think when his *Majesty* was pleased to suspend the *Execution* of Penal *Laws* upon such *Offenders* as thy self, that he did then *indulge* such *Simplicity*, such *Rudeness* and *Slovenliness* as thine? Dost think that he intended therein to encourage such *Boyish*, *Barbers*, *High-way* Jests as *Bonfires* and *Incendiaries*, *Musick* and *Fidlers*, *Bells* and *Ropes*; as *Cups* of *Roman wormwood*, *Trojan Mares*, *Pope-fac'd Juggs*, *Popes-head Alley* and the like? Such *nasty*, *Kitchin*, *Kennel* Phansies as *Clements Podex*, *Purgatory Hole*, *Aspersions from* Rome *behind*, *and groom of the close-stool?* I prithee, *Robin*, by what *Figure*, or (to speak in thy own stile) by what *Constellation*, didst

didſt thou take out an O that ſhould have been in the *Rome behind*, and two lines after, put it into the *cloſe-ſtool*? Didſt thou do it by *Aquarius* or *Sagittarius*? It is pity that beſides the *Groom* of the *Robe* or *Stole*, that there were not ſuch a *Preferment*, as *little Children* think there is, that thy *Muſe Mopſa* might have the *Ell* of *Holland* to make clean her *naſty mouth*.

But to go on, *Doctor*; ſuppoſe thy *Doctorſhip* had ſo much *childiſhneſs*, as to think it witty, to call the *Papiſts Hobgoblins*, *Hobby horſes*, *Huntingdon Sturgeons*, *&c.* and to tell the world they need not be afraid of *Popery*; for there being a *Capitol* at *Rome*, the *Papiſts* are but mere *gagling Ganders*: and if ſome of them by great ſtudy ſhould improve themſelves into *Geeſe*, yet thoſe *Geeſe* could never *prove Swans*: I ſay, ſuppoſe thy Doctorſhip was thus weak; what hadſt thou done with thy *Bible* and *Divinity*, when thou ſendeſt

them to *wreſtle* a *Fall* with *Tiburn*, *for the price of thy Cow* (which phanſie, I know as well as can be, thou hadſt from the Fellow that dwells at the corner of *Hide park*) and when thou wiſheſt them beſide, *all head-long crucifyed*? Nay, I'll ſuppoſe further, that this alſo was only *trickiſh* and *frolickſome*: but then I would earneſtly know, Dr, where was thy *good Manners* and *Modeſty*; where was the *Loyalty*, *Whiteneſs*, and *Lawnneſs* of thy Soul, when thou commendeſt alſo the *Biſhops* and *Reverend Clergy* of his *Majeſty's Church* to the *Gallows*: (for he is no Fanatick, nor ever intends to be one, as he tells thee in his Declaration) when thou calleſt our *Curates Loggerheads*, and the generality of our *Prieſts*, *Fidlers*, *Jackdaws*, *Sots* and *Judas's*: when thou telleſt them that *they wet themſelves too much between Meals*, *to fear any* Smithfield *Perſecution*; and that *they are good for nothing but to drink up*

the

the Wine and the Milk; and to take the Beaſt of Rome *by the Tail:* (is this a Frolick too?) but, that it it is you, and ſuch as you, that live wholly upon *Scripture*, and *Rock-water ten times diſtill'd*, who are to *feed* and *watch*, to *dig* and *preach*, and to *aſſail Antichriſt*, and *take him by the Horns*. Yes, yes, we may gueſs, Dr, what an *Aſſailant* thou art likely to be, and what a dreadful *Horn-taker*! it is five to one, if thou ſhouldſt meet that ſame *Beaſt* in a narrow lane, but that thou wouldſt either *untruſs* at him, or bid *King Lues* and the *Devil* take him, or elſe threaten to ſpeak to thy *Bodies-maker*, to *whiſtle* for *Sagittarius* to come away and *ſhoot* him; as he lately did *Durham* and *Gloceſter*. A moſt ſad Caſe indeed, Dr! that *Wit* ſhould be ſo extraordinary low with thee, that thou ſhouldſt be able to deviſe nothing elſe to reproach the beſt *Church* in the *world*, than to abuſe two of its *Learned* and *Reverend Prelates* for

that common Abſurdity of dying at fourſcore years of Age.

I might, *Doctor*, had I Patience, take notice alſo that as thy *Scurrility* it ſelf is ſo weak and languid, that a very *Cock-ſparrow* if offended would *briſtle* up and *defy* thee; ſo thy *Encomiums* and *good words* are ſo abominably mean and tedious, that one had better live ten fathom under ground, than be known, and ſo vilely quibbl'd on. Thus after a moſt *doggrel Prayer* for the *Duke* of *Lauderdale*'s good Journey into *Scotland* (which, had he gone by *Sea*, was almoſt *doggrel* enough to have caſt him away) O thou doſt not queſtion but the *Scots* will find his *Grace, and his blew Ribband, true blew.* My *Lord Clifford's Soul is to be as white as his ſtaff*: The *Chancellour of the Exchequer*'s *word is to go for currant Money*; and the *Duke of Buckingham is to keep the Saddle*, becauſe of the *Horſe*. Now I profeſs, in my opinion, *Doctor*, it would almoſt tempt a man, neither to have *Name*, nor *Office*; *Money* nor *Cloaths*; neither

neither to do well nor intend well rather than be obnoxious to ſuch a lewd and ill favour'd *Commender*.

And now, *Doctor*, I have to deſire of you, that you would not put your ſelf to ſo much trouble, as to endeavour to excuſe the Meanneſs of what you have lately written; either by ſaying that ſince the days of *proſperous Preſbytery* you wanted a *glaſs of Wine after Dinner*, or that you were out of *Humour*, or that your *Parts* are much ſhatter'd with theſe ten laſt years *Perſecution*: but rather that *you* and *your Friends* would ſubmit to the *common Report* and *Opinion*; and believe that you *never had* any, nor poſſibly *ever can have* any *Wit* at all; notwithſtanding you have a whole *Book* full of *printed Poems*, and that there can ſcarce be a *Bull baiting*, but you begin preſently to *muſter*: I ſay (notwithſtanding all this great readineſs to *rhime*) before we parted, I thought fit plainly to acquaint you, that he that ſhall either look into the *Hiſtory* of your *Life* (which is very

near ready for the *Preſs*) or into the *Hiſtory* of your *Poetry*, (which alſo will be ſhortly out) will eaſily perceive that your *Wit* is not at all waſted by *Gout*, *Old Age*, *Tribulation for Conſcience ſake*, or the like; but that you *never had* any in your *whole Life*, neither did any body ever think ſo, but ſuch as ran the hazard of printing your *Doggrels*. And therefore I deſire, *Doctor*, you would conſider that it is not a ſufficient ſtock for a *Poet*, to ſet up only with the *Latin Names* of the *Days* of the *Week*, and of three or four of the *famous Nine*: and to be able to call to one and ſay, here *Melp*, creep you into the ſhooe-hole and lye cloſe there, till t'other *Girl* goes to *Breda* and fetch over the *King*: but there's *good Learning*, *good Judgment*, *good Converſe* and *good Manners* too requir'd, which all the world know, you never took care of any further, than to be acquainted with the meer *Titles* of *Books*, and to make *Tertullian* to *Apologize*, *Origen to Allegorize*, *Chriſoſtom to Homilize*, and the like. Nor ever hadſt thou

thou *Wit* ſufficient to venture into any *Company* for which thou mighteſt be the *better*, but only to get into ſome *Farriers*, or ſome *ſoft yielding Gentleman*'s houſe, and there to *quibble* over the *Birth* or *Death* of ſome *Child*. And as for thy acquaintance with *Cleveland* (of which thou art ſo very proud, that thou canſt ſcarce meet a *Boy* in the ſtreet, but thou runneſt him up in a *Corner*, and giveſt him the *Witty Adventures* of it) I underſtood his humour as well, as if I had *held upon my Knee the Frying Pan for him* or *run for Muſtard*: and thereupon I know, that he never took thee abroad with him, for any *Archneſs* or *Pleaſantneſs* that was to be had in *thy* company; but only, not certainly knowing how the *Countrey* might be provided for his purpoſe, he uſed to carry ſome *game* along with him that he might be always ſure of *one fit* to be *abuſed*. And upon that account it was that he would permit thee ſometimes to lye at his *Beds feet*; that, if he ſhould chance to

wake

wake before the *Chamberlain* came up he might fall preſently upon *thee*, and loſe no time: and ſometimes he would ſuffer thee to *ride behind him* upon the ſame *Horſe*; not that he admired thee, as an *ingenious Miſtreſs*, but only that thou mighteſt be in a *conſtant Readineſs* to be made *ridiculous*.

And as, by what I have now ſaid, and by thy late *Eſſay* upon the *Declaration*, it is very plain that thou wanteſt the very firſt *Materials* and *Fundamentals* of being a *Wit*: ſo is it as plain from the whole *Hiſtory* of thy *Poetry*, that thou didſt *always* want them. For ſuppoſe one ſhould be ſo overkind, as to ſuffer thee to Pick out the very *Maſter-pieces* of thy *Phanſie*; ſuch as the *Norfolk and Wisbich Cock-fight: the Bottles of Sack and Claret laid in Sand and covered with a ſheet: the Impriſonment of Mr* Calamy, *and the famous* Iter Boreale *it ſelf*: I can eaſily tell, how theſe poſſibly might pleaſe ſome people, without having the leaſt grain of *Wit* in them. As for the *Cock-fighting*,

fighting; 'tis moſt tediouſly *quibling* about *Peacocks*, *Weathercocks*, *Woodcocks* and *fighting Cocks*; and beſides towards the latter end, moſt abominably *baudy*. As for that *Poem* upon the *buried Wine*; I ſhall ſay no more but this: 'tis moſt *villanouſly prophane* from top to bottom, with Expreſſions alluding to the *Grave* and *Reſurrection*. I pray, Dr, do ſo much as look upon thoſe *verſes* at your leiſure and ſee if your *tender*, *ſpotleſs* and *mealy mouth'd Nonconformity* can ſanctifie ſuch *Baudery* and *Prophaneſs*. As for the third, 'tis ſo ridiculous that I know nothing like it but the *ſong* of the *Black-ſmith* that *common Fiders* uſe to ſing. For there you ſhew that Mr. *Calamy's* being put into *priſon* by the *Biſhop* of *London* was much more tolerable, than your being *impriſon'd* by *Biſhop Gout*. For *the Biſhop of* London *put him only into* Newgate, *and that lately: but the lordly and proud Biſhop Gout had put you twenty years ago, not into* Newgate, Ludgate, *or* Alderſgate, *but into* Cripplegate,

plegate. Oh the unsufferable *Pride* and *Lordliness* of some *tyrannical Prelates*? *Besides this Bishop Gout make your body his Diocess, and there he keeps Courts*, and there he has a *Visitation* for every *Limb*; and urges every *Joint* to *conform*, and those that will not, he *articles* against. And when the *Gout* is in the *Hand*, then my *Lord Gout* has you in *Hand*, and when 'tis in your *Toes*, he has you by the *Toes*. And now, can you and your *Friends* think this *Wit*? don't you fear every day that you rise, that his *Majesty* should call in again his *Mandate*, and send for that same *Doctorship* he gave thee and bestow it upon some honest merry *Porter*? And lastly, as for thy famous *Iter Boreale* it self: I know it was much bought up, and read by many. But don't gull your self, Dr. for it was not because there was any good *Humour*, *Wit* or *Poetry* in it; but because any thing upon *that* Subject would have been admired, after such *sad* and *dismal times*. Nay, so it was that the very word

word *King* was amongſt us ſo great a *rarity*, that he that could but get into a *verſe*, *God ſave the King*, or the like, ſhould be as much flock'd about, as if he were the Author of that famous Diſtich upon the *Louvre*.

And I muſt tell you beſides, Dr, that though our *Nation* was wonderfully glad to hear of his *Majeſty* being reſtor'd; yet ſuch as could receive ſuch *welcome News*, without loſing their *Senſes*, did at that very time, look upon all that *Poem* to be very *ſad* and *lamentable*. So that the whole of the matter, Dr, is come to this: if you do ſtubbornly perſiſt in the Opinion of your having *now*, or *ever* having any *VVit* at all; and that you do reſolve to continue this vile Trade of *Rhiming*; then do it *decently* and *becomingly*: and lay aſide your *Doctorſhip*, your *Gown*, your *Profeſſion* and *your looking gravely*, and do you and your *Bodies-maker* ſet up under St. *Andrews* Wall, and there *practice* upon your own *VVorks*.

I ſhould

I ſhould now, Dr, ſay a word or two to your *Friends* of the *Toleration*: but I ſuppoſe it would be needleſs becauſe by what I have already ſaid to your ſelf, they'll fully comprehend your Worth, and perceive how much they undervalue and diſparage *Themſelves*, by continuing any further acquaintance with *You*. And I hope they'll now ſee 'tis high time, not only to baniſh their *Houſes* and *Company*, ſuch a *baudy*, *profane*, *naſty* and *witleſs Scribler*, but not ſuffer thee ever to ſay ſo much again, as *we Nonconformiſts*. And, if any of them have a longing deſire to ſee the *little Gridiron of England*, and the *huge Frying Pan of Rome* utterly thrown down, I hope alſo that they'll think it their *Concern* and *Intereſt*, not to truſt to ſuch a Ballad-maker as thy ſelf, to take the Beaſt by the Horns. *Farewel.*

FINIS.

Dr. *ECHARD*'s
WORKS.

PART. II.

Containing a Second

DIALOGUE

CONCERNING

Some Opinions of Mr. HOBBES.

AND HIS

DISCOURSE,

ENTITLED,

MOON-SHINE,

OR THE

Reſtauration of JEWS-TRUMPS and BAG-PIPES.

In Anſwer to

Dr. *R. Wild*'s Letter on occaſion of the Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience.

London, Printed by *B. M.* for *Walter Kettilby*, at the *Biſhops-Head* in S. *Paul*'s Church Yard, 1697.

TO THE

Moſt Reverend Father in God,

GILBERT

By Divine Providence

Lord Archbiſhop

OF

CANTERBURY,

Primate of all *ENGLAND* and Metropolitan: and one of His Majeſties moſt Honourable *Privy-Council*, &c.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

SEeing your Grace *has already withſtood the diſpleaſure of ſuch a threatning Philoſopher and Politician as* Mr. Hobbs, *and not publickly diſown'd, or renounc'd the protection of my former Dialogue; I*

have ventured to anger our Adverſary *once more, by preſuming to offer this ſecond to your* Graces *acceptance and pardon. Which preſumption, although the continuance of your* Graces *favours towards me might almoſt excuſe, yet it is the great inſolence and great extravagance of* Mr. Hobbs's *attempts, that makes me ſtill ſeek out for protection from ſo great and eminent a Patron; who by his unaffected affability to all men, and his ſtudious encouragement of the beſt, by his unwearied care for promoting true Religion, as well as ſecuring the juſt Authority of his Prince, is alone able to live down many* Leviathans. *And if there be any way to bring that haughty-conceited-*

ted-Philoſopher to a tolerable good nature, and to tie him up to moderate prophaneneſs, it muſt be done by ſuch as your Grace, *defending and approving thoſe that write againſt him: for as 'tis well known to your* Grace, *that he'l allow no man to ſpeak truth but himſelf; ſo will he ſcarce admit of any man to be truly great, unleſs he is of his mind and opinions: and that makes him ſo angry with your* Grace, *becauſe you are ſuch an unanſwerable Argument againſt all that he hath writ. And nothing does ſo nearly concern him, and almoſt convert him; as to ſee the name of a perſon, ſo conſpicuous for Religion and Power, ſtand before a Book that doth oppoſe his Doctrine. And for this*

reaſon I have once more taken the boldneſs to make this ſecond Addreſs to your Grace.

If upon this review of Mr. Hobbs, *I had found that he had given his Readers ſenſe and argument anſwerable to the miſchief and wickedneſs of his opinions; I ſhould then have endeavoured to have now appeared to your* Grace *in another Style and Dreſs. For I am not ſo utterly given over to toying, nor ſo conceited of this way of writing, nor ſo indifferent about a good life and Religion, nor ſo careleſs of offending ſober men, nor ſo bent and reſolved always to preſume upon your* Grace *after this kind, but that I think it poſſible, that upon a juſt account and a good ſubject, for a need,*

need, I could make two or three grave Periods, as well as Mr. Hobbs *has made thouſands, about thoſe things which are either impudently falſe, or notoriouſly frivolous.*

But I muſt confeſs, that of all Triflers 'tis the ſet, the grave, the Philoſophical, and Mathematical Trifler, to which I have the greateſt averſeneſs: whom when I meet very gravely making out all men to be Rational beaſts both in Nature and Converſation; and every man when he pleaſes a Rational Rebel: and upon any fright or pinch, a Rational Atheiſt and Antichriſtian; and all this performed with all demureneſs, ſolemnity, quotation of Scripture, appeals to Conſcience and Church-Hiſtory;

Hiſtory; I muſt humbly beg your Graces *pardon, if then I have endeavoured to ſmile a little, and to get as much out of his road, and way of writing as poſſible.*

I might offer to your Graces *conſideration ſeveral things, in Apologie for my ſelf. If what I have done be at all pardonable, I am ſure your* Grace *need not be reminded of what I might plead or pretend: but if otherwiſe, for me to argue the Caſe with your* Grace, *would but heighten the preſumption of,*

My Lord,

Your *Graces* in all
Duty and Service
moſt devoted

May 20.
1673.

J. E.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

Dear Reader,

THE *Author* wanting wit, confidence, and friends to commend himself and this following *Dialogue* to the World, at that vast and prodigious rate, after which *Mr. Hobbs* (and such as he hired) is sufficiently known to have extolled himself and all his Writings; rather than such a man, and such endeavours, should utterly perish for want of a few good words, I was resolved to say somewhat, not only for my own gain, but also for my own profit. It is to be confessed, that there has been already so very much said (in Prefaces) of the bottomless deserts

ſerts and inestimable Writings of our *Author's Adverſary*, that it will be a very difficult Talk for me, who am no ways concerned, no ways corrupted nor prepared, no Chaplain, no Butler, no Steward, no Nephew, no Relation, no Friend nor Acquaintance of the Author, ever to overtake thoſe extravagant praiſes that *Mr. Hobbs* has ſhower'd down upon himſelf. But however, *Reader*, I prethee, do ſo much as hold my Hat and Gloves; and thou ſhalt ſee, what ſuch an unprejudic'd and unconcern'd perſon can do for a poor, modeſt, ſhiftleſs, friendleſs, deſpairing, dying *Author*.

There was, thou know'ſt, a great *Greek* man, who was thrice asked what was moſt neceſſary to make an Orator: and 'tis known well enough, what his threefold anſwer was. Even ſo ſhouldſt thou ask me three thouſand times over what is the moſt-beſt Book that ever was, or will be printed, buy this, and thou haſt fully anſwered thy ſelf and my deſign. The

Book

Book, it is to be acknowledged, is but a Book; and that's the leaſt and worſt thing that can be ſaid of it. But why do I call it a Book: what am I mad? for in reality 'tis all Books: for it does not only faithfully relate what has been already done, but it foretells all that ſhall be done. Doſt thou want, *Reader*, a juſt, true, and impartial Hiſtory of the whole World; from the very beginning, to the very minute that thou buyeſt this Book? trouble not thy ſelf, here 'tis. It begins ten thouſand years before the oldeſt Præadamite, and holds good and firm ten thouſand years after the World ſhall end. Doſt thou want a true, ſound, ſubſtantial, Orthodox Body of Divinity? hold it ſtill faſt; for thou haſt got it. This very Book was at the firſt four General Councils, and in all the Perſecutions. Haſt thou a mind to a compleat body of the Law, Civil Law, Canon Law, Common Law, &c? The twelve Tables were ſtollen out of this Book laſt week, when 'twas printing: I met

met with the Rogue at *Pye-Corner*, but he out-ran me: and so were *Lycurgus*'s Laws, and *Justinian*'s Institutes: as for *Littleton*, *Cook*, &c. 'tis plain they had all hence: and as *London* Bridge stands upon several Wool-packs; so *Westminster*-Hall it self, and all its proceedings, stand upon four of these Books. Dost thou want *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, &c? want them still; for in effect thou hast them all. For here's that which cures all diseases; and teaches a most certain way how to make a compleat Gentleman, at one baking. Dost thou want a Book to measure the height of Stars, survey Ground, make a Dial, &c? Look pag. 79 lin. 12. it tells thee exactly what's a Clock either by day or by night; next line thou hast full Moon and new, high Tide at *London* Bridge, and all the Bridges in the World. Turn down the fourth leaf of this Book when thou goest to bed; and 'twill go off just at that hour, and waken you as well as any Alarum. Immediately after which follows a compleat

compleat and moſt wonderful Table of Conſequences; which, if read one way, tells you all the Fairs and Markets; t'other way all the Battels that ever have been, or ſhall be fought; with the number of the ſlain, &c. And beſides, it doubles Cubes and Squares, Circles (better than *Mr. Hobbs*) only with an Oyſter ſhell and a pair of Tobacco Tongs. And now, *Reader*, tell me, art thou ſo void of conſcience, reaſon, and all ſenſe of thy own benefit, as not to carry home this Book?

Beſides, read but five pages of it Spring and Fall, and for that year thou art certainly ſecured from all Feavers, Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs, &c. Chomp three or four lines of it in a morning; it ſcours and clarifies the Teeth; it ſettles and confirms the Jaws; and brings a briſk and florid colour into the Cheeks. The very ſight of the Book does ſo ſcar all Cramps, Bone-aches, running Gouts, and the like, that they won't come within a ſtones caſt of your houſe.

Art

Art thou, *Reader*, a ſingle man? be no longer ſo, but alter thy condition, and take this Book along with thee. Haſt thou a Wife and Children, and are they dear to thee? here's a Book for that dear Wife, and for thoſe dear Children. For it does not only ſing, dance, play on the Lute, ſpeak *French*, ride the great Horſe, &c. but it performs all Family duties. It runs for a Midwife, it rocks the Cradle, combs the Childs head, ſweeps the Houſe, milks the Cows, turns the Hogs out of the Corn, whets Knives, lays the Cloth, grinds Corn, beats Hemp, winds up the Jack, brews, bakes, waſhes, and pays off Servants their Wages exactly at Quarter day; and all this it does at the ſame time, and yet is never out of breath. Beſides, if thou haſt a mind to borrow eight or ten thouſand pounds; never look out for a ſurety, but take this Book along with thee; it will go further and for more than half the Bankers.

It were endleſs, *Reader*, to tell thee

thee all the uſes and excellencies of this Treatiſe: which though it be a full Anſwer to all ill-natur'd, ſeditious, heretical, blaſphemous Books that ever were written; yet, after a moſt peculiar manner, it does ſo horridly rout ſome ſilly-phantaſtical opinions of *Mr. Hobbs*, that he'l be aſhamed ever ſo much as to owne any one opinion again. *Mr. Hobbs* happened into a fancy that *every thought was neceſſary*: *i. e.* not one thought, *Reader*, that thou ever hadſt ſince thou cameſt into the World, that thou couldſt any more have avoided thinking, than that thy hair is black, or the Sky blue. Now, to that ſays my *Author* moſt wonderfully and judiciouſly; that if ſuch a thing ſhould ever come to paſs, that is to ſay, that if ever any man at any time ſhould chance to have but one thought crowded upon him, he would preſently have a moſt huge Oak grow out of his Neck, and his left Leg would be turned into a Phœnix. This he proves at large. Again ſays

Mr. Hobbs, that *every action that a man does is perfectly unavoidable:* to that ſays our *Author*, very candidly and ingenuouſly: that if any one man ſhould be forced willingly, to do any one action; the Moon would preſently tumble into that mans mouth. In the next place, ſays *Mr. Hobbs*, there's nothing in the World but matter. Ay, ſays our *Author*, nothing but matter! then has not any man, in his life, ever taſted of a Pudding. This, *Reader*, is plain demonſtration. Then for Philoſophical Language, Mathematicks, and Divinity; he brings him to ſuch abſurdities, as you never heard of, nor are to be imagined. Only thus far I'le tell you, that if *Mr. Hobbs* has ſquared the Circle, then both *Mars* and *Venus*, and the ſeven Stars will be every one of them moſt certainly in the Counter, the next *Friday* after you buy this Book.

Never was any Book more magnified beyond the Seas, than this has been. Go into *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*,

or

or any other part of *Europe*, no other diſcourſe but of the *Dutch* War, and this *ſecond Dialogue*. If the *French* King and *Brandenburgh* have agreed, without doubt, 'twas done by this *ſecond Dialogue*: and if he ever beat the *Dutch*, 'twill be juſt after the ſame manner, as *Tim* has ſlain the Leviathan. For 'tis already tranſlated into *Latine*, *Greek*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and the Univerſal Language. Alluding to this Dialogue, ſays *Tully*; *Omnes ex omni ætate libri, ſi unum in locum conferuntur cum Servio Sulpitio Timotheo non ſunt conferendi.* And ſays *Pindar* (doubtleſs of this Book) ἄειστον μὴ ὕδωρ. 'Tis needleſs to tell you what *Zenophon*, *Joſephus*, *Varro*, and the *Talmud* ſay of it. I know, *Reader*, 'tis a little uncivil and unbecoming for one of my Profeſſion to ſeem ſo learned. But how could I help it? for I did only carry the firſt ſheet of this *ſecond Dialogue* to the Preſs, and when I returned, my Wife and Family could not underſtand one word I ſaid.

What if *Mr. Hobbs* were familiar with *Gaſſendus*, *Merſennus*, and *Monſieur Sorbier*; whenas our *Author* went to School with *Archimedes*, and *Julius Cæſar* was his Bed-fellow? And what if *Mr. Hobbs* initiated his preſent Majeſty in the Mathematicks; this *Author*, at the ſame time, diſciplined ſix young Kings, four Emperours: and the firſt Pope that ever was infallible was then his Uſher?

But now, *Reader*, I take leave; but only I am to let you know, (not to deceive you) that I am very doubtful, whether the Book be worth reading. But if you underſtand me aright, 'tis the more valuable for that. For ſuch is the vertue of this Book, that the meer buying of it will do all thoſe feats abovementioned. And therefore lay down your money: and ſo farewel.

THE

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

Reader,

IT is not the deſign of this following Dialogue, *neither was it of the former, to make ſport for idle people: (though if I have written all thoſe Books, that I am appointed to owne, thou mayſt juſtly ſuſpect that I never did, nor do intend any other thing;) but to preſerve thee from being laughed at, by all who can diſtinguiſh ſenſe from words. For though I cannot think how I ſhould any ways be uſeful or ſerviceable to the Publick; yet (I thank God) I have not ſpent my time ſo very ill, as only to collect a few Tales and Proverbs to make others merry. Nor was it my deſign either to pleaſe the Church-*

men, whose Office, Power, and Bible Mr. Hobbs *cunningly hath disposed of; nor to oblige the Lords and Commons; who may all stay at home, if the Prince take his advice: but it was, if possible, to cure a Company of easie, giddy, small-pated Gentlemen; who swagger that* Mr. Hobbs *hath said more for a bad life, and against any other life after this, than ever was pleaded by Philosopher or Divine to the contrary. Now to effect this Cure, (at least amongst some of them) is ten times more difficult than to answer all* Mr. Hobbs's *Works.*

For in the first place, there be a sort of people who were sturdy, resolved Practicants in Hobbianism; *and would most certainly have been so, had there never been any such man as* Mr. Hobbs *in the World. But when they heard that ill Nature, Debauchery, and Irreligion was Mathematicks and Demonstration: and that he who reported this, was a very grave, studious, contemplative, and observing Gentleman; and yet writ as viciously and prophanely, as their own vanity*

vanity and luſts could tempt them to practiſe: then had theſe Gentlemen found out a Philoſopher exactly for their purpoſe, and the Philoſopher had found out as right Gentlemen for his. And theſe are the ſure, the firm, and conſtant Pit-friends; that clap, ſhout, and ſwear all that comes from Malmeſbury. *And to ſpeak ſo plainly, as I might be underſtood, the* Devil *and the* Philoſopher *have got theſe people ſo faſt, that I have little hopes of retrieving them.*

The next ſhole that came into Mr. Hobbs, *are a ſort of ſmall, ſoft, little, pretty, fine Gentlemen: who having ſome little wit, ſome little modeſty, ſome little remain of Conſcience and Country Religion, could not tear and Hector it, as the former; but quickly learnt to chirp and giggle, when t'other clapt and ſhouted: and thoſe were* Mr. Hobbs's *Gallery-friends; who at firſt were coy and ſqueamiſh, and for a while ſtood aloof off, and made ſome little doubt, whether a Taylor's Bill was truly and legally ſatisfied, when he or his Bailiffs were ſufficiently bea-*

ten; but by degrees they came in, and in their kind proved very ſerviceable. And ſuch as theſe Mr. Hobbs *catch'd by his fame of being a Mathematician, by filling his Books with Schemes, by frequent uſing the word* Demonſtration, *and calling all kind of vice and irreligion, humane Nature, and obedience to the Civil Magiſtrate; and the like.*

There be one ſort ſtill behind: and they are the ſolemn, the judicious, Don-admirers, and Box-friends of Mr. Hobbs: *who being men of gravity and reputation, don't only deſie the name of Sot or Villain, but are unwilling to venture upon the more ingenious one of* Hobbiſt: *and will ſcarce ſimper in favour or allowance of the Philoſopher; but can make ſhift to nod and nod again; and think that no man but* Mr. Hobbs *has gone to the Fundamentals of Government or humane Nature.*

Now, Reader, *what I ſhall do or ſay to theſe men, I know not. As for the great Shouters and Clappers, who are reſolved upon their courſe of life, you'l eaſily judge, that I can expect to*

do

do but little upon them: they being ſo reſolved, not for Mr. Hobbs's *ſake, but only out of true and unfeigned love, to debauchery and wickedneſs. But yet one thing I would beg of them, that if they be thus determined and fixt; that they would e'en ſtick to the old true new* Engliſh *name of Knave and Ungodly; rather than (for the renown of being of a Philoſophical Sect) to the new one of an* Hobbiſt. *For upon my word there is not the leaſt credit and ingenuity in it, more than t'other: but if they be for variety, and that dull, blunt prophaneneſs won't down with them, but they muſt have it a little ſo modell'd, and new phras'd, that upon occaſion they may plead for't, and juſtifie it; let them not go to* Mr. Hobbs *for devices (but, when they have occaſion, deviſe ſome of their own:) for his are ſo weak, ſo notoriouſly idle, that they are more ſcandalous and diſparaging, than right down Roguery without any pretence or artifice.*

But as for the Gallery-Gentlemen, moſt

moſt of whom, I ſuppoſe, infected by general fame, I have for their ſakes, (becauſe I thought them not much at leiſure) read over moſt of Mr. Hobbs's *Writings. And what I learnt thou ſhalt hear. By his Logick I profited wonderfully: for it was there (and I muſt ever acknowledge it) that I firſt was inſtructed, to call Logick Computation: and there I learnt how to add and ſubſtract Logically: alſo how to make uſe of Triangles, Circles, Parabola's, and other Mathematical inſtances; inſtead of* homo, lapis *or* canis: *and that's, upon my word, all that I found there. Then I went to his natural Philoſophy; and there I found the word* Phantaſm, *as thick as ever it could ſtand; and that ſpace, time, and every thing elſe was a Phantaſm, but not any one thing tolerably explained, but what was taken out of* Cartes, *though he denies it. But indeed in thoſe very things, wherein he ſays he differs from him, he moſt exactly agrees with him; (as de corp.* Ch. 29.) *and knows it not. There is,*

I must confess, a good lusty heap of Mathematicks, about the middle of his natural Philosophy: but Dr. W. *has taken such care about them, that I believe they'l do thee but little good.*

I might tell thee also, Reader, *of his Humane Nature; which carries a very good Title, and is called the Fundamental Elements of Policy: which Title has nothing at all to do with the Book, nor the Book scarce with any thing at all else: his Liberty and Necessity is a little, very feat Book: but there's nothing but a new Definition of Liberty to make it agree with Necessity; and he might e'en as well have made one Definition for Fire and Water. Of his Books* de Cive *and Leviathan, I need say nothing: because most of this, and the former Dialogues concerns them. And lastly, as to his Mathematicks, I leave them to be judged by others. But only,* Reader, *let me tell thee thus much, that if in that Science thou preferrest one doting, conceited Fellow, not only before all the Mathematicians*

maticians of our own Nation; but alſo all in Europe (*which thou muſt do, if thou admireſt his Mathematicks*) *then I do look upon thee to have arrived to the height of the* Hobbian *Spirit; and thou mayſt e'en continue in it. So that what is in it*, Reader, *thou haſt leſt now to admire in thy Maſter. 'Tis a moſt plain Caſe, that he's neither Logician, nor Philoſopher, nor Moraliſt, nor Politician: and upon the credit of others, I'le preſume him no Mathematician. Yes, I'le tell thee what he's good for, and truly that's juſt all,* viz. *without doubt, he is a very good* Engliſh *Grammarian; (and thoſe that are skill'd in* Latine, *ſay he muſt not pretend higher:) and knowing exactly the difference between* do *and* doth, which *and* who, *would have made a moſt abſolute, unlimited, irreſiſtible Soveraign of a Country-School; and upon Play-days, we'll allow him to tranſlate: he has dōne* Thucidydes *well.*

As to the laſt ſort of Gentlemen, the

grave

grave and ſtill Admirers: who think no mans Style, Method, and Politicks, like Mr. Hobbs's: *I ſhall only deſire them to ſuffer me to tell them where thoſe Politicks lie*, viz. *he went and read, and conſidered the Laws and Statutes of our Realm: and then went on, and ſuppoſed that in every place (if there be any Prince at all) he muſt be abſolute and unlimited: whom he mounted ſo high at laſt, as that he ſhould not be only ſufficiently above all men; but above God himſelf, and all Religion: (and having given him ſuch a full brimmer of Power and Authority; to be ſure he had raiſed him above our Form of Government:) and this his Prince you take for a rare Prince, and theſe his Politicks for rare Politicks. Whereas it is plain, in his Common-wealth, there is nothing at all new; but only ſaucy impudent reflections upon the Laws, Conſtitutions, and Government of our Realm. And don't miſtake your ſelves, he's every whit as much againſt the Civil Power,*

as

as Eccleſiaſtical. And ſuppoſe that you are willing to excuſe him; yet His Majeſty likes ſuch money, as is given him by the Parliament; and ſuch Laws as they adviſe him to make; and thinks himſelf Prince enough, and is contented with his place; though, according to the ſtrict Rules of Sovereignty, and Mr. Hobbs's *definition of a Monarch, he can't make Bibles, nor turn God out of the World. As for the reſt of his Politicks, they are ſuch as are known to every Dragoon: and when he writ them, as he pretended, for the immortal Peace of his Country; he might e'en as well have put out a Regular Syſtem to teach people how to charge a Gun, or cleanſe the Streets.*

It is poſſible, Reader, *that thou mayſt now expect I ſhould give thee ſome account of the following Dialogue: but I have no mind to't, only whereas ſome in a Book againſt* Mr. Hobbs *might look for cloſe and ſerious arguing; thou art to underſtand that*

that I was always ready for it, but never could find an opportunity. For when I had pulled a-pieces Mr. Hobbs's *Phraſes, and changed his affected words into ſuch as were familiar; I always found, that to confute him throughly, was only to underſtand him aright. And if, by the inſtances I have given, others are convinced thereof, I have my deſign.*

A

SECOND

Dialogue

BETWEEN

Philautus and *Timothy.*

Phi. HOW, *Tim*, not *hang'd* your ſelf yet?

Tim. In my opinion, *Briſtol* is a very pretty Town.

Phi. Surely thou wert at croſs purpoſes laſt night: what has *Briſtol* to do with *hanging?*

Tim. The moſt that can be, Sir.

And I wonder, of all men, that you ſhould not perceive it. 'Tis a *train*, Sir; and as plain beaten road, as from St. *Albans* to *Barnet*, or from St. *Andrew* to *Tumult*.

Phi. Why, is there ſuch a Town, any where upon the road, as *Tumult*?

Tim. A very famous one, in the fourth Chapter of your *Humane Nature*: and according to the account you there give of it, 'tis nothing near an hours riding from St. *Andrew* thither. For, the mind being mounted at St. *Andrew*, *ſtarts thence and runs to St.* Peter, *becauſe in the ſame Goſpel, their names are read together. Having got to St.* Peter, *it makes forthwith for ſtone, for the ſame reaſon; from ſtone it goes to foundation, becauſe they are ſeen together; and then from foundation it ſwitches away preſently to Church, and from Church to people, and from people to Tumult.*

Phi. All this is very natural and Coherent, the paſſage being ſmooth and eaſie: but how ſhall we get from

Hanging

Hanging to *Briſtol*? I doubt that is a kind of a croſs road, *Tim*; is it not?

Tim. I muſt confeſs, there's one place a little hard to hit: but from *Briſtol* to *Hanging*, 'tis impoſſible to miſs. For, the mind getting up at *Briſtol*, away preſently it rides for *Flintſhire*, from *Flintſhire* it goes to *Hamſhire*, and ſo to *Hempſhire*, *Ropeſhire*, *Pippin.*

Phi. Pippin? whereabouts are we now? what have we to do with *Pippin*?

Tim. This *Pippin*, Sir, was he, to whom *Alderman Cooper* the great *Turkie Merchant* was ſo nearly related.

Phi. How doſt mean? what, did this *Cooper* marry one of *Pippins* Daughters?

Tim. No, Sir: he was of the whole blood upon my word: for he was only Son of Mr. *Hooper*, who came from a *Greekiſh* kind of Man, one *Hoper*, and he from *Dioper*, and he from *Diaper*; and then it runs

alone, to *Pippin*. Alas! *Thought* is very ſwift, and ſet but the mind once agog, and how it whews it away.

Phi. I ſhall not come to you to learn how ſwift *Thoughts* are: nor yet how that they are all neceſſary.

Tim. No: if you do, you'l looſe your journey, for I know no ſuch thing.

Phi. What don't you know? don't you know, that there is a neceſſary coherence and order, a fatal and irreſiſtible occaſion, a drift, a clue and *Chain* of all thoughts?

Tim. Not, in the leaſt; not I.

Phi. Then thou knoweſt nothing belonging to the *Brain*; nor didſt thou ever take into conſideration *my principle of motion.*

Tim. I have taſted, Sir, of a Calfs head and Bacon; and I was in the great wind: and yet I humbly conceive, that though a Mans legs be tyed never ſo faſt; and his mouth ſtitch'd up never ſo cloſe, he may, notwithſtanding that, pay it away with thinking, if he be but in the right

right queu. When the Purſe is empty, and the Phanſie low, then indeed the mind uſually is very modeſt and governable; and goes only to leap-Frog, and ſkips perhaps from *Cooper* to *Pippin*, or from St. *Andrew* to *Tumult*. But let the mans belly and pockets be but once refreſh'd, and then preſently he is Cock-a-hoop, then he takes Hedg and Ditch, Church and Steeple; and ſtruts and ſtraddles like the great *Coloſſus* at *Rhodes*. Now, methinks, I am juſt in the very middle of *Smyrna*: Now I am at *As in præſenti*: Now I am for a Diſh of *Cucumbers* and *Muſtard*: and, after all this, nothing will ſatisfie me but *Adam* and *Eve*, and the *North* Wind. Hey day! how I can range ſometimes, and make the whole World to ſpring, and flutter before me.

Phi. This now, I perceive, is intended for frolick, and phanſie: but, that thou maiſt ſee, *Tim*, that thou haſt no hopes of ever having the credit of being diſtracted; I ſhall ſhew

thee, that in this great flight that thou haſt made, and theſe great jumps, that thou haſt taken, there's nothing elſe but meer *train* and drift: and thou haſt as abſolutely crept on from hint to hint, and motive to motive, as ever Child did, that lean'd upon its Mothers Apron-ſtrings. And in the firſt place as for *Smyrna*, I take it for granted that it was an *unavoidable thought*.

Tim. Do you ſo? then you muſt take it all alone: for you are not likely to have my Company.

Phi. Why, has not the word *Smyrna* by ſome means or other been formerly impuls'd upon you? Surely you will not ſay that you juſt now made it.

Tim. No truly, I did not make it: but, if you have occaſion for them, I can make you a thouſand words preſently, that neither you, nor I ever heard of before.

Phi. What, neither in part nor whole? I hope you'l make them of ſome *ſyllables* you have heard of, or at leaſt of ſome *Letters*. *Tim.*

Tim. *Pſhaw!* *pſhaw!* that's a meer phanſie of yours: wee'l make them of a *Turkie Tammy*, or a *Calamanco*. Make words of *Letters*! they are dull and old faſhion'd words that are made ſo. Give me a word, that has neither beginning nor ending, Vowel, nor Conſonant, that is neither to be ſpoken, heard, nor underſtood.

Phi. Come, come: for all your fooling, you had ſome one conſiderable reaſon or other why you nam'd *Smyrna*.

Tim. Some one, Sir! I had a dozen at leaſt.

Phi. Then no man can ſay but you had reaſons enow.

Tim. But I had as many, Sir, full out for *Aleppo*.

Phi. Perhaps ſo, but then they were not altogether ſo big.

Tim. Yes but they were, and bigger too. There was the tenth reaſon, that was as big as the great Turnep *King James* gave the *Scotchman*. O *Aleppo*! how infinitely am I taken with *Aleppo*!

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Phi. That's true, you may be much taken with the place now, but you car'd little for it before.

Tim. O Sir, for many years together I have been ſo horribly inflam'd with the thoughts of it, that if you do not a little divert me, and let me know how I got from *Smyrna* to *As in præſenti*, I ſhall immediately ſwoon.

Phi. Although thy ignorance ſhew thy education to have been but very ſmall: yet I ſuppoſe thou mightſt travel ſo far into the *Grammar*, as to be acquainted with *As in præſenti.*

Tim. Yes, Sir, I know *As in præſenti* very well: but I don't remember that ever I met *As in præſenti* riding behind *Smyrna* to Market.

Phi. That may be, *ſimpleton*! but you met, in the beginning of *Propria quæ maribus*, with the *Iſland* call'd *Cyprus:* and every body knows that *Cyprus* is no ſuch huge way from *Smyrna.*

Tim. 'Tis very right I profeſs---

ceu

ceu Creta Britannia Cyprus. O, what a happineſs it is, to have had the opportunity of prying into the little intrigues, and ſtarting holes of the mind! and to be well acquainted with all the little Lanes and by-paths of thinking! But I pray, Sir, how came *Cucumbers* and *Muſtard* into ſuch an intimacy with *As in præſenti?*

Phi. 'Lack a day! they are old Camerades. For the very laſt ſide but one in *Quæ Genus*, (which you know is next to *As in præſenti*) there you learnt *Scelerata ſinapis*, and *cucumis cucumer.*

Tim. I durſt ſwear upon *Lilly*, 'tis juſt ſo. And that this ſame *thought* of *Muſtard* and *Cucumbers* came only from the ſediments and relicts of an old twang I got at *School.* But how, Sir, came the *Cucumbers* to out-run the *Muſtard*; for they are otherwiſe placed in the *Grammar?*

Phi. That is becauſe ſome time or other you have ſeen *Mutton* and *Cucumbers* to be *ſucceeded* by *Beef* and *Muſtard.*

Tim.

Tim. Yes, Sir, that I have once, or ſo: but I don't remember that ever I ſaw *Adam* and *Eve* and the *North-wind ſucceeded* after any ſuch manner. How ſhall we *train* in theſe, Sir?

Phi. O moſt eaſily. For *Adam* and *Eve* were the occaſion of all *thoughts*: for from them were deſcended all *thinking Creatures*. But beſides, 'tis poſſible that at ſome time or other (for no man can remember every thing that has happen'd in his whole life) you might meet a Woman crying *Cucumbers*; and thereupon looking up, you ſpy'd the ſign of *Adam* and *Eve*.

Tim. But 'tis five to one, Sir, whether the *North-wind* was written upon the ſign.

Phi. That's true: but 'tis not ſo many to one, but that the *Wind* might then be in the *North*, *Tim.* And if ſo, there's ſufficient reaſon for them to lig together in the Brain, and afterwards to ſpring forth. Alas! *Tim*, there is not one of a thouſand

ſand that is able to diſcern how ſtrangely things are *chain'd* together. It being a plain caſe that people generally ſpend their time in gazing and ſtaring at the whole lump of ſecond cauſes; and never mind the delicate wreathings and twiſtings of *motion*.

Tim. Indeed, Sir, I am afraid that people are ſomewhat careleſs: in my mind they ought to be chidden.

Phi. Chidden? they ought to be kick'd out of the World for duncery. I tell thee, *Tim*, *I was, I remember, one day (in the late troubleſome times) at a place where we fell into diſcourſe of the Civil War. In the midſt of which up ſtarts one (as ſeemingly attentive as any of the reſt) and asks, what was the value of a Roman penny. The old fops and boyes, that crowded cloſe to ſee and admire me, and to get ſome reputation from being in my Company; thought the man utterly diſtracted, or (as Theologues uſe to ſay upon ſuch occaſions) inſpired. But to me, who knew how to drive a thought*

thought to the ſpring head, the coherence and train of the queſtion was as manifeſt as could be. For the thought of the War introducing the thought of the Scots ſelling the King, and the thought of that, the thought of Judas *betraying of Chriſt; and he being ſold for thirty pence, I need not ſay any more.*

Tim. Not a word, Sir, and 'twas well for the poor *Gentleman*, *Philautus*, that you were ſo nigh at hand; or elſe, by chance, he might have gone to *Bedlam*, for want of a *Trainer*. But ſuppoſe, Sir, inſtead of the *Roman* penny, he had aſked what was the reaſon that *Ginger* is ſpelt with a G, and *Jeopardy* with an J. Muſt he needs have gone for't: could not you have dropt down a little ſoder, and relief upon ſuch an unfortunate extravagancy?

Phi. What's that to you *Goodman-two-ſhoes*: am I bound to acquaint you with all that I can do?

Tim. Nay, I hope no offence, Sir: for I am confident you that have ſuch excellent

excellent ſkill at putting a *thought* off the ſquat, could have eaſily don't: for the *phantaſm* of *War* introducing the *phantaſm* of *powder*, this *powder* preſently breaks forth into *bullets*: again thoſe *bullets* pig and bring forth *hail ſhot*: and in the twincling of an eye, *hail-ſhot* begets *Pepper*: and that *Pepper* that can't beget *Ginger*, ought to be flung into the ſtreets.

Phi. But hold *Tim*; who ſhall help us to the *phantaſm* of *Jeopardy?* doſt keep a Journey-man to do that for thee? I prethee why not *Ginger* and *Juſtice*, or *Ginger* and *Jeremiah*, as well as *Ginger* and *Jeopardy?*

Tim. Nay ſoftly there, *Philautus*; you would fain draw me into a *Land-ſtory.* The buſineſs of *Ginger* and *Jeopardy* is as famous as the *three blew beans in a blew bladder.*

Phi. Then you may keep your ſtory to your ſelf: I am ſure it can't any ways weaken my opinion, let it be what it will: for as I ſaid before, ſo ſay I again, that 'tis perfectly impoſſible for any man in the World, either

either to deviſe a new *thought*, or ſo much as to *chooſe* the *order* of any old one.

Tim. I have now in my mind, *Philautus*, a ſpick and ſpan-new *thought*, ſo fine and ſo pretty ---

Phi. What, that no body ever thought of before? I prethee let's hear it.

Tim. No, but you ſhan't: for you can't hear it, unleſs I ſpeak; and if I ſpeak, I ſhall go nigh to open my mouth: and then you'l preſently ſay, that ſome body have open'd their mouths juſt ſo before now; either in whole, or in part; and ſo I ſhall be chous'd out of the novelty of my *thought*. No, no, Sir: I muſt beg your pardon as to that: but if you have any other kind of reaſon to beſtow upon me, why a man may not think over his *old thoughts* in what order he pleaſes, beſides ſuch as *King Pippin*, *Tumult* and the *Roman penny*, I ſhall count my ſelf very much beholding to you.

Phi. What an impertinent thing is this

this to look about for reaſon, in a caſe that need not at all to be reaſon'd? does not what men practiſe and daily experience teach thee, how naturally the mind flies from one thing to another: even as a *Hawk* flies after a *Partridge?* and have not I in the thirty third page of my *Humane nature* plainly ſhewn thee, that *when the thought of honourable is by ſome occaſion or other ſprung in a man, how the mind preſently takes Wing, and flies to the thought of being wiſe, which is the next means thereunto: and from thence to the thought of ſtudy, which is the next means to wiſdom: and have not I beſides there told thee, that the neceſſity of this order depends upon this great truth, that he that has a conception of an end and has an appetite thereunto; the next conception he has, is a conception of the next means to that end.*

Tim. A moſt vaſt and ſtately truth indeed! and therefore certainly that *Gentlemans* brains lay very odly, who, being ſent for to a dying friend, bad his

his man to *ſaddle* him preſently the *Cheſs-board*, and give the *Warming-pan half a peck of Oats.*

Phi. This is a mere flam of your own deviſing: there never was any man in the World in his Wits, who thought after this extravagant rate.

Tim. This way you'l be too hard for me indeed. For if I take a little pains to make a *new thought*, you preſently cry out ware *Alphabet*! and when I appeal to *Hiſtory* and matter of *Record*, then my men prove all mad.

Phi. I ſay you and your men are every one of you mad; if you look upon this way of thinking to be common or natural.

Tim. I know, as well as you, that 'tis not altogether modiſh: and therefore if at any time the thought of hunger ſtirs within me, and ſtruggles ſo hard as to pull in Victuals; I don't call for a *Flail* or the *Snuffers* to cut my meat; but for *t' other inſtrument*: and if I have occaſion to be *trim'd*, I ſeldom ſend for the *Brick-layer*, be-

cauſe

cauſe I have more frequently obſerv'd the fall of beards to ſucceed the performances of another ſort of *Operators.*

Phi. And therefore you plainly ſee that people eat, live, talk, and do all meerly by *train* of *thoughts. And as the water followeth a mans finger upon a dry and level Table: ſo every conception is guided and neceſſarily drawn in, by ſomething that went before.*

Tim. I grant you, *Philautus*, that Victuals draws out the *knife* out of the *ſheath*, as naturally as the *finger*, *&c.* but it will not fetch in the *flail* out of the Barn altogether ſo well.

Phi. Yes, if there be a *Pudding* upon the Table.

Tim. But it ſhan't be *Pudding*-day: wee'l have nothing but a Haunch of *Veniſon.* I durſt not ſay *Beef.* For that would have taken fire preſently; and ran like a great Gun backward. *Flail, Corn, Pudding, Beef.*

Phi. Why, *Veniſon* is fleſh as well as *Beef.*

Tim. There you are cunning to

ſome purpoſe: for if I had only ſaid, that we had a *ſmall device*, or a *thingam* for Dinner; you would eaſily have brought in your *Flail*. For all ſubſtances are *Coſen-Germans*.

Phi. So they are: for the whole World is only a vaſt, vaſt Family: and though by reaſon of the multitude of relations, we don't preſently perceive how the Kindred comes in: Yet there always is and *muſt be* ſome neceſſary alliance.

Tim. That ſame *muſt be* I like mainly well: becauſe 'twill indifferently ſerve for any elevation of the *Pole*. For, ſuppoſe a *Gentleman* comes into his *Inn*, and finding his ſtomach mawkiſh, deſires only a *boyl'd Cuſhion* and *Apple-ſawce* for his Supper; and my *Landlord* calls for *Tippin* or *Tumult* to ſpeak in the *Globe*; and neither of them will anſwer: 'tis no matter for that, for if they won't ſomebody elſe muſt: *every thought coming from imagination, and imagination from ſenſe, and ſenſe from motion,*

motion, and therefore it muſt be ſo, ſo or ſo.

Phi. It ſeems by this, *Tim*, as if 'twere thy opinion that all *thoughts* were meerly caſual or indifferent.

Tim. You muſt gheſs again, Sir: for though I believe no *thought* to be neceſſary; yet 'tis plain that there is not one of a hundred of which, for the moſt part, there is not ſome occaſion offered. For Children at School are very well aware of your *train* of *thoughts*; (only they don't know the phraſe) counting it not modeſt nor civil to tell a Paſſenger a ſtory of *eo* and *queo*, when he gives them occaſion to tell him the hour of the day.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, don't trouble me with any of thy Childrens ſtories: but if thou haſt a mind to underſtand wherein the whole cheat of this ſame *freedom* of *thinking* conſiſts, 'tis in ſhort thus. There are, thou knoweſt, ſeveral ſenſes belonging to a man; which ſenſes ſeldom lie long fallow; but are conſtantly buſy'd

and knock'd upon by this outward World: ſo that theſe knockings ſav'd all together, and treaſur'd up in the brain, in twenty years time, ſuppoſe, will amount to a vaſt bank of motion: hence now it comes about, that a man may eaſily be deceiv'd, and oft-times ſeem to think *Voluntier* when as he only filtches out of the common ſtock.

Tim. This ſame ſeeming only to think freely does not at all pleaſe me: for a man, notwithſtanding that, is ſtill as very a *Jimcrack* as a *Farthing-whiſtle*; only he's a little more copious. And an ability to think of ten thouſand thouſand ſeveral things, if ſtinted to a certain order, is nothing elſe but a wilder kind of neceſſity. And thereupon it was that the late *Philoſopher* who took great pains in making *Bruits* to be meer *Engines*; was never ſo idle or mad, as to make *man* to be ſuch a kind of *tool.*

Phi. He might e'en have gone on with the work, for any thing I ſee to the contrary.

Tim.

Tim. No, Sir: he knew how to ſpend his time better. For he perceiv'd that though an *engine* might poſſibly be contriv'd not only to walk up and down, but alſo to pronounce ſeveral words very diſtinctly, and to call knave if touch'd in one place, and in another to be your humble ſervant: nay, ſuppoſe you beſtow upon it ſuch breeding, as it becomes able at laſt to recite word for word every Verſe in *Virgil:* yet take this ſame *engine* and ſtroak it, and cokes it, and promiſe it a Violet-Comfit, tell it the *Emperour* is to dine with you that day, and therefore it muſt needs do ſome extraordinary feat; for all this you can't get this ſullen thing to ſay ſo much; as *Patulæ tu Tityre.*

Phi. Perhaps ſo: but what's the reaſon, *Tim?*

Tim. I know none but only this; that make what you will of meer matter; and put in never ſo many Wheels and Pullies: and inſtruct it in all the Languages of *Europe*, and

'twill ſtill be but a chip of the old block, and 'twill go but juſt the rounds, and never take forth of its own accord, nor ſkip up your lap, and kiſs you, when you had tun'd it to ſay the firſt *Ode* of *Horace*.

Phi. I grant you that Man has very much the advantage of all other Creatures; becauſe he alone is capable of *ſpeech*, and thereby of comparing and reaſoning.

Tim. Now, don't I believe one word of all this.

Phi. What, *Tim*, doſt deny by whole ſale?

Tim. In the firſt place I do ſay that 'tis not ſpeech, or the uttering of words that does at all make a man; but the underſtanding thoſe words he utters, and the applying the ſame aptly. For ſuppoſe you go to your Cage, and aſk your *Pye*, how do you do this Morning? and the *Pye* anſwers, how do YOU do this Morning? now if you can but teach the *Pye* to lay the accent ſtrong enough upon that ſame YOU which ſhe pronounces,

nounces, 'tis then plain reparty, and the *Pye* ſhall preſently put in for a place at *Court*. And as ſpeech alone will never amount to reaſoning; ſo by your good leave, *Philautus*, there may be reaſoning without ſpeech: that is, there may be demonſtrative inferring or concluding without the uſe of words. For I don't imagine reaſoning to conſiſt in gaping or hollowing, but in perceiving the neceſſity of the effect from its cauſes; which deaf and dumb people by many inſtances certainly do, as well as the lowdeſt diſputant in the *Schools*. But of theſe things, *Philautus*, you and I may have further occaſion to diſcourſe, before we part. And therefore if you have ever another *Roman penny* about you, I pray let's have it.

Phi. No, *Tim*, I know what to do with my money and notions better, than to fling them away upon ſuch an ungrateful wretch as thou art. This ſame train or neceſſity of all *humane thoughts* is a great ſecret, and

too deep, I perceive, for thy apprehenſion. Perhaps thou maiſt have better luck at underſtanding the *neceſſity* of all *humane actions*: and therefore if thou haſt a mind to it; wee'l have a ſmall bruſh about *Free-will*: for my part I have not much to ſay: being moſt of it compriz'd in that little deſpicable piece of mine, call'd *Liberty* and *Neceſſity*. 'Tis a very ſmall thing, *Tim*, and one of thy confidence and proweſs may eat it up at a mouth-ful.

Tim. Yes, Sir, 'tis very ſmall: but ſomebody has put ſuch a dreadful *Preface* to't, as would go nigh to give a *Giant* his Breakfaſt. "Rea-"der, ſays that ſame *ſome-body*, take "this little *Book* of *Liberty* and *Ne-"ceſſity*: pull off thy glove, and take "it I ſay into thy right hand, and let "not the ſmallneſs thereof, make it "ſeem contemptible to thee, for 'tis "every bit Diamond and Oaks heart, "for (beſides a new paſſage into the "*Eaſt-Indies*, and the bowells of the "number of the *Apocalyptical Beaſt*) "there's

"there's work enough for many "thouſand Sermons and Exerciſes: "and there's that which is much "better than the Catechiſms and "Confeſſions of a thouſand Aſſem-"blies: and that which will caſt an "eternal blemiſh upon all the corn-"er'd Caps of the Prieſts and Jeſuits, "and upon all the black and white "Caps of the Miniſters. I know not, "*Reader*, what profeſſion, perſwaſi-"on, opinion, or Church thou art of: "but be of what thou wilt, if thou "intendeſt to be ſav'd, buy and ſtu-"dy this little *Book*. In compariſon "of which, all the Sermons, Teach-"ings, Preachings, Meetings, Diſpu-"tations, Conferences and Printed "Books are good for nothing, but "only to divert the duller ſort of "*Citizens*. Perhaps, thou maiſt have "a mind to be prying into the great "myſteries of Predeſtination, Elec-"tion, Freewill, Grace, Merits, Re-"probation, *&c.* if ſo, take my ad-"vice for once, and never go to any "*Black-Court* again; for generally

"they

"they are a Company of ignorant "*Tinkers*, that pretend to mending "and ſodering of mens Conſciences, "and for the moſt part they make "more holes than they find: but go "thou me to this little, little *Book* of "*Liberty* and *Neceſſity*; (not written "by a dull Tinkering *Theologue*, but "by a ſevere ſtudent of the *Mathe-* "*maticks*) and there thou ſhalt find "more evidence and conviction, and "more means of humane ſalvation, "than in all the Volumes and Libra- "ries, and all the Controverſial La- "bours, and Polemical Treatiſes that "were ever Printed. Now, Sir, is not this very thundering and diſmaying? Do you think any body will venture, when you ſcare people thus.

Phi. Who ſcare people? You can't ſay that I writ that *Preface*, can you?

Tim. No: But when I find therein that ſame ratling *ſtory* (which was before in your *Preface de Cive*) of *Ixion's claſping a Cloud inſtead of* Juno,

no, *and of the Centaures and Hermaphrodite opinions that were produc'd by that unnatural coition*; and compare therewith your being ſo notoriouſly given to print over and over ſuch elegant flouriſhes: and when I conſider beſides, how chargeable 'twould be to procure one to feign ſuch commendations, as you, upon all occaſions, ſo eaſily and naturally trundle in upon your ſelf, I cannot but ſay, that I am ſomewhat afraid, that ---

Phi. Afraid? of what I prethee? thou knoweſt well enough there was a *Metaphyſical Biſhop* that ventur'd to meddle; and I don't queſtion but thou art as fool-hardy as any *Biſhop*, *Primate*, or *Metropolitan* of them all.

Tim. But you remember, Sir, what a woful example you made of the poor *Biſhop*; (as you tell us in the laſt page of your Animadverſions) and of all fiſh that flie, there's none I hate like an *Example*. In my opinion, *Philautus*, you did him a little too hard, conſidering he was a *Biſhop*.

Phi. How could I help it, *Tim?*

doſt

doſt think I can endure to be eternally tormented with nothing but *Tohu's* and *Bohu's* and *Jargons?* "The "Biſhop and I meet at *Paris:* we diſ- "courſe very calmly concerning *Free-* "*will:* upon this he writes a very "angry *Book*, *viz. Vindication of true* "*Liberty*, *&c.* and upon that (as he "deſir'd) I writ that parlous little "thing, *Liberty and Neceſſity.* But "withal (now mark how tender I "was of his credit) in no leſs than "*four ſeveral places*, I requeſted, that "it might by no means be Printed, "that the World might never ſee "what a pitiful weak Creature they "had for a *Church Governour.* But "afterwards this little Book being in- "finitely deſir'd, and by ſtealth made "publick; notwithſtanding all theſe "cautions, and this my great regard "to his reputation, he was ſo incon- "ſiderate as to go and make a reply. "In which, *Tim*, (to be ſhort and "plain) he has diſcover'd ſo little of "breeding, reaſoning, or elocution, "that I am oft-times forced to let

"him

"him know that his *Lordſhip writes*
"*like a Beaſt*, *nay worſe than a Beaſt*,
"*nay both as to ſenſe and cleanlineſs*:
"and for his language that 'tis *Jar-*
"*gon*, *Tohu*, *Bohu*, the very ſame with
"that of the *Kingdom of darkneſs*.

Tim. 'Twas a moſt unhappy thing, that ſo great a *Churchman* ſhould run himſelf into ſuch danger: and at once offend ſuch a formidable Monſter of Wit, and Philoſophy.

Phi. Offend? I tell thee, *Tim*, I am of as gentle and ſparing a nature (let people talk but tolerable non-ſenſe) as any man alive: but to be perpetually ſnarl'd at and curs'd--- One he falls to ſcribling againſt me with his *Ghebrical gibberiſh*, call'd *Symbolls*, *Gambolls*, or *Antichriſt* in ſhort hand; and in his *Elenchus* would make people believe that he has con-futed me, by writing ſo as no body underſtands him. Then comes ano-ther little Dog call'd *Vindex Acade-miarum*, and without being ſet on, he barks and exclaims againſt me as an Enemy to the *Univerſities*; and knows

no

no more than a *Puppy*, either what an Enemy is, or what an *Univerſity* is. Then comes the railing and wondring *Biſhop* with his *Tohu*, *Bohu* and *Jargon*; and he calls me *Rebel*, *Atheiſt* and *Blaſphemer*, becauſe I will not comply with him in his fopperies of *Accidents of Cheeſe in Bread*, *Free-will*, *Free-ſubject*, and the like. Upon this, *Tim*, perceiving that folly and ſpight were both like to be endleſs: and that of all men that baited me, the *Clergy* were the great Ringleaders and diſturbers, what did me I, (for my future eaſe and quiet) but pickt out this ſame provoking *Biſhop*, as a good luſty Sacrifice of their own flock: and ſo made of him an example for all the reſt: which, if I be not much miſtaken, I have done to ſome purpoſe.

Tim. To tell the *Biſhop* (as you do) that *his diſtinction of compounded ſenſe and divided ſenſe was non-ſenſe*, was a very proper and pinching reflection: there being no ſort of *ſenſe* ſo very ſcandalous as *non-ſenſe*: but

but to let go the very ſame inſtruments of revenge upon every ſlight cavil, and frivolous occaſion; and in times too, when *Liberty of will*, as well as *Epiſcopacy* and *Loyalty* were equally perſecuted; was not done like a man that pretends to ſuch variety of wit, and *had the honour to initiate his preſent Majeſty in the Mathematicks.*

Phi. Thou talkeſt, *Tim*, as if the *Biſhop* had left thee a *Legacy* to defend his fooleries. I wonder, what kind of things thou counteſt ſlight and frivolous. If a man ſhould tell me a long ſtory of a round quadrangle, or of a Kingdom ſtanding upon two heads, and I deſire him out of all love to ſpeak ſoftly; for my part, I believe thy wit to be ſuch, that thou wouldſt look upon this to be meer carping and cavelling.

Tim. No; by no means, Sir: you talk now of buſineſſes indeed. But ſuppoſe, *Philautus*, the *Biſhop* in his *Epiſtle* to the *Reader*, taking notice of your Principles being deſtructive both

both to *Religion* and *Government*, concludes all with, God bleſs us. May not a *Biſhop* (becauſe the *ſupreme Raſcals* had got away his eſtate) reſerve ſo much of his ſacred function, as to ſay, *God bleſs us, without being accuſed of buffoonly abuſing the name of God to calumny?*

Phi. But he brings it in, *Tim*, as if he intended it as a *ſpel*, or a *charm* againſt my *doctrine.*

Tim. Perhaps ſo: for there are a great many think it pernicious, beſides the *Biſhop.*

Phi. It may be ſome few *particular men.*

Tim. Do you know what you have ſaid? what a barbarous expreſſion is this, for one that has done ſo well upon *Thucidides*, and the *Peak*! is this you that pretend to ſuch exactneſs of Language and have ſo little as to come in with your particular men? Is this you that have confounded *thouſands of Catechiſms and thouſands of Confeſſions*, *and routed white Caps, black Caps, corner'd Caps, Prieſts,*

Prieſts, Jeſuits, and Miniſters, and talk of your particular men? is this you ---

Phi. For ſhame, *Tim*, rave no more, for thou lookeſt black in the mouth already. I prethee what fault canſt thou find with *particular men*, *Tim.* Wherein does the iniquity of that expreſſion lie?

Tim. I know no more hurt in't than you did, when you made uſe of it in the laſt page but one of your *Animadverſions*: (as you may do a hundred times more for ought I know) but the poor *Biſhop* did but ſpeak of ſome *particular men* that ſlighted all ancient *Authors*: and 'twas as very *Jargon*, as if he had taken his *Text* out of St. *Paul* to the *Deuteronomians*; *particular men! this word particular men* (ſay you) *is put in here, in my opinion with little Judgment: eſpecially by a man that pretendeth to be learned.* That now is a very girding aggravation. *Does the Biſhop think that he himſelf is, or that there is any Univerſal man?* that's vexation driven. *It may be he means a*

private man. Does he then think ther is any man not private beſides him tha is endued with Soveraign Power: rarely fetch'd up again! there is no one man of a thouſand that's fit t be truſted with an abſurdity: tha knows how to give the riſing blow and to urge and preſs to the quick. I wonder for my part that *Epiſcopac* was not aſham'd of coming into *Ireland* again, ſo long as there was *particular man* to be found there. But that which pleaſes me much better than all this, *Philautus*, is; that the *Biſhop* a while after happening to make uſe of the word *General*, the Tables preſently turn, and he's e'en as very *Jargon* for that, as he was before for *particular. General! 'tis Jargon*, ſay you: *for every thing that is, is ſingular and individual, and there's nothing in the whole World that is general, but the ſignification of words and other ſigns.* So that, *Philautus*, if you reſolve to deal with us at this ſevere rate, and neither let us have *particular men* as a conſtant going ſtock,

ſtock, nor an *Univerſal man* for a Breeder, we muſt e'en fling up at quarter day; and there's an end of the World.

Phi. What an idle ſtir thou makeſt about two or three rotten words! what's all this, I prithee, to the *Matter* in hand.

Tim. Matter in hand! what, *do you look upon Freewill to be a matter in hand, when as Liberty is immaterial: or a diſcourſe of Freewill (which conſiſt only of words) to be a matter in hand?* O, that I were but at leiſure to take my full ſwing at this ſame luſcious bit of non-ſenſe; this ſame matter in hand!

Phi. Whereabouts are we got now, trow wee?

Tim. We are now juſt got to the 288*th.* page of your *Animadverſions.* Where the *Biſhop* did but ſpeak of a perfect *definition* being made of the eſſential cauſes, *viz. matter* and *form* (which is as common as *Logica eſt ars*) and you hooted at him, for as very an example, as if he had gone

nine miles to ſuck a *Bull.* *What* (ſay you) *would the Biſhop have matter come into a definition, that is made only of words: and into a definition of Liberty too, that is immaterial?* We had beſt call for a ſkillet for his *Lordſhip*, that he may ſet on his definition, and boyl it. *Is it not a ſtrange thing that a dignifyed Churchman ſhould be ſo ignorant, as not to know that Matter is body, and that Body is corporeal ſubſtance, and ſubject to dimenſion, ſuch as are the Elements, and things compounded of the Elements?* this is, *Philautus*, damnable and upbraiding *Rhetorique:* for though Matter, Body, corporeal ſubſtance, dimenſion, elements and things made of elements, ſeem to be the ſame ſort of torment, yet it grates all the way like a ſaw upon a mans leg.

Phi. I know it does; and I intended it ſhould. For to illuſtrate nonſenſe, after this eaſie and familiar manner, is ſometimes the moſt ſtinging improvement that can be made of it.

Tim.

Tim. I pray, Sir, when the *Biſhop* ſays that a man has the determination of himſelf, and dominion over his own actions: how do you mannage that abſurdity?

Phi. It need not be manag'd at all *Tim*; for without any help the man makes an abſolute fool of himſelf; and at one daſh flings away all his Freewill, as utterly as ever rotten egg was flung againſt the Wall: *for over whatſoever things there's dominion, thoſe things are not free.*

Tim. This is a plain caſe, that he loſt his *parts* and *Biſhoprick* together: for *Free dominion* is as much as to ſay *free impriſonment, free ſubjection, or free ſlavery*: and therefore I very much wonder'd at your Moderation, when (in the beginning of your *Animadverſions*) you ſaid that *Arminianiſm was only in part the cauſe of the late troubles.* Whereas 'tis very plain, that the *War* never had been begun, had it not been for the *Freewillers.* For a *ſubject* being nothing elſe but a perſon who has given up his *will* to

the *will* of his *Prince*: he that preſumes to call in his own *will* again, and to challenge a dominion and command over his actions (as all *Freewillers* do) what does he do but in effect, renounce all allegiance; and like a Rebel, ſets up his own *will* againſt that of the ſupreme. Nay farther, *whereas ſome people (not underſtanding words) do imagine that the Doctrine of Neceſſity makes the Government of God Tyrannical; theſe are ſo very ſilly as not to perceive that they which maintain the contrary give way to the ſame abſurdity in a much higher degree. For he that holds that man has a power and dominion over his own actions, makes every man to be a King: from whence it plainly follows (King and Tyrant being all one) that according to him, God is more a Tyrant, being King of Kings.* I profeſs, I did not think there had been any thing nigh ſo much *treaſon* and *blaſphemy* in maintaining this ſame *Liberty* of *Will* as now I perceive there is.

Phi.

phi. Thou perceive! thou perceiveſt nothing at all: not ſo much as the firſt grounds of the diſpute between us. For if thou didſt, thou wouldſt know, that no man in the World is more for true *Liberty*, and for mans being a *free Agent* than I am. Nay (which poſſibly ſuch a Fool as thou art may ſtare at) I hold *true Liberty* more than the very *Biſhop* himſelf, who ſeemeth ſo eagerly to ſcramble and fight for't. For (as I have it *p.* 77.) *whereas the* Biſhop *either craftily, or (be it ſpoken with all due reſpect) ignorantly put things ſo together as to ſcandalize me and make people believe I am altogether againſt Liberty, becauſe I hold neceſſity: let him and his Eccleſiaſticks know, that I hold as much that there is true Liberty as he doth and more: for I hold it, as from Neceſſity; and that there muſt of Neceſſity be Liberty: but he* (like a beaſt) *holds it not from Neceſſity, and ſo makes it poſſible there may be none.* And that's the reaſon why I call'd my *Book*, *Liberty*

and *Neceſſity*. For I am ſo far from denying *Liberty*, that I hold *Neceſſity* beſides.

Tim. He does ſo: never minding that ſober advice of the *Poet*, about *ſeverities clogg*, upon the *three Children* that were drown'd; *unty 'em and you undo 'em.* Now ſay I, *Philautus*, give me again my *Actus primus*, and *Actus ſecundus*, my *terminus à quo*, and *terminus ad quem*, my *quidditas*, *quoddítas*, *entitas*, and all the reſt of my little, barbarous, *Metaphyſical* implements; rather than ſuch childiſh, ridiculous, non-ſenſical querks and ſubtilties, dreſs'd up into eloquent ſtile, with ſoft and *Roman* expreſſions. You had beſt now complain to his *Majeſty* that the boys laugh at you, when you chaſtiſe them for their *particular men*, their *free dominion*, and their boyl'd definitions: and that they grow ſaucy and headſtrong, and won't believe but that plain right-down, untrim'd *Liberty*, without any *Neceſſity* at all, is near upon as good, as your kind

kind of *Liberty* lac'd with a *vengeance.*

Phi. Nay, if you be good at that, *Tim*, for a need, I can rail, as well as you.

Tim. I pray, Sir, hold your hand: for, in the laſt page of your *ſix Leſſons*, you have given the *Egregious Profeſſours* (as you call them) ſuch a thundring broadſide, as would go nigh to ſink the *Soveraign* it ſelf. *Go your ways*, ſay you, *you uncivil Eccleſiaſticks, inhumane Divines, Dedoctors of morality, unaſinous Colleagues, egregious pair of Iſſachars, moſt wretch'd Vindices and Indices Academiarum.*

Phi. I ſaid all that; and they deſerv'd it. And I am heartily ſorry, *Tim*, that I have it not about me, for thee too. For, thou art a moſt rude and ungentile *ſcribler*, a moſt unmannerly, and ſcurrilous *libeller*, a moſt ignorant, pragmatical, and malicious *deſpiſer* of *age, gravity, obſervation*, and every thing elſe that is becoming and venerable: a very *Boy, Toy*, flie-flap, ſhittle-cock, nut-crack,

that

that ought not to ſpeak to one that has read a *good Book*, or ſeen a *wiſe man*: the very ſediment, fag-end, ſtump, and ſnuff of mankind; that ſnears and blinks at ſtars of reaſon: and that ſhirk'd only into humane race, to vex *old men*, and ſtum ſober company: and therefore I do defie thee, and abhor thee, and ſpit on thy face, and ſay, that that *Liberty* of humane actions, which I do allow of, is true *Liberty*.

Tim. And ſpit, and rail till you be hoarſe again, I do ſay that, according to your principles, a *Muſtard-quern*, or *Wheel-barrow*, has every whit as much liberty, choice, *&c.* as the moſt uncontroulable Governour now upon earth.

Phi. Why ſo? don't I frequently ſay that man is a free Agent, that he deliberates, chuſes, conſents, *&c.*

Tim. Yes, that you do forty times over.

Phi. How much freedom then wouldſt thou have? I grant that he may

may do, whatever he *will*; and I think that's Foreſt big enough for any one Creature to range in.

Tim. But I pray, Sir, how far is that ſame *will* that he has, in his own power?

Phi. That now is as abſurdly and ignorantly ſpoken, as ever was any thing either by the *Biſhop* or *St. Auſtin*: for, *they both talk of having the will in their own power, not at all conſidering, that the will is the very power it ſelf.*

Tim. That was very careleſly done of them indeed: *for*, as you ſay, *the will being the power, to talk of having power over the will, is all one as to have power over power*: whence will follow penetration of *powers*: and ſo we ſhall have two *Kings* of *Brenford* currant at the ſame time. And therefore being convinc'd, *Philautus*, that I was in the wrong, I deſire only to know what is it, that a man has the power to *will?*

Phi. Becauſe that now is tolerable well, (if it be rightly taken) I do tell

tell thee, that he has power to will whatever he pleaſes, phanſies, or has a mind to: and I know not what thou canſt deſire more, unleſs thou would'ſt have *the Calf with the white face.*

Tim. But I pray, Sir, how comes he by that mind? does that mind come always upon him neceſſarily; ſo that it was impoſſible for him not to have had that mind: or does he himſelf chooſe that mind?

Phil. Chooſe that mind! what ſtrange words you put together again: *what, would you have a man to chooſe his own choice, and to will his own will?* 'tis worſe by half than lying with his own mother.

Tim. A great deal worſe, Sir, for man is an excellent Creature; for man has a liberty to do: and beſides that, he has liberty to do whatever he will: (O brave man!) and he can will whatever he has a mind to: but all on a ſudden he plomps, for he has a mind to nothing. And ſo, you know, it happen'd, *Philautus*, in that

that famous caſe of the Houſe that *Jack* built. For though it was always granted that there was a man that killed the Cat, that eat the Mouſe, that lived in the Houſe--- yet, at the upſhot of the buſineſs, *Jack* always ſteps in, and ſwops away all the credit.

Phi. All this ridiculous prattle is, becauſe thou never hadſt a juſt and true notion of *Liberty*. For, *Liberty*, ſay I, *is abſence of all the impediments to action that are not* ---

Tim. This now is ſpecially good, and one of your old tricks. For you take a man and ſtake him down upon the middle of *New-market* heath, and then give him a *definition* of *Liberty*, and tell him that he may now run away faſter, than if he were looſe; for now he runs upon *neceſſity*, but if he were looſe, he could only run away upon his *Legs*.

Phi. 'Tis impoſſible ever to ſtop a Fools mouth, that won't hear out a *definition*.

Tim. I am reſolv'd not to hear it,

make

make your complaint where you will. For put you a man into a Dungeon, as deep as you can thruſt him: and let me have but the ordering o a few words, and if I don't preſently define him ſteeple height, I'le undertake to ſupply his place. And therefore, ſtill ſay I, give me my *Wheel-barrow* for a free Agent. For this can do whatever it will: and it can will whatever it has a mind to: and it has a mind to whatever the man that crowds behind has a mind to, who has a mind to whatever the Heavens and Elements crowd upon him. So that, let the *neceſſity* be a thouſand removes of, yet for all that, certainly at laſt we fetch about to the Houſe that *Jack* built. And ſo we muſt do. For, as was ſaid before concerning thoughts; that the greateſt variety imaginable can never ariſe to freedom of thinking; ſo neither can the juſtling and crowding back of the immediate neceſſary cauſes ever amount to Liberty of doing. For, let the plot lie as deep as the

Center

Center of the earth, and let there be never ſo many turnings, and whirlings, and windings; yet the caſe is exactly the ſame, as if all had been laid but juſt at threſhold-door. And therefore, why ſhould we play the Children any longer, and talk of willing, and chooſing, and I know not what, and mean nothing thereby?

Phi. I tell thee, *Tim*, there is a kind of great buſineſs which I do mean by that *Liberty*, which I count conſiſtent with *Neceſſity*: but if thou reſolveſt not to like it, then, ſay I, thou muſt e'en be content, to take up with neceſſity all alone. Perhaps thou haſt got a new ſet of *Vertuoſo*-arguments, and ſome *double-bottom-objections* againſt me; if thou haſt, produce, Child; and thou ſhalt ſee how I'le ſlice thee down.

Tim. What I have, Sir, I ſhall keep to my ſelf: unleſs in your anſwers to common reaſons and experience, formerly alledg'd by others, you had diſcovered ſomewhat beſides querks, quibbles, and ignorance.

Phi.

Phi. Now to ſee the Coxcombneſs of ſuch a pragmatical fellow! for, though all that I have written, have been perform'd with ſtrange kind of force and perſpicuity; yet never was any thing ſo clearly laid down, nor ſo ſolidly defended, as I have done the *neceſſity* of all events. For in the firſt place (as a ſure foundation) I do aſſert, that there is no ſuch thing or cauſe of any thing, as *luck*, *chance*, or *fortune*: but that they are all meer words, more or leſs made uſe of, according to the degrees of mens ignorance or underſtanding. Now, *Tim*, away to thy detecting office; and ſhew me where the querk or quibble of this notion lies.

Tim. There's none at all in't, Sir: 'tis a huge, ſtout, well-grown truth: and whereas you crowd it almoſt into every *Book* you have written, as if 'twere a diſcovery of your own; 'twas ſo anciently and currantly believed, that one of the very *Poets* could tell us above a thouſand years ago --- *Nos facimus fortuna deam, &c.*

and

and beſides 'tis nothing at all to the purpoſe: for though (making uſe of a common phraſe) I may ſay ſuch a friend may chance to come to my Houſe to morrow; yet my being ignorant which of the two will come to paſs, does not at all hinder his own chooſing, whether he'l come or ſtay at home.

Phi. But that, *Tim*, namely, whether of himſelf he can chooſe to come or ſtay at home, is the very controverſie betwixt us; and againſt it I have two familiar Caſes to propound; one concerning the *weather*, t'other concerning *dice*: each of which will moſt effectually prove (if ever I prov'd any thing at all) the *neceſſity* of all kind of events whatever, humane or not humane. And therefore the firſt thing I would know of thee is this: *whether 'tis neceſſary that to morrow it ſhall rain, or not rain:* what thinkeſt thou?

Tim. I believe 'tis.

Phi. 'Tis! 'tis what?

Tim. 'Tis moſt abſolutely and undoubtedly

doubtedly *neceſſary* that *to morrow it ſhall rain, or not rain.*

Phi. But that's not my meaning, *Tim.* but, it being *neceſſary* that to morrow it ſhall rain or not rain, that, which I would know, is whether this very one, or that very one is abſolutely *neceſſary.*

Tim. I care not much if (for a little while) I believe that alſo. For I always love to believe, as much as ever my ſkin will hold.

Phi. Then farewell all *contingencies* and *Freewill.*

Tim. As for contingencies, let the *Poet* and the *Bees* look to them: but as for my *Freewill*, I won't take ten groats for't yet. For the inſtance you give is no trial at all of *Freewill.* For I believe 'twill *neceſſarily* rain, or *neceſſarily* not rain to morrow (as that the ſun will riſe or not riſe) becauſe the weather is not within a mans power; but falls out *neceſſarily* according to the courſe of the World: not for your ſilly reaſon, *becauſe 'tis a true disjunctive propoſition: and*

therefore

therefore the whole being neceſſarily true, the parts or one of them ſhould be ſo too: for do but try it, *Philautus*, in any other propoſition, where the *neceſſity* of events may not be concern'd (that there may be no ſculking advantage in the word *neceſſity*) and you ſhall ſee 'tis ſo querkiſhly and ignorantly ſaid, that a very freſh-man but of a months ſtanding, would have been aſham'd to have been guilty of ſuch a groſs errour. For inſtance; Every number is odd or even, is a propoſition ſo very good and laudable, that the *Pope* himſelf has not a better in all his budget: that is, if you ſerve it up all whole together: but take the ſame, and chop it into two Meſſes, *viz.* Every number is odd, every number is even: and it makes two ſuch deadly rappers as would choak *old Nick* himſelf. So again, to ſay that every man in the world is in *London*, or out of *London*, has no hurt at all in't. But pull this in pieces, and it may ſo fall out, that there

may be moſt deadly crowding for the Wall.

Phi. But theſe caſes, that you have put *Tim*, being general; you only mean that ſome numbers are odd, and ſome even: and ſome men are in *Town*, and ſome are out.

Tim. And if you ſuppoſe in particular that to morrow my *Lord Mayor* goes abroad or ſtays at home: you only mean that ſometimes he is pleaſed to go abroad and ſometime he's pleaſed to ſtay at home. For though that ſame *Omnis* be a perſon of wonderful diſpatch and preſence, yet 'twould make the greateſt individual *Magiſtrates* head in the world, to gigge again, to have ſo much buſineſs upon his hand, as to be forc'd all the day long to be abroad at home.

Phi. I know he can be but in one place: but wherever that be, 'tis upon neceſſity.

Tim. Why ſo?

Phi. Becauſe every propoſition is true or falſe.

Tim. That's right: if therefore every

every propoſition in the world were true, or every propoſition were falſe (which, *Philautus*, is your way of Computation) then I grant you, that he muſt needs go, that the *Devil* drives. But becauſe there's Field-room enough, and that ſome propoſitions are true, and ſome falſe; therefore I am reſolv'd to enjoy my humour, and neither to go, nor drive, unleſs I have a mind to't. For in ſhort, *Philautus*, that ſame old famous ſtory of *Socrates*'s neceſſarily diſputing to morrow, or not, becauſe every propoſition is now true or falſe, has no more in't but juſt this; that 'tis true to day, that one of the two ſhall be true or come to paſs to morrow; or 'tis true or falſe to day, that this or that particularly ſhall be true or come to paſs to morrow: and ſweat and ſhuffle as long as you will, you can never advance that querk any higher. And therefore to make an end of this ſame ſtory of *Socrates* and the *weather*; ſeeing, *Philautus*, theſe ſame *Engliſh* men are moſt of

them a Company of clowniſh and diſingenuous dunces; the *Eccleſiaſticks* having no breeding, the *Philoſophers* having not taſted of motion, and the *Mathematicians* being much o'rerun with the *ſcab* of ignorance, pride, and *ſymbols*; the beſt way will be to draw up your opinion concerning a disjunctive propoſition (you may do it in half a ſheet) and ſend it beyond Sea: where (as you very friendlily inform your ſelf in your late *lux Mathematica, &c.*) *you are much read, underſtood, and admir'd:* and if amongſt all your acquaintance, you can get ſo much but as one ſubſcription to your Paper, by any body that knows what belongs to Logick (to which you appeal in this very Caſe) then ſhall it *rain* or *not rain*; and *Socrates* ſhall *diſpute* or *not diſpute*, whenever *Philautus* pleaſes.

Phi. What doſt tell me of *Logick*? doſt think that I that began to reaſon, the very firſt day I went into breeches, will be bound up to your paltry, pimping, pedantick rules of

Logick?

Logick? don't I know that *Logick* is the Mother of all Lyes, and the Nurſe of your damn'd, conſounded *Metaphyſical jargons?*

Tim. Now do I ſhortly expect a *Book contra Faſtum Dialecticorum:* now am I confident that *Logick* will be the *Devil* and all, as *Mathematicks* was, after the *Doctor* had baſl'd, and confuted you.

Phi. I baſl'd, I confuted? I never was, nor will be, as long as I live.

Tim. No, no, Sir: you ſhan't be confuted: it does not at all become one of your *age* to be confuted: 'tis uncivil, Sir, 'tis not done at all like a *Gentleman* to confute you: You ſhall have a *protection* from his *Majeſty* not to be confuted.

Phi. You lye in your very throat. I never went about any ſuch thing.

Tim. Perhaps ſo: but however having now done with the buſineſs of the *weather*; let's now if you pleaſe, Sir, have one *throw* at *Liberty* and *Neceſſity*; that we may ſee, whe-

ther the *Dice* will run on my ſide, or yours.

Phi. Done: I would know then, ſuppoſe, I take a *die*, and throwing it upon the Table, there comes up ſuch or ſuch a caſt: whether there was not an abſolute *neceſſity* of that particular caſt.

Tim. Moſt abſolute.

Phi. Then have you perfectly *gam'd* away your *Freewill.*

Tim. Yes: juſt as much as t'was *rain'd* away before. For ſuppoſing (as you do) that a *die* have (as they call them) ſo many chances, and ſuch a chance to lie uppermoſt when 'tis thrown, and to be thrown with ſuch or ſuch a force, and upon a table of ſuch or ſuch a ſmoothneſs, then ſay I there will as neceſſarily come forth ſuch or ſuch a caſt, as if there had been never another caſt upon the *die* but that which came forth.

Phi. Then there's *neceſſity* enough.

Tim. Enough: but nothing to your purpoſe.

Phi. That's ſtrange.

Tim.

Tim. Not at all: becauſe all the ſeveral circumſtances requir'd to ſuch a caſt, notwithſtanding all that you have ſuppoſed, are wholy ſtill in my own power; that is, I may chooſe which ſide I'le lay foremoſt, upon what I'le make the throw, and if need be I can have a ſpring with ſo many notches, that ſhall let go the *die*, and give it as many turns, as I pleaſe.

Phi. You chuſe! you pleaſe! 'tis a very hard matter, I ſee, to beat people out of the common track of non-ſenſe. And therefore though there's nothing more ſeemingly caſual, or more proper to be inſiſted on, than the *weather* and *dice*; yet, becauſe to give particular inſtances would be endleſs, I ſhall rather chuſe to put all out of doubt, and ſettle the whole buſineſs by one *general argument*.

Tim. That will be well indeed. For I love at my very heart thoſe ſame *general arguments*; becauſe they pretend to kill the old one in

in the Neſt. How is it I pray, Sir?

Phi. 'Tis thus: *there is, ſay I, a neceſſity or neceſſary cauſe of all events: becauſe every event has a ſufficient cauſe. For an event is that which is come to paſs: and nothing can come to paſs unleſs ſomewhat produce it: and produc'd it cannot be, but by that which is able or ſufficient to produce it: that is to ſay, but by the meeting together of all that's neceſſary to produce it.*

Tim. And what then?

Phi. Then every thing that is produc'd, is *neceſſarily* produc'd.

Tim. Why ſo?

Phi. Becauſe all is met together that was *neceſſary.*

Tim. Therefore they *neceſſarily* met together: did they? O your Servant, Sir! becauſe Fire, Water, and Oatmeal are *requiſite* (that's all the meaning of *neceſſary* here) for the making of *Water-gruell*: therefore I muſt of neceſſity fall upon the operation at four of the Clock; and

'tis

'tis impoſſible for me to forbear, or imploy my ſelf otherwiſe at that time.

Phi. So 'tis impoſſible.

Tim. To do what: to ſtab and kill a man, and then to unſtab and unkill him again? that's all, *Philautus*: for ſeeing in our *Country* ther's no halfing or quartering of effects: therefore (ſay you) all effects are neceſſary: that is, you ſuppoſe the thing done, or (which is all one) to be in ſuch circumſtances, that 'tis impoſſible but that it ſhould be done; and then you conclude 'twas *neceſſary* that it ſhould be done. Whereas the queſtion is not whether when any thing is produc'd, ſuch and ſuch things are *neceſſarily* requir'd to its production; but whether it be now *neceſſary*, that all thoſe *neceſſaries* or *requiſites* ſhall certainly club together at ſuch a time to produce it.

Phi. I ſay they muſt, and that upon the account of *ſufficient cauſes*.

Tim. And, I ſay, they need not, and that upon the account of the *Weſt-wind*:

wind: and I am ſure that my accou
is as good as yours: for I am for *ſuf*
ficient cauſes as much as you.

Phi. What, and hold *freewill*?

Tim. O moſt eaſily, Sir: for oft
times the *will alone* is the *ſufficien*
cauſe.

Phi. Of what! of the *will*!

Tim. No, that's *Jargon*: but o
the action.

Phi. But, I enquire, what's th
cauſe of the *will*.

Tim. So you may, but in many in
ſtances I can tell none.

Phi. I prethee, let me hear one o
thoſe inſtances; and thou ſhalt ſee,
if I don't preſently Ferret out a *ſuf*
ficient cauſe.

Tim. Suppoſe then there be laid
before you, *three Apples*: I would
know, whether you can pick one o
them.

Phi. Yes ſurely: what hinders?

Tim. You can as ſoon pick a Star
out of the Firmament: for theſe *Ap*
ples ſhall be exactly of the ſame ſize,
the ſame complexion, and the ſame
diſtance

diſtance from the eye; and thereupon they ſhall ſtrike and tempt all alike: ſo that, unleſs you'l allow the *will it ſelf* to caſt in the laſt feather, and to determine the ſcales, you can only *platonically* admire, for there's no falling to, as the caſe ſtands.

Phi. But you don't conſider, *Tim*, how the World being in a conſtant toſs and hurry; there's chopping and changing every moment: ſo that one or other of your *ſufficient cauſes* over-topping the reſt, will ſtrike you as dead ---

Tim. Therefore I'll have my *three equally ſufficient apples* to be nail'd faſt down; and there ſhall be a very ſtout ſupporter for the chin, that the head may no ways wag; and the eyes ſhall be ſo ſpoken to, that they ſhall not dare to rowl in the leaſt.

Phi. But may there not be for all this, that which they call, *I know not what*, which getting in at a corner of the eye, may give a private ſtab, and ſo determine the choice?

Tim. There may ſo: for perhaps one

one of the *Apples* may have ſome pretty mole or dimple, or ſome ſuch wounding feature or other. And therefore I think we had beſt take three *peaſe*, or three *grains* of *Muſtard ſeed*. Surely there can't be any great difference of *Cupids* in ſuch a caſe. Or if we ben't yet armour-proof; what think you, *Philautus*, of *even* or *odd*? there is, you know, juſt as many of t'one as t'other: and as for the words themſelves they ſeem to ſmirk and flame and charm much at one. And yet 'tis very evident from *Hiſtory*, that there has been many a ſhilling won and loſt at that game: which, according to you, is utterly impoſſible; and as *meer a tale as Religion*.

Phi. How ſo?

Tim. Becauſe no body could ever play at it. For if the mind never determines it ſelf, but is always (as you would have it) neceſſarily over-born by *hopes* and *fears*: the *hopes* and *fears* of *even* and *odd* being for ever equal, if at any time *even* (ſuppoſe)

poſe) puts in for a mans will, preſently in ſteps *odd*, and looks you full o'the face, with its why not I as well? ſo that the *alternate appetite* (as you call it) being perpetual, a mans mind can never poſſibly be ſeiſed on, but muſt go *titter totter*, *ſwing ſwang*, to the Worlds end.

Phi. Don't you trouble your ſelf about that, *Tim*: for 'tis very plain that a man may chooſe one number before another; but, ſtill ſay I, the reaſon is not meerly becauſe he will chuſe it (for that's non-ſenſe) but becauſe by chuſing it, he *hopes* ---

Tim. Hopes! to do what?

Phi. To win.

Tim. I tell you, he ſhan't *hope* any ſuch thing.

Phi. Why, *Tim*, muſt a man aſk you leave to *hope?*

Tim. I don't ſtand much upon't, Sir: but you won't let him *hope*: for, in the ninth Chapter of your *Humane nature*, you put in this *imbargo* upon *hope*: *viz.* that it does then only take place, *when the cauſes that make us*

expect

expect the thing hop'd for, are greater than thoſe that make us expect the contrary. Now he that, in the buſineſs of *even* or *odd*, can ſpy out ſuch *bouncing cauſes* on one ſide, more than t'other, ſhall preſently quit the Chanel, and be permitted to *hope*.

Phi. But may there not be many other *ſufficient cauſes* beſides *hope*, *fear*, and ſuch like *paſſions*, that may poſſibly move and determine the *will?*

Tim. Queſtionleſs there may be ſeveral: for ſuppoſe, the *gameſter* chops at *even*: one *ſufficient cauſe* of that choice may be, that, by ſo doing, it is an *even* caſe but that he wins: and certainly he's a very foul Gameſter that deſires any more than to *win*. In the next place, 'tis to be conſidered, that poſſibly the *Gentleman* that ſo chuſes, may be of a ſmooth and *even* temper: and what influence *bodily temper* (for there is no other) has upon all humane affairs, whether by Sea or by Land, I need not explain. Beſides, it muſt

not

not be omitted, that the choice which is propounded is not *odd* or *even*, but *even* or *odd:* ſo that *even* getting the ſtart of *odd*, claps in *phyſically* upon the phanſie, before *odd* can poſſibly get up. To all which (if need were) may be further added, that perhaps the *Gentleman Elector* by ſome means or other may have been prejudic'd againſt *odd:* either by having an *odd* Father, an *odd* Mother, or an *odd* kind of Wife; and many ſuch an *odd* thing may have happen'd, that may have quite diſoblidg'd him, and indiſpos'd him to *odd.* And as there may be many other *ſufficient cauſes* that may thus jog and incline the will to *even:* ſo without doubt one that married but a ſmall relation of *Tullies*, for a very little fee, could do as much for *odd.*

Phi. But why do we ſpend ſo much time about ſuch *trifles* and *inconſiderable things* as theſe: whereas, we are inquiring what it is that directs a man in the grand affairs of his life.

Tim. As much *trifles* and *inconſi-*

derable as they ſeem to be, give me leave to tell you, *Philautus*, that theſe ſame *trifles* and *inconſiderables* do utterly deſtroy not only all your Doctrine of *Neceſſity*, but all that nothing that you have ſaid againſt *immaterial ſubſtances*. For, if any one man ſince the world began, has but lifted up his finger meerly becauſe he would do ſo: that is to ſay, when all *outward cauſes* and *conſiderations* did equally ſolicite him to move it downwards, (were there no other) 'tis a *demonſtration* to me, that there is ſomewhat in the world beſides *matter*; and that man is of that kind.

Phi. I prithee don't tear me a pieces now, with thoſe *contradictions* of *immaterial ſubſtances*: but let me adviſe thee not to be cheated with ſuch phraſes, as thou didſt juſt now mention. *viz.* becauſe *he would do ſo*, forſooth: for we oft-times hear people ſay, *they will* do ſuch a thing; I, that *they will*: as if the *will* were the only determining cauſe: whereas there's abominable Pride, Vain-glory, and perverſe-

perverſeneſs in that expreſſion. For example, you tell a man, ſuppoſe, that *he ſhan't* fling his *Hat* into the fire; no that *he ſhan't*. Say you ſo, ſays he? I'll ſee you hang'd, before I'll be nos'd by ſuch a ſcoundrel, and with that ſlap goes the *Hat* into the middle of the fire.

Tim. And truly he's right enough ſerv'd, that gives a *Gentleman* ſuch ſaucy language. But what ſhall we think of him, *Philautus*, who, without any ſuch provocation at all, upon the *twenty third* of *April* takes his *ſilk-doublet*, and cutting it into *thirty nine* pieces, ſteeps it in *Rheniſh Wine* till the *firſt* of *September*; and then ſeals it up in a *Tamariſk-box*, with this *ſuperſcription*; *Ego & tu ſumus in tuto*: and lays it under his pillow the night before *Full Moon*.

Phi. For my part, I keep to my old opinion: that *every thing has a beginning*: *and that nothing can come to paſs alone.*

Tim. Moſt certainly nothing can: and therefore, doubtleſs the ſufficient

cauſe of this whole buſineſs lie couch'd in the *Rule* of *three*. For, as the *twenty third* of *April* is to a *ſilk Doublet* cut into *thirty nine pieces*: ſo are thoſe *thirty nine pieces* ſteep'd in *Rheniſh Wine* till the *firſt* of *September*, to the *Tamariſk Box*, with the foreſaid *ſuperſcription*, laid under the pillow the night before *Full Moon*.

Phi. I muſt confeſs, that the neceſſary and *ſufficient cauſe* of ſome actions, (eſpecially of thoſe which are call'd *indifferent*) lie oft-times very deep: but of all actions, I am from hence ſure, there's always one at the bottom; becauſe in all common actions, and concerns of life, it lies ſo very plain.

Tim. I grant you that the *probability* of many events lies very plain: but not the *neceſſity* of any one, that I know of. That is to ſay in other words, that man being a *rational Creature*, for the moſt part is pleas'd (not conſtrain'd) to do that which is moſt *reaſonable*: ſo if a *Merchant*, ſuppoſe, is promiſed an old debt of

five

five thouſand pounds, for croſſing the ſtreet: 'tis highly probable, that ſuch news as this, will make the ſpirits to ſally a little towards the Legs. But what if he ſtays at home only to ſuck his *middle finger*?

Phi. The cunning of that may be, *Tim*, to make ſuch Fools as thee believe, that man has dominion over his actions. But there's no ſuch thing at all: for he ſtays at home only to croſs and contradict thoſe that deny *Freewill*. That is in ſhort, he loves and prefers his *opinion* (than which nothing you know is dearer) before *five thouſand pounds*.

Tim. But how came he, Sir, to dote ſo much upon his *middle finger*: does the Doctrine of *Freewill* make the *middle finger* grow fatter than all the reſt?

Phi. That need not be: for, in it ſelf you know, it is the *longeſt* and *moſt ſufficient*.

Tim. And ſo, in good truth, muſt the *little one* have been; if he had ſpent his Meditations upon that. A-

gain, *Philautus*, ſuppoſe a man be catch'd in a good *luſty rain:* there is ſuch probability of ſome events, that I count it more than two to one, that he will chooſe to borrow a *Cloak*, rather than a *Curry-comb* or *ſhooing-horn.*

Phi. If he does aſk for any ſuch thing; a very *ſufficient cauſe* of that may be, to make people laugh.

Tim. Indeed he can't help it, if they do laugh: but he may do it, meerly becauſe *he will* do it.

Phi. But I have told you over and over that that is utterly impoſſible.

Tim. And I can ſay it as often, that 'tis not. Seeing, by many inſtances above given, 'tis plain that a man may and doth often determine himſelf, where all imaginable grounds of neceſſity are equally poys'd: I count that I may ſafely conclude that, whenever he pleaſes, he may make uſe of the ſame power in all other caſes whatever. For the ſame principle which impowers a man for to do any one thing upon no extrinſecal ac-

compt

compt at all; impowers him to *forbear* the doing of any other thing whatever, though he has a *thouſand reaſons* to do it. Againſt all which, you have no other fence, but only to pop in that lamentable engine of your *ſufficient cauſe*. The ſum of which is only this, that whatever is already done, can't be undone: and whatever is not yet done, is not done as yet.

Phi. That great notion of a *ſufficient cauſe* (whereby I abſolutely demonſtrate the neceſſity of all events) which you ſo ſaucily diſdain, has ſtun'd all the great *Divines* and *Philoſophers* of *Europe*. Whereas all thoſe *inconveniencies* and *abſurdities* which they charge upon my Doctrine, of themſelves vaniſh in a moment; they being chiefly grounded (as moſt errours are) upon nothing elſe but want of underſtanding of the true ſignification of words. It would be very tedious, *Tim*, to repeat many of their *objections*, they are ſo intolerably ſilly: and therefore I ſhall

only give you a very ſhort ſpecimen of their folly. In the firſt place they'l tell you, that if there be a neceſſity of all humane actions, to what purpoſe do we *praiſe* and *commend* one action; and *blame* and *diſcommend* another. Ignorant Souls! that ſhould not underſtand, that *to praiſe or commend a thing, is only to ſay a thing is good: good I ſay for me, or for ſome body elſe, or for the State and Commonwealth.* And in like manner to blame and diſcommend a thing, is no more than to ſay that 'tis bad and inconvenient. For inſtance, what more common, *Tim*, than for people, in cold weather, to ſay there's a *very good* fire: an *excellent good* fire: a *ſpecial good* fire: a *moſt ſtately Princely* fire (words big enough for the greateſt exploits of the mightieſt *Hero*) and yet, I ſuppoſe, very few think that the fire burns out of *choice* and *diſcretion*: and that it lies liſtning and gaping for *commendations*, and burns accordingly. On the contrary, what is it we mean when we expreſs

expreſs our diſlike and diſguſt? Be true now, and tell me, *Tim*; is there any thing more frequent than to ſay, that ſuch an Horſe is *blind* or *foun-der'd:* that he *ſtarts, halts,* or *ſtum-bles:* that he's a *very Jade:* a *rotten, molten, confounded Jade*; (words that do moſt paſſionately expreſs blame and diſpleaſure) and yet again we don't ſuppoſe that the Horſe ever re-queſted the *Blackſmith* to drive a nail up to the hilts into his foot: or deſir'd the *Groom* to thruſt out one of his Eyes with the Pitch-fork, or to ride him ſo hard, as to melt or founder him? and therefore, in the fourty firſt page of my *Animadver-ſions*, I tell thee (hadſt thou the wit to obſerve it) that, whereas people make ſuch a great buſtle about their ſins; and are oft-times vex'd and can't ſleep in their beds for their ſins; *ſin is nothing elſe but halting or ſtumbling in the ways of Gods Com-mandments.*

Tim. And do you think that this is all that is meant by peoples *break-ing*

ing Gods Commandments; that one is ſtab'd with the *Pitchfork* of ſtupidity and ignorance; and another prick'd and lam'd by the *Blackſmith* of ſenſuality and drunkenneſs: ſo that there muſt needs be great halting and ſtumbling among them?

Phi. What, *Tim*, do you make ſport and a mock of ſuch a ſerious thing as *ſin?*

Tim. 'Tis you and ſuch as you, *Philautus* (whoſe very *opinions* make a mock of ſin) that are the ſport-makers: not thoſe, who out of a ſincere deſign to undeceive the World, are forc'd ſometimes to condeſcend to very mean, and almoſt unpardonable expreſſions.

Phi. I don't cheat or deceive any body: for 'tis plain from common Cuſtom, and the conſent of the beſt *Authors*, that *praiſe* and *diſpraiſe* do equally belong to thoſe things, that are never ſo far from all pretences of *Freewill*, as well as to men.

Tim. But then, *Philautus*, I would have people a little careful how, and upon

upon what, they beſtow their commendations and reproofs. For though ſometimes indeed they turn to very good accompt; yet at other times they have their inconveniencies. He therefore that overnight commended a *diamond* at ſuch a rate, that by Morning it was grown from a *Cherry-ſtone* to a *Pippin*, (beſides a *little young diamond* it had foled, running by its ſide) muſt be granted to have ſpent his breath, and praiſes with very good diſcretion and profit. Neither was the famous *Miller* of *little Hingham* much out of the way: who, when the wind did not blow to his mind, would ſo frown, and chide, and rattle over his Mill, that one would wonder to ſee, how pouring the meal came down, upon the reproof. But, for all that, I ſhall always pity poor *Sir Frederick*.

Phi. For what I prethee?

Tim. Why, Sir, he having in *Chriſtmaſs time* (as moſt *Gentlemen* uſe to have) one of thoſe ſame ſtately and Princely fires before-mention'd: the

the neighbours that ſat about it, fell into ſuch laviſh praiſes, and extravagant admiration of the fire, that it grew ſo conceited, as to burn down the Houſe. Therefore, if it muſt be ſo, that to praiſe or diſpraiſe a thing is only to ſay that 'tis good or bad: yet however let people hence learn, that good words, as well as bad, are to be uſed with diſcretion. But truly, *Philautus*, (to deal plainly with you) as plauſible as the conceipt ſeems to be, for my part, I much ſuſpect whether it be true. For though we may praiſe a ſtone, tree or Horſe, a mans foot or forehead, with the very ſame words and phraſes, and in as good a ſtile as the beſt of humane actions: yet I can't but think that thoſe commendations which are uſually beſtow'd upon that accompt, which we call *deſert*, to be not only much larger, but quite of another kind from thoſe which we give upon all other occaſions whatever. And though I don't at all doubt, but that ſuch an one as *Pliny*, could have

have done very much upon the *conſiderable legs* and *renowned cod-piece* of *Henry* the *Eighth*; yet I am confident, he would have done much better upon the *peaceable* and *pious reign of Q. Elizabeth.* But to make an end of this, *Philautus*, we do often indeed commend the ſun for ſhining, and the Heavens for affording rain, and the like: but, at our end of the *Town*, (what you do I know not) we think hereby we praiſe *God* himſelf; who not out of his neceſſary, but free pleaſure at firſt created, and ſtill diſpoſes of all theſe things: and has made man like himſelf. So that ſtill nothing is prais'd meerly becauſe 'tis good or beneficial, but becauſe it was contriv'd and brought about by that which need not have done it.

Phi. But don't you hear people very ordinarily blame and find fault with bad winds and bad weather, as well as commend good: and complain of many things that could not be help'd?

Tim. Yes: and I don't much wonder

der at it: for, ſuch Fools as thoſe, ſhall curſe and bid the *Devil* take them ten thouſand times over, for ſuch things, as they could have help'd: and that's their gentile way of *repentance*. And therefore let us have no more concerning *praiſe* and *diſpraiſe*; but let us ſee if they have any thing elſe to ſay againſt you.

Phi. They have nothing at all to ſay: but they think they have got ſomewhat by the end; when they tell you, that if there be a neceſſity of all humane actions; then many *laws* would be *unjuſt*, becauſe the breach of them could not be avoided.

Tim. This ſounds, *Philautus*, as if it had ſomewhat in't.

Phi. That it does: and that's all. For whereas they talk of an *unjuſt law*, they had as good talk of a piece of iron burning cold. For, *every Law is either divine or humane. As for divine Laws, the irreſiſtible power of God alone juſtifies all them.*

Tim. Truly ſuch a famous Broker for

for *power* (as you are known to be) may eaſily make that out. For, having in your *Animadverſions*, turn'd all the *Attributes* of *God* (as you uſe to do all things elſe) into *power*; *making divine goodneſs, divine mercy, and divine juſtice to be nothing but power:* you might ſecurely ſay that *divine power alone juſtifies all actions.* That is, *divine power* alone together with all the reſt, eſpecially *divine juſtice, juſtifies* all actions. And now, I pray, a little concerning *humane Laws.*

Phi. Concerning them I do ſay alſo, that 'tis impoſſible that any one of them ſhould be *unjuſt.* For, *a humane Law is that which every ſubject has given his conſent to: namely, by giving up his will to the will of the ſupream: and no man can be unjuſt to himſelf. And therefore a Prince can't put upon his ſubjects any unjuſt Law.*

Tim. Suppoſe, he ſhould put out a *Law*, that all that are *born blind*, ſhall have their *fingers* and *toes* cut off. There's abundance of *power* in this

ſame

ſame *Law*: but, in my mind, very little juſtice.

Phi. Why, all the *fingers* and *toes* of the Nation are the *ſupremes*. And you have given up your conſent as well to his *pleaſure*, as his *power*.

Tim. Never in my life to ſuch *pleaſure* as this.

Phi. You have given your conſent to all things, that he ſhould do, be they what they will.

Tim. No but I han't. For if he has a mind to go a *finger hawking*, or ſo; I deſire to ſtay at home, and keep the Hogs out of the Peaſe. Becauſe, long before I had bargain'd with him, I had preingaged my ſelf to the Law of nature and reaſon (to which he, for all his greatneſs, is as much a *ſubject* as I) never to uſe, or give my conſent to ſuch *inhumane recreations*. But, if I miſtake not, *Philautus*, you and I had ſome little talk about theſe matters, when we met laſt at the *Iſle* of *Pines*. And therefore be pleaſed to conſider a little thoſe ſame *puniſhments* that are inflicted upon men,

for

for what they could not avoid. It ſeems a little ſevere, *Philautus*, to hang a man for *ſtealing*, ſuppoſe; when as he could not poſſibly help it: and to damn him for not *repenting*, when he could, as little help that alſo.

Phi. As for *damnation* (if you mean your *eternal damnation*) I ſhall tell you a fine ſtory about that by and by ---

Tim. A fine one indeed!

Phi. But, as for peoples being puniſh'd for what they could not avoid; the caſe, in ſhort, ſtands thus: *viz. When we ſay that ſuch a one could not avoid the breaking of ſuch a Law, we mean no more by it, but that he had a neceſſary will to break it. Now this ſame neceſſary will contains two parts, Neceſſity and Will: (be ſure that you attend well, for it clears all) now therefore ſay I, when any man is puniſh'd for willing or doing of that which he could not avoid, he is not puniſh'd for the neceſſity, or becauſe he could not avoid it* ---

Tim. I hope not: (for if he were, all the Dogs of the *Town* ought to be ſet upon the Executioner.)

Phi. But he's puniſh'd for doing it, or willing it.

Tim. What's that, becauſe he could avoid it?

Phi. No, no: but becauſe he *conſented*, and *had a mind* to't.

Tim. He *conſented! he had a mind* to't! he ſcorns your words, *Philautus*; for he, nor any man elſe (according to you) had ever of themſelves a mind to any thing in this whole World. But thoſe ſame *neceſſary ſecond cauſes* oft-times flock about me, ſuppoſe, and *have a mind* to me: and when they take me only by the *elbow*, and clowniſhly drag me to the *Jail*, then am I ſaid (becauſe *Liberty* the ſame time pulls *homeward*) to go againſt my *mind*, and againſt my *conſent*: but, when they take me gentilely by the *brain* and *ſpirits* (which have always the whole *body* at their beck) and ſlily puſh me on

to

to ſteal, or the like, then, forſooth, am I ſaid to *conſent*. Whereas I can as little avoid this *conſenting*, as going to the *Jail*. Only, here's all the difference, that the conſiderations of profit that neceſſarily affect the *brain*, being not ſuch viſible and big things as the *Conſtables* with their *ſtaves*: therefore they ſay that I conſented, and 'twas of my doing.

Phi. So 'twas of your doing. For in ſtealing, *don't you put forth your hand, and take ſomewhat againſt Law?*

Tim. That's a good one indeed! I walk ſuppoſe to the Window; and there lies a *Gold-watch*: and this gives me a deadly flap o're the face. I being of a ſanguine complexion, and not us'd to paſs by ſuch affronts; I give it as good as it ſent, and flap that o're the face again: but at laſt it does ſo dazle me, and puts me ſo out of all countenance; that I can't endure it in my ſight any longer: and ſo, according to the laws of motion, it goes mechanically into my Pocket.

And then poor *Pill-Garlick* muſt go to Pot; for having *eyes*, *hands*, and a *pocket*: whereas I'll be ſwórn, I no more conſpir'd, nor conſented to this, than a *Mouſe-trap* does to the catching of a *Mouſe*. For, though I look and leer, as if I intended ſomewhat, and as if I took aim: but they are thoſe ſame pernicious *ſecond cauſes* that do all: they charge, and propound; and tickle and pull down the little *Carteſian* tricker, and then bounce go I off at the *Watch*.

Phi. As apt an inſtance, *Tim*, as thou thinkeſt this to be for thy purpoſe; thou couldſt not have given one more for my advantage. For *killing of Mice and ſuch like Vermin is good for the Common-wealth: but, as for ſtealing, 'tis a thing that does hurt: 'tis noxious*, Tim; *as I have at large taught in my Liberty and Neceſſity. And therefore though every action of a mans life be equally unavoidable; yet thoſe only are puniſhable that are found to be noxious.*

Tim. Only thoſe, Sir: and there-

fore

ſore, though a *Knife* cuts and ſlaſhes a ſtick, or a piece of meat never ſo ſorely; yet the *Knife* is not blamed and chaſtis'd for this; becauſe 'tis not noxious. But if it chances to get never ſo little way into a *Childs finger*, 'tis then preſently chidden and condemn'd; and ſometimes flung away with ſuch diſpleaſure, that for a week after 'tis ready to turn tail, at ſight of a Pint of Butter; and you can ſcarce get it to come within a yard of a Pudding.

Phi. But this is only to cheat *Children*, and make them leave crying.

Tim. And to hang a man that has been paſt crying fourty years, is every whit as great a cheat: for he could not avoid *ſtealing*, any more than the Kniſe could avoid *cutting*.

Phi. I know that. *But the end of puniſhment is to fright and deterr: and to frame, and make the will to juſtice.*

Tim. I believe that if I be once hang'd for ſtealing, my mind will be

ſtrangely fram'd, and *made* againſt ſtealing any more.

Phi. But though yours can't; yet other mens minds may receive advantage and inſtruction hereby.

Tim. I thank you for that indeed. I ſhall be hang'd for nothing at all, only to do my Neighbour a kindneſs. I don't at all like (without any fault of my own) to be made a mere *memorandum* for the *County*, and a *framer of other mens minds.*

Phi. But you can't but ſay, that the puniſhment of one man is a very proper means to keep others in awe.

Tim. Who was ever ſo ſilly as to ſay otherwiſe? But here's the caſe: which is moſt reaſonable, to puniſh a man for doing of that which is *noxious*, and which he could have avoided, that hereby others may be affrighted: or to hang him up as a *Crow* upon a *Pear Tree*, for no other reaſon at all but only to affright others.

Phi. I take them to be much alike.

Tim.

Tim. Hugely alike indeed! for if the firſt be true, every mans *ſin* and ruine lies at his own door: but if the laſt, I ſee no ways to avoid it---

Phi. To avoid what?

Tim. But that God muſt be the *Author* of all *ſin.*

Phi. The Author of all ſin! whoever that *Divine* be (for this is an old *Black-Coat objection*) that talks of *God* being the *Author* of *ſin* is not fit to go *Chaplain* to a *Mackerel-Boat. For the word Author,* Tim, *is a latine word; and to be the Author of any thing is to give it authority and credit: that is, to command it, warrant it, and owne it: now I ſuppoſe,* Tim, *that you can't find any where in Scripture, that God did ever command ſin, or iſſued out any Warrants or Certificates for ſin to be committed.*

Tim. 'Twere ſtrange if one ſhould. But yet if your opinion of neceſſity be true, one may find out that which is full out as ſtrange, if not ſtranger.

Phi. What's that I prethee?

Tim. Whereas God has given plain Commandments againſt ſin, and manifeſted his great diſpleaſure at it: notwithſtanding this he has ſo far authoriz'd or own'd it as (according to you) to be the contriver, and finiſher too, of all the ſins that ever were committed in the World.

Phi. I do grant, and don't look upon't to be any blaſphemy to ſay, that God has ſo ordered the World that ſin may neceſſarily be committed.

Tim. Then I pray is not ſin of his ordering?

Phi. Not at all: for to *order ſin* is to put out an *order* to have ſin commited.

Tim. And what is it to *order* the World ſo, that ſin may neceſſarily be committed.

Phi. 'Tis to put things of this World ſo and ſo together, that people will neceſſarily fall into ſuch and ſuch ſins.

Tim. Now I count theſe to be much the ſame. For, ſuppoſe, I give order to my man, firſt by word of mouth, and afterwards under hand and ſeal, to charge the Muſket, and

to

to ſhoot ſuch a *Neighbour* as he goes to morrow to Market. Every body, I know, will grant, that I have taken very *ſufficient order* about this mans Death. But, ſuppoſe I do not diſpatch him thus exactly, according to the *Roman* uſe of the word: but, I knowing that this day twelvemonths, he'll certainly ride to ſuch a friends Houſe, and certainly go through ſuch a Gate; and I put things ſo and ſo together, that he ſhall chuſe to go ſo much out of the road, as to fall into a Pit and break his neck: for my part, I ſhould reckon, that in ſo doing, I did as it were order his tumbling into the pit; and that I was a kind of an Author of his deſtruction, notwithſtanding *Author* is a *Latine* word, and that he himſelf chooſe to go out o' the way, ſeeing that I had laid a trap for that choice.

Phi. I ſuppoſe you are not ſo much a Heathen, *Tim*, as to imagine God ſhould go about to decoy men into ſin, and to ſet ſnares for their deſtruction.

Tim.

Tim. I am ſo far from that, that I had much rather believe that there's no *God* at all, and no ſin at all; but thoſe of your opinion muſt believe ſo: for, if God makes man of ſuch or ſuch a conſtitution, and puts him into ſuch and ſuch circumſtances, that every action he does (be it good or bad) it was as impoſſible for him to have avoided it; as it is for fire to avoid burning: I know in what ſenſe it is that he has made fire to burn; and I dread to think that in the ſame he ſhould make any man to ſin.

Phi. What a havock's here about a little ſin? when you have it ſo plainly in your *Divinity Book*, *how that God hated* Eſau, *and harden'd* Pharaohs *heart: how that he commanded* Abraham *to murder his only Son* Iſaac, *and gave Commiſſion to the* Iſraelites *to cheat and rob the* Ægyptians: *and how beſides all this God himſelf ſays by the Prophet* Amos, *non eſt malum in Civitate quod ego non feci?*

Tim. 'Twas well done indeed to put

put the laſt in *Latin*. For ſome body or other perhaps might be ſo ſilly as to think that *malum* did ſignifie *ſin*: whereas, in that place, it means nothing at all, but only thoſe great judgments and afflictions, which God denounces againſt the people of *Iſrael*, for their oppreſſion, Idolatry, and ſuch like impieties. And you might as well have produc'd Gods raining Fire and Brimſtone upon wicked *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, to have leſſen'd the impiety of your opinion of ſin, as that place of the Prophet.

Phi. Say you ſo? What think you then of the *Iſraelites* robbing the *Ægyptians*, according to *Gods* own direction and warrant? was that, *Tim*, a meer affliction too?

Tim. Truly I take it to be ſo; ſeeing that *God* himſelf tells *Moſes*, that the laſt Plague that he intended to bring upon the *Ægyptians* for their oppreſſing his people, ſhould be to ſpoil them of their *Jewells*. And, as for Gods making uſe of the *Iſrae-*

lites

lites in this affair, that was all one, as if he had given Commiſſion to a Whirlwind, Fire, or Angels to have done the ſame, and to have been Executioners of his juſt diſpleaſure.

Phi. Surely we ſhall have all the *Bible* turn'd into *Judgments* and *Afflictions.* Muſt Gods hardening of *Pharaohs* heart come of thus alſo?

Tim. Juſt thus, Sir. For 'tis plain that God did not harden *Pharaoh*'s heart, till he had hardened his own heart *ſix times* after ſo many *judgments:* and then *God* is ſaid to have hardened his heart; that is, he chooſe rather to *raiſe him up*, or *keep him alive*, and to inflict upon him that puniſhment of *hardneſs of heart*, whereby the divine power by miracles might ſtill be more manifeſted, than to deſtroy him by the Peſtilence.

Phi. But before ever *Pharaoh* hardened his own heart, ſo much as once; God was reſolv'd to do it; and ſaid (*Exod.* 4. 21.) *I will harden his*

his heart, that he ſhall not let the people go.

Tim. And you may as well remember, that in the Chapter before (*Exod.* 3. 19.) the ſame God ſaid alſo, *he was ſure that he would not let them go*: that is, that he would harden his own heart.

Phi. But I would know, what it was that God did to *Pharaoh's* heart, when he hardened it. That expreſſion, methinks, ſounds as if it had ſomething of *poſitivity* in't (as the *Jargoniſts* ſpeak) and ſeems to make God every whit as much concerned in ſin, as my opinion of neceſſity.

Tim. What did he do, ſay you? he did the ſame that the *Scripture* tells you he did to the *Jews*: who, when they had ſeveral miracles done amongſt them, and would not ſee, and would not underſtand: God inflicted this juſt *Judgment* upon them that *they ſhould not ſee and ſhould not underſtand.* In my opinion, 'tis very reaſonable; and there's nothing at all in't tending towards the *Author of ſin.*

Phi.

Phi. But 'tis ſtrange if this way of *judgments* and *afflictions* does for *Eſau* too: for, before he was born, he was hated of God.

Tim. And ſo were all the Women in the World hated, in reſpect of the *Virgin Mary*; ſhe being the *only bleſſed* among Women, and *preferr'd* to be the *Mother* of our *Lord Jeſus*. For as 'twas impoſſible that *Chriſt* ſhould be born but of *one Woman*: ſo likewiſe was it as impoſſible that he ſhould be deſcended but of *one Man*. And though God promiſed to bleſs *Abraham* and *his ſeed* after a moſt ſpecial manner, yet he never promis'd to do the like to the elder Houſe or line.

Phi. But what ſay you to Gods commanding *Abraham* to kill his own Son? you can't ſurely call that, meerly not *preferring*.

Tim. You know well enough that it was the contrary that he commanded: for he ſaid, *lay not thine hand upon the lad.* 'Tis ſaid indeed that *Abraham was tempted* and *tried* by

by God: and that accordingly he obey'd, and made all things ready to do it.

Phi. But the *Author* to the *Hebrews* tells you, that he did offer him up: for doubtleſs *Abraham* did believe, that God did really intend that he ſhould kill him; and that it was not at all unjuſt.

Tim. And well he might: not doubting, I ſuppoſe, but that God might as well chuſe by *Sacrifice*, or what other means he pleaſed, to take away any innocent mans life, as by a *Fever* or any other *ſickneſs*. So that we hear nothing as yet of the *Author* of *ſin*, nor any thing toward Gods being at all concern'd in ſin, after any ſuch manner, as moſt inevitably follows from your opinion.

Phi. Therefore I have ſav'd the great buſineſs for the laſt: *viz.* the eternal *decrees* and *preſcience* of *God Almighty*. I ſuppoſe it will take you ſome time to explain them, and to reconcile them to your *Freewill*.

Tim. They are done the eaſieſt of any

any thing you have yet menti-on'd.

Phi. How ſo, I prethee?

Tim. How ſo? I don't believe any ſuch thing at all: that's my way, Sir. ---

Phi. What, no *decrees?* no *preſcience?* a moſt ſolid *Divine* without doubt!

Tim. Nay hold, Sir: 'tis only when I meet with one that has ſuch a *God* as *yours*: for I believe always according to my Company: and when I meet with one that has no-thing elſe for his God but *omnipo-tent thin matter*, 'tis very idle in my opinion, to talk about his fore-knowing or determining before-hand what ſhall come to paſs in this World. For the World may as well foreknow what God ſhall do, as God can what ſhall be done in the World: they both running into one another and ſo proving to be exactly the ſame.

Phi. But to ſay that God is the World is a moſt horrid opinion: and

and therefore in my *Leviathan* I utterly reject it, as very unworthy to be ſpoken of God.

Tim. Then you muſt reject your *omnipotent matter* alſo. For if God be nothing elſe but matter; and this matter be in every particle of the World or Univerſe, that is (to ſpeak according to your ſelf) of all that is; either we have no God at all, or they are all one which you pleaſe.

Phi. But the *thinneſs*, *Tim!* and the *omnipotency*.

Tim. Never talk to me of *thinneſs*, for *thinneſs* takes up as much room, as *thickneſs*. And *Omnipotency* it ſelf can never take away that incurable nuſance that belongs to matter, *viz.* of one juſtling out another.

Phi. But you make nothing to jumble mans *body* and *ſoul* together, and never think then of any ſuch claſhing or enterfeiring.

Tim. Therefore 'tis you that have help'd us to anſwer that difficulty: for the *body* of man being only fleſh

and bones, and the *ſoul* blood and ſpirits; their quarters (ſetting aſide ſome few ſtraglers) are e'en as different as the *Oat-tub* is from the *Hay-Chamber.*

Phi. But ſtay a little, *Tim*; you are, I perceive, very ſevere in demanding how that if God be meerly matter, the World and God ſhould both ſtand together: now ſuppoſe I ſhould grant the ſoul of man to be quite different from his body (which is a thing much too ridiculous to be ſo much as ſuppoſed) I pray, can't I, (ſeeing you are ſo very curious in your enquiring) enquire alſo, how contradictions can dwell together: that is, how matter and no matter can be join'd, and move one another? do you think it would not take much more time to remove and conquer ſuch an abſurdity as this, than any thing that is to be inferr'd from my opinion?

Tim. Nothing nigh ſo much, Sir: for though we cannot punctually tell you, by what Chains and Fetters, matter

matter and no matter (or ſpirit) are faſten'd together; yet by our ſenſes we are ſo exactly acquainted with the lodgings, haunts, and all the powers of the former, and do ſo very well know that the moſt *ſubtle* and moſt *refin'd* of all muſt be ſubject to the common incumbrances, as evidently to perceive, that *matter alone* can never do the buſineſs.

Phi. Why ſo?

Tim. Becauſe we don't only find ſeveral things very difficult to explain, ſhould there be nothing elſe; but ſomethings there be (eſpecially *two*) which ever to explain is utterly impoſſible. And from the utter impoſſibility of their ever being explain'd, we have abundance of reaſon to believe that there is ſomewhat elſe: the name of which we agree upon to be a *ſpirit.*

Phi. And I prethee, *Tim*, may not I know what thoſe *two* things be, which thou doſt propheſie will never be explain'd?

Tim. I have told you them al-

ready, *Philautus.* The *one* is, that God and the World are the very ſame; of which I deſire no more may be now ſaid. The *other* is, that a man can't chuſe of himſelf to ſtroak his beard, when it would oblige the Company every whit as much, if he cockt his Hat.

Phi. What a mighty buſineſs is that? to ſtroak a mans beard!

Tim. 'Tis ſuch a trick, *Philautus*, which neither *Prince Rupert*'s famous Dog, that eat up the *Parliaments* Ammunition, nor *Banks*'s ingenious Horſe could ever arrive to; as was before briefly hinted, in what was ſaid about *train of thoughts.* And though it be not needful now to enquire how far further; yet moſt certainly in this Man differs from all other Creatures whatever.

Phi. In this! in what I prethee?

Tim. In Freewill, Sir.

Phi. I ſee not the leaſt difference for my part. For, *don't Horſes, Dogs, and other bruit Beaſts demur oft-times upon the way they are to take, the Horſe*

Horſe retiring from ſome ſtrange figure that he ſees, and coming on again to avoid the ſpur. And what is it I pray more that a man does when he deliberates: but one while he proceeds toward action, another while retires from it, as the hope of greater good draws him, or the fear of greater evil drives him away. This I take to be the utmoſt that man can do.

Tim. This is nothing, Sir: for a Dog can do much more than this: for you may inſtruct him at the naming of the word *States*, to *bark* and *rouſe* as if (without the *King* of *France*) he would pull 'em all down: and at the word *King*, to *cringe* and be as *ſubmiſſive* as a *Dutch-man* in the days of *Queen Elizabeth*. But now comes the trick, Sir: I would have this ſame Dog two or three times in a week (not out of any Pique to *Monarchy*, or favour to *Commonwealths*, but only out of pure innocent mirth and phanſy) be a little croſs and humourſom; and *ſwagger* when he ſhould *ſneak*, and *ſneak*

when he ſhould *ſwagger*. This is the Dog that I would have put into Doublet and Breeches too: and to be kept in the *Tower* for a *precedent* of *Freewill*. But, O the *ſufficient cauſe!*

Phi. That's out of pure madneſs now: becauſe you know well enough, that it utterly routs all that you can ſay either for *Freewill*, or *immaterial ſubſtances*. And therefore, ſeeing you make ſuch a noiſe with your abſurdities (or as you call them impoſſibilities) that you draw upon my opinion; the beſt way, *Tim*, will be to go to the poll: and then you ſhall ſee that, whereas you can find but two things impoſſible to be explain'd, ſhould there be nothing in the World beſides matter: I have no leſs than four or five impoſſibilities (and all ſwingers too) to ſtake down againſt there being any thing elſe.

Tim. Yes, I do, in part, remember what kind of impoſſibilities they are. In a ſun-ſhine day, you get into the

the *Balcone* in *Queen ſtreet*, and there you cry *Matter, Matter*, nothing but *Matter*. And, when the people come to ſee what's to do, you have nothing to tell them, but only, "Truly Gen-"tlemen you look like perſons of "parts: and 'tis great pity that ſuch "as you are ſhould be abus'd and "ſpoil'd for want of the knowledge "of motion. Therefore might I "adviſe you I would have you well "acquainted with what I have writ-"ten concerning motion (of which "no body has done any thing but "my ſelf,) and with the nature and "properties of matter: for there's "no ſuch thing at all as an *immate-"rial ſubſtance*: never ſtand to con-"ſider of it, for I am ſure there is "not: verily there is not: Faith and "troth there's no ſuch thing: upon "the word of a *Gentleman*, a *Mathe-"matician*, and a *Traveller*, there's no "more *immaterial ſubſtance* either in "*England*, *France*, or any other Coun-"try whatever, than there is to be "ſeen upon the back of my hand.

"'Tis all a meer cheat, and a forgery "of *Sextons* to raiſe the price and "credit of Graves.

Phi. And doſt thou think, *Tim*, that I have fetch'd o're ſuch brave men to my ſide, with nothing but ſo it is: verily ſo it is: Faith and troth, Gentlemen, 'tis juſt ſo. Do you think Gentlemen that ſtand ſo much upon their honour and reputation, won't demand better ſatisfaction than this?

Tim. They may demand what they will, but they'l find no better than what I tell you.

Phi. Why, *Tim*, don't I, in the firſt place, plainly ſhew, that *an immaterial ſubſtance is a meer dream and phantaſm; an image or a thing behind the Looking-glaſs; a faiery and an old Wives tale; a ſmall Creature of the brain, and a device of the Kingdom of darkneſs?*

Tim. No truly; I never found that you did *ſhew* any ſuch thing at all, any further than meerly by ſaying ſo.

Phi. Why, man, to ſay ſo, as the caſe

caſe ſtands, is all one as *ſhew* it to be ſo. For an *immaterial ſubſtance* can't be *ſhewn*.

Tim. But, by your bragging, I thought it might have been *ſhewn*, that there was no ſuch thing.

Phi. You don't at all take it, *Tim.* For upon that very account, that an *immaterial ſubſtance can't be ſhewn*, 'tis my *ſecond demonſtration* that there's no ſuch thing.

Tim. Now, Sir, I think I have got it. Becauſe an inviſible thing is ſomewhat wild, and can't endure to be ſtar'd on long together (beſides a great defluxion of rheum that it occaſions in the Spectators eyes); therefore there is no ſuch thing.

Phi. I don't ſay ſo: but I ſay thus: *whatever is (or rather we know to be) muſt ſome ways or other ſtrike and affect our ſenſes. For to know is to perceive by imagination; and to imagine is to perceive by ſenſe.*

Tim. Delicate! delicate! the queſtion is whether we have reaſon to believe that there's any ſubſtance in the

the World, differing from ſuch as do affect our ſenſes. No, no: ſays *Philautus*, it can't be: it can't poſſibly be: for there's no reaſon to believe there's any thing in the World different from what does affect our ſenſes. And ſo ſcore up *two demonſtrations* againſt *immaterial ſubſtances*. The baſket will be full, by and by.

Phi. And well it may, for the biggeſt are all ſtill behind. And therefore in the next place, *Tim*, let me know of thee which of all words doſt thou think to be the moſt proper to ſignifie the whole World?

Tim. Univerſe, as I take it, is counted the beſt.

Phi. Yes: 'tis ſo: and that word alone clearly cuts out all your *immaterial ſubſtances*. For, *what is the Univerſe, but the whole ſum or aggregate, the τὸ πᾶν of all the matter that is in the World?*

Tim. Very right, Sir: and therefore whatever pretends to be (or, which is all one, to be in the *Univerſe*) muſt ceaſe being a dream and phantaſm,

phantaſm, and liſt it ſelf under the notion and protection of *matter*. For the word *Univerſe* being made up of *unum* and *verſum*: and *unum* being taken *adverbially* for *only*; and *verſum* by a kind of a figure, ſignifying *matter* (which, upon ſuch an occaſion it may be perſwaded to do) whoever talks of *immaterial ſubſtances* being in the *World* or *Univerſe*, does moſt abſolutely confute himſelf: for thereby he confeſſes there's *only matter* in the World. And upon this I ſuppoſe, *Philautus*, rather than *God Almighty* ſhould prove to be only a thing behind the Looking-glaſs, you have been pleas'd to admit him alſo into your great pound of *matter*.

Phi. He muſt come in there, or elſe not be at all. But yet, becauſe ſome giddy-headed *Eccleſiaſticks* had prated againſt my *Leviathan*, therefore, in my *Appendix* to't, I have ſhewn both from the *beſt Authors*, and *Scripture* it ſelf, that *God is ſo far from being immaterial, that he is much*

much more material than any thing elſe.

Tim. I marry, Sir, this does it indeed!

Phi. So it does, *Tim*, (to the ſhame of all your *ſpiritual men*) for 'tis plain that never any of your *Roman Authors* did ſpeak conſiderately of God, but they always ſtiled him *Maximus*, as well as *Optimus.*

Tim. They do ſo: and if he be *Maximus*, to be ſure he's *Magnus*, (and a great deal to ſpare) and every body knows of the alliance between *magnitude* and *matter. Deus optimus Maximus.* Moſt ſpecially good! now if the *Scripture* proves but as well ---

Phi. 'Tis no other than that famous place of the *Apoſtle*; *for in him we live and move and have our being.* Upon which, I do thus reaſon: *if all men be in God, and live in God, and move in God (which the Apoſtle plainly affirms) and that to every man there belongs ſo much bulk or quantity: he ought to be ſent to the Hoſpital, that de-*

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nies God to have quantity, for he has got within himself all the quantity that men have, and his own quantity besides.

Tim. So, so: Very well. Very well. Because the *Apostle* tells us, that God created all men, and gave them life and power to move; and by his daily providence continues these blessings to them: therefore we feed upon God, and swim and fly in God: just as wild fowl do, in St. *James*'s *Park*. I wish with all my heart that the basket was full.

Phi. You need not wish for that, *Tim*: for I have one demonstration more against *immaterial substances* so very big, that 'tis enough to fill a basket alone. It lies in the very words themselves. Don't you see't, *Tim*?

Tim. Not in the least.

Phi. That's strange. You'l grant, I suppose, that an *incorporeal body* is a good rousing contradiction. Won't you?

Tim. Yes, Sir: 'tis one of the first head.

Phi.

Phi. And, *ſo is immaterial ſubſtance: for immaterial and incorporeal every man grants to be the ſame: and I'll undertake for body and ſubſtance being the ſame.*

Tim. You don't prove it, Sir: do you?

Phi. No, no: it need not, it need not; for I'll ſwear they are the ſame.

Tim. Faith and *troth* would have come in excellently well there: for, by chance, all the controverſie is, whether they be the ſame or not. (*i. e.* whether there be a ſubſtance diſtinct from body) but that's nothing: for, it need not, it need not, no, no: it need not. For, *Philautus* is the man that has farm'd all the cuſtom for the ſignification of *words*: and ſuffers none to go out of his office, but ſuch as are ſeal'd: and becauſe your *Apothecaries* give out of the ſame pot, *Mercury* or *quick-ſilver*, which the cuſtomer pleaſes to call for: therefore *Philautus*, in his great ſhop of words, has a box ſuperſcribed

bed *ſubſtance* or *body*. And that's all his reaſon they are the ſame. And therefore, ſay I, if any Gentlemen be ſo overkind and complemental, as to gobble down ſuch things as theſe (and theſe are the very beſt that I can find) for demonſtrations againſt *immaterial ſubſtances*, by all means, let *Philautus* take ſuch *Gentlemen*, and *Tim* will be content with their *Eſtates*.

Phi. I'll take no Gentlemen on my ſide, but ſuch as are convinc'd by ſolid reaſons: and by your leave, *Tim*, I can tell you of ſeveral of my opinion, that ſcorn to be convinc'd with any thing leſs: and that are very ready to affirm, that what *Philautus has ſaid, againſt incorporeal ſubſtances, has not been without ſome reaſon.*

Tim. Yes, I remember one, Sir; who, in a late Preface to a Play, tells us juſt ſo: *viz. 'tis not*, ſays he, *without ſome reaſon, that* Philautus *thinks incorporeal ſubſtances to imply a contradiction.*

Phi.

Phi. What (and be hang'd) would you not have a Gentleman ſpeak truth?

Tim. O by all means, Sir: eſpecially ſuch a Gentleman as this: for he is ſo hearty a friend to your opinion, that he has added much ſtrength to't.

Phi. Matter! but I don't like that at all, that any man ſhould be ſo conceited, as to think himſelf able to add any thing to what I have written.

Tim. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not offended: for 'tis ſo very little that he has ſaid, that you may eaſily lay it aſide. The great buſineſs is the *novelty* of the *Argument.*

Phi. Don't tell me, *Tim*, of any novelties: for I can't think of any thing againſt *immaterial ſubſtances* that I have omitted.

Tim. No? I pray of what profeſſion are they that have been your great adverſaries in this point? Are they not *Divines?*

Phi. What then?

Tim.

Tim. There's a buſineſs now, that you never thought of. For 'tis impoſſible for a *Divine* to *write*, or ſo much as to *think* of a *ſpirit*, or *immaterial ſubſtance*. 'Tis utterly impoſſible: it implies a contradiction: 'tis *Jargon*, 'tis *Tohu*, and *Bohu*: the Kingdom of darkneſs, and *all that*.

Phi. Implies a contradiction? what a Fool art thou, and *all that*, to talk thus? may not a *Divine* do, as well as other men, if they would but read and believe my *Books*; and ſueh, as I got my learning out off?

Tim. I, I: you may think ſo: but you are much miſtaken for all your cunning. For there is not one *Divine* of all the whole *Tribe*, *be he* Deacon, *or* Prieſt, *or* Biſhop, *or* Archbiſhop; *but is moſt abominably phlegmatick. And 'tis a* Poet *alone, I ſay again, that 'tis the Poet who has briskneſs, phanſie, elevate and all that, that can diſcourſe of ſuch a ſubtle and gliding ſubject, as a ſpirit or immaterial ſubſtance.*

Phi. Divines all Phlegmatick! I

 have

have been as much affronted by *Divines* as any body: but they never affronted me into ſuch an odd remark as this.

Tim. Therefore you never minded the Hiſtory of it, *Philautus*, as this *Gentleman Poet* has done. For let a man be of never ſuch a frank and florid conſtitution: let him be all flame, all ſky, all glory; yet no ſooner does the *Biſhop* lay upon his head his *heavy* and *ſtupefying hand*, but his *phanſie* runs out at his heels, and the blood preſently all turns. The benediction of a *Deacon*, indeed, is only *Rheum* and *ſlaver*: but, when he comes to be made *Prieſt*, it curdles all into utter *ſnot* and *phlegm*.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, don't torment me with ſuch abominable nauſeous ſtuff as this. What have I to do with what other people ſay?

Tim. But this *Gentleman* is your friend, Sir: and you muſt not diſregard what a friend offers in your behalf: as yet you only have heard how *Divines* come to be ſo *phlegmatick*:

you

you muſt needs alſo underſtand, how that, being ſo, they can't poſſibly diſcourſe of an *immaterial ſubſtance*, or a *ſpirit*.

Phi. I care not for hearing it: for I am ſure there can't be any ſenſe in't.

Tim. O Sir very much: as much as any thing that you your ſelf have ſaid againſt *immaterial ſubſtances*. For the argument is taken out of the great art of *Chymiſtry*. Where, you know, nothing is at ſuch variance with a *ſpirit* as *phlegm*. And there can happen no ſuch ſcandal to a *ſpirit*, as to have any *phlegm* upon its ſkirts. And therefore your wary *Druggiſts* will ſcarce ſuffer a *Clergy-man* to come into their Shops, for fear they ſhould *bind* and *phlegmatize* their *ſpirits*. And you can't, I ſuppoſe, have altogether forgot, how an whole brewing of *ſtrong waters*, had like to have been quite ſpoil'd, only by a *Clergy-man*'s Gown ſleeve, that, in paſſing by, dangl'd into the door: and therefore 'tis not for a

Clergy-man (whoſe *heavy gown* damps the apprehenſion of a ſpirit, as much as *great top't ſtockings* does the ſound of a *Theorbo*) I ſay 'tis not for a *Phlegmatick Clergy-man* (who can only cough to an *Organ*, and thrum upon *Thomas Aquinas*) to think to raiſe himſelf to ſuch a tall imagination, as that of *immaterial ſubſtances*: for they are of a very thin and aiery compoſure; of a flooting and fluttering conſideration: and when a man of gravity, ſenſe, and judgment, goes dully about to invoke them, and to pore into their notion and condition, they preſently all buſh, and are as ſtill as birds in an *Eclipſe* or great *thunder-clap*. But let the trim, the gay, the ſharp and piercing Poet get about him but half a ſcore *Violins*, an huge *Plume of Feathers* on his Hat, and only thrip his fingers, and briſkly ſay, *Come my Daphne*, and if there be an *immaterial ſubſtance* within a mile, it preſently ſtoops to the Poetical Lure. But beſides, *Philautus*. ---

Phi.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, let's have no beſides: for I am already almoſt quite kill'd with this damnable *Poet.*

Tim. But you muſt not be tir'd, Sir: I profeſs 'tis uncivil: for, if you part with this *Gentleman*, I don't know where you'l get another to commend your reaſons againſt *immaterial ſubſtances.* And withal I would have you conſider, *Philautus*, that 'tis a very unſafe thing to ſlight ſuch a mans approbation: for, he may chance to have you into the next *Prologue* he makes; and a *Poet*, you know, is as ill as a whole Neſt of *Hornets:* nine of which, they ſay, will ſting an Horſe to death. And therefore 'tis your intereſt, *Philautus*, to be kind and reſpectful: for, he has alſo done ſo much credit to your opinion, as to tell us that you have got ſome of the *Fathers*, on your ſide. And you know, *Philautus*, 'tis a great honour and ſecurity to have the Fathers on ones ſide.

Phi. A very kind *Poet* indeed! I know not how many years agon, I

found by ſeveral Places, that *Tertullian* was of my opinion ---

Tim. And you might have found as good ones in *Cæſar's Commentaries.*

Phi. And now, this *Gentleman* having in ſome of my Books either read ſo, or met with ſomebody that told him ſo, he ſends me word of it again.

Tim. I profeſs, *Philautus*, I am perfectly of your mind: for I look upon't to be very indiſcreet and dangerous for a *Poet*, who renounces all judgment and ſenſe, and betakes himſelf wholly to the wing of phanſie and imagination, to meddle with ſuch dull and melancholy ſtuff as *Fathers.* For your *Fathers* doubtleſs (though they were counted pretty honeſt people) yet they were all very *Phlegmatick.* And ſome think that *Levi* himſelf was a kind of a *blew, green, yellow man.* So that there has been a conſtant ſucceſſion of *Phlegm* and dullneſs in the *Church* from the very beginning. And therefore,

fore, I ſay, I don't think that this *Poet* of ours durſt ever venture to meddle with any Father, except ſuch as *Father Horace*, *Father Juvenal*, and the like: for alas, Sir, one page of a right true *Phlegmatick Father* would ſo fetter, and jade his phanſie, that 'twould ſcarce get into a good *Heroick* rhiming condition in a months time. But beſides, Sir ---

Phi. What have we more beſides's ſtill? is there no way, *Tim*, to perſwade thee to *hang thy ſelf?*

Tim. Yes, Yes, Sir: I had done it long ago: only you ſent no particular directions; and ſo I deferr'd the buſineſs a little, leaſt I ſhould not have perform'd it according to your *Philoſophical mind.* I pray, Sir, what do you mean by the word *hanging?*

Phi. Why, *Tim*, muſt thou needs have a *definition* of it, before thou goeſt about it?

Tim. O by all means, Sir, for, ſuch a nice matter as that, if it be not done with all the conſideration and curioſity imaginable, a man may

chance to do himſelf a miſchief, before he be aware of it. And I am ſure, *Philautus*, you can't but call to mind; that moſt of thoſe tumults, and rebellions, deluges, and Earthquakes that have happen'd in former ages, were chiefly becauſe they were ages of great *equivocation*: *not being ſufficiently mindful to ſignifie their meaning in* ſetled words, *which by the learned is call'd* defining. And therefore I wonder, Sir, that a man ſo exact as you are, of all things, ſhould omit to give us a definition of *hanging*; it being a thing of ſo great moment: and beſides in the 18*th* page of your *Leviathan* you have laid ſo good a foundation for't. For *ſeeing politicks* (as you there have it) *are only the addition of pactions to find out mens duties: and Law is only the addition of Laws and facts, &c.* what elſe can hanging be, but only the *concluding or ſumming up of a man from the premiſes*: from whence we learn the exact difference between *condemning* and hanging: *viz.* to be condemned

condemned is only to be *caſt*: but to be hang'd is to be *ſumm'd* or *caſt up*. And though breaking a Leg or Arm be not altogether of ſuch great concern, as t'other thing we have been ſpeaking of; yet, upon this accompt queſtionleſs it was, that the *Author* of the *Medicinal deſinitions* (leſt a man in diſtreſs ſhould be *equivocated*, and ſend for the *Joiner* inſtead of the *Bone ſetter*) like a moſt ſafe and careful *Artiſt*, brands *Chirurgery* after an everlalting manner: *Chirurgery* (ſays he) *is the quick motion of an intrepid hand join'd with experience: or an artificial action uſed by the hand in phyſick for ſome convenient intent.*

Phi. What thou driveſt at, *Tim*, I know not: unleſs it be, that thou wouldſt have *hanging* to be as much a *Science* as *Chirurgery*. For, I grant thee, that *moſt of thoſe miſtakes, fooleries and abſurd opinions that have crept into mens minds and their writings have been, becauſe they have ventur'd to reckon without ſetting down their firſt Items right: i. e. without*

agreeing

agreeing upon ſound and ſubſtantial definitions: but I would not have thee therefore think, that, before I call for my Horſe, I muſt needs examine the *Oſler* how he is furniſh'd as to the *genus* and *ſpecifical difference* of *ſaddle* and *bridle*.

Tim. Truly, I thought that might have been your meaning. For you muſt now give me leave to tell you, *Philautus*, and that a little more plainly and largely too, than I could do laſt time we met (being in haſte) that there is ſcarce any thing ſo mean and trivial, but you make it your buſineſs to puff it up either with ſome *lofty* and *magnificent deſcription*, or elſe to fix upon't ſome *ſmart* or *curious character*: and this is your conſtant practice from one end of your writings to the other.

Phi. Never was any thing more improperly and unſeaſonably apply'd: it being my humour to meddle with nothing but *rarities*, and things of *fundamental moment*: and whereas thou talkeſt, *Tim*, of my *puf-*

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ſing definitions, and of my *contriving curious characters*; and, that I do this from one end to the other: I am confident that (had I patience to poſe thee) thou doſt not ſo much as underſtand either what 'tis to begin or end, or what is curioſity, or what 'tis to define: and yet this is *Tim* that accuſes me of *defining* trifles.

Tim. I beſeech you, Sir, caſt away one ſmall bit of thoſe *thouſand years*, you have ſtill to live (for, you know, *'tis not good to be ſtinted*) and hear me ſay. *As for the bounds and meaſures of beginning and end, I muſt ſtep a little back, and conſider there be two ſorts of parts, middle and extream: which being granted I do then proceed to ſet them out after this manner. That part which is between two other parts is call'd the middle: and that which is not between two other parts, is call'd an extream. Now, of the extreams, that which is firſt reckon'd (I ſay of the extreams that there may be no miſtake) that that very extream ſo firſt reckon'd, in ſtrictneſs*

of

of ſpeech, is always to be look'd upon as the true beginning; and that which is laſt reckon'd to be the true ending. As for example, take me the number three: which is bounded on each ſide with an Unite: (for no number is actually infinite) now that Unite which ſtands before the middle Unite, (provided it be firſt reckon'd) is to be look'd upon to be the beginning or firſt Unite of the number three: and that which ſtands after the middle Unite, the end or laſt unite of the number three. And now, *Philautus*, I am confident, that were you not wholly taken up with commending your ſelf, as ſevere a Judge as you are, you your ſelf would be ready to confeſs this firſt taſk to be very accurately perform'd.

Phi. Confeſs, *Tim!* *I don't uſe to make Fools and Children my Confeſſors, but only thoſe that have the ſupream Authority.*

Tim. I thought I ſhould be thus put of. For let a man be never ſo wary, and take never ſuch care about his

his *Items*; and *ſettle things* with never ſo much exactneſs, yet one had as good grope for *Guineas* in an *Oyſter pit*, as expect any approbation from *Philantus*.

Phi. Go on, *Tim*: thou ſhalt have, it upon my word by and by: 'twill come pouring down; approbation, or ſomewhat elſe.

Tim. I thank you, Sir; for one minutes commendations from a perſon that has kept a *conſtant regiſter of Conſequences* is worth an age ful from any body elſe. And therefore I proceed to the great myſtery of *curioſity:* concerning which (in ſhort) I thus give out. Namely, *that 'tis a deſire to know why, and how.* And I am ſure there's no body can be ſo harſh and churliſh, but muſt look upon this ſame *why* and *how*, as a moſt *diſtinguiſhing* and *Philoſophical Earmark.* And therefore, if approbation be not juſt approaching, I don't expect ever to deſerve again.

Phi. Yes, *Tim*, 'tis juſt at hand, and therefore I do bleſs thee after this

this manner: reckoning thee, looking upon thee, and approving of thee ---

Tim. I am glad to hear these words. They are every one of them words tending to renown. O, what a blessing it is to be allow'd of by the *ancient*! and to have an *Item* set upon a young man by an *intrepid hand join'd with experience.*

Phi. O 'tis a most inestimable blessing! and therefore, *Tim*, I do say once again, that I do set thee down, and accompt thee, and allow of thee for the greatest pilferer, shirk, and notion-stealer, that ever thiev'd out of a *Book*. For all these great truths, which thou hast now pretended to knock out of thy own noddle, are nothing else but my very own *contemplations* irreverently slaver'd out of thy mouth. And if I should try thee in fourty things more: I believe I should find it just so: *i. e.* thou wouldst either talk right down non sense, or steal from me. And therefore, seeing thou pretendest to judge

judge what things are needful to be defin'd; do ſo much as tell me now what a *definition* is.

Tim. I remember ſome of them tell us, that a *definition is that which explains a thing* ---

Phi. A definition that which explains a thing! that now is moſt horribly obſcure, ridiculous, and abſurd. A Definition, ſay you or they (for I think you are all alike) *is that* -- is *that?* what *that? that ſame*, or *t'other ſame?* how ſhall any man in the World underſtand which of the *thats* you mean? again, you talk of your *definition explaining a thing.* After what manner, I prithee, *Tim?* what, as the Table-Cloth is *explain'd* upon the Table: or as butter is *explain'd* upon bread? thou ſurely wouldſt have a man to be ſpread into *Animal* and *Rationale.* Therefore take it me altogether thus. *Definitio eſt propoſitio cujus prædicatum eſt ſubjecti reſolutivum ubi fieri poteſt, ubi non poteſt exemplicativum.* Inſtead of which you come in with your blind

ids

ids and *quods*, and I know not whats.

Tim. I pray, Sir, be not ſo angry with me; for 'twas not I that put in *id eſt*, inſtead of *propoſitio*; or that ſaid, that the nature of man was to be *unfoulded* like a Napkin; whereas I perceive 'tis to be *unrop'd* and *unbound* like a load of Faggots.

Phi. But you are always prating as if you favour'd ſuch non-ſenſe.

Tim. Truly, Sir, I muſt confeſs, that I never did much admire the temper of that wary Gentleman, who being requeſted to help to make an Inventory for his neighbour, would by no means be perſwaded to engage in the buſineſs, till they had firſt agreed upon principles, and ſet down *quid eſt* fire ſhovel, *quid* tongs, and *quid* bellows. And very little better opinion have I of thoſe, who obſerving the *Mathematicians* to chuſe their own terms, and to give them what ſignification they pleaſed, ſhall vainly do the like in all kind of diſcourſes:

diſcourſes: defining things, that by cuſtom have been long determin'd; or that have been ſufficiently defin'd before. For my part, I always thought, that a man might have a very nigh gheſſing, when he was in the *Jail*, and when not: till I look'd into the 164*th. page* of your *Leviathan*, and then I found, that 'twas almoſt as hard for a man to underſtand what a *Priſon* was, as to get out of it. For, *impriſonment* (to define it fully and exactly) *is all reſtraint of motion, caus'd by an enternal obſtacle, be it a Houſe, which is call'd by the general name of a Priſon, or an Iſland.* Thus *Du Val* and ſuch others, have (upon occaſion) been reſtrain'd by the *external obſtacle* of *Newgate* for ſome *convenient intent.* And, you know, *Jack Lambert* is at this time *obſtacl'd* up at the *Iſle* of ---

Phi. Well: and what then?

Tim. E'en what you pleaſe, Sir.

Phi. Then I tell you, that though others may have obſerv'd, that a Houſe may come under the notion

of a *Priſon*, yet, that an *Iſland* may do ſo likewiſe, was a great obſervation of my own.

Tim. I do a little queſtion it, *Philautus*: for now I think on't, in an *old merry ſong*, there's a very notable hint towards an *Iſland* being a *Priſon*; and more than that too, there's direction given how, if need be, to break *Priſon*. For the *Poet* does not only ſay, that *the Land is a large Priſon inclos'd with Sea*: but adds further, that if we would but ſet luſtily to't, and *drink up the obſtacle* (i. e. *the Ocean*) *we may ſet our ſelves free*. But for all that, I don't abſolutely ſay, that you ſtole your notion from the *ſong*.

Phi. I ſteal from *ſongs*: I that have a thouſand things that never were in any *Book* whatever?

Tim. Ay, and a thouſand too. I'd fain ſee any body ſhew me, either in *Book*, or *Manuſcript* any thing like what you have in that Chapter of yours, call'd *the nutrition and procreation of a Commonwealth*.

Phi.

Phi. Why, what have I there?

Tim. What have you there? why, Sir, you have there, not only a moſt exact diviſion of all commodities into *Native* and *Foreign*: but (leſt people ſhould looſe their time a *Nutmegging*, or *Cloving* in *Enfield*, or *Epping* Foreſt) you are pleas'd to acquaint us beſides with the very eſſence, and nature of each commodity. *A Native Commodity* (ſay you, very gravely) *is that which is to be had within the territory of the Common-wealth.* That ſounds bravely. *Within the territory of a Common-wealth.* 'Twill almoſt furniſh a ſhop alone. *And a Foreign Commodity is that which is imported from without.*

Phi. And is not this very true, and uſeful beſides?

Tim. 'Tis ſo very true, that I much queſtion whether it be uſeful at all. For there's ſcarce an *Apprentice*, that has but had the improvement of twice wiping his *Maſters* ſhoes, but would look upon't to be a moſt abominable affront, to be inform'd with

ſuch Ceremony, in ſuch a trivial matter. And more than that, *Philautus*, I am very confident, that ſhould any man go about ſolemnly (as you do) to adviſe and caution one of theſe ſame Youngſters, in what immediately follows; and deliver but his meſſage in the common Town language, he would count himſelf ſo horribly abus'd, as preſently to cry *huzza*, and break all the Windows of ſuch an Inſtructor.

Phi. Why, what is it I prethee?

Tim. The very bottom of the notion is only this, Sir: *viz.* that if we have, ſuppoſe, here in our *Country*, more Pudding than Plums, and other people have got more Plums than Pudding; the beſt way will be for the Pudding and the Plums to hold a correſpondence. But now, Sir, from the conſideration of *Native* and *Foreign Commodities*, to biggen this ſpare and lean notion into a *Sir John:* 'tis thus. *And becauſe* (it begins as ſtatelily, as a Preface to an Act of *Parliament*) *there is no Territory*

tory under the Dominion of one Common wealth, except it be of very vaſt extent (that's to prevent objections) *that produceth all things needful for the maintainance and motion of the whole body; and few that produce not ſomething more than neceſſary*; (here's the ground-work; now we build) *the ſuperfluous commodities to be had within become no more ſuperfluous, but ſupply theſe wants at home by importation of that which may be had abroad, either by exchange, or by juſt War, or by labour. For a mans labour alſo, is a commodity exchangeable for benefit, as well as any other thing.* Yes, yes: without doubt 'tis. That is, if a man has a great ſuperfluity of thoſe *native commodities* of *Legs* and *Arms*, but as great a ſcarcity of thoſe *Foreign* ones, call'd *Cloths* and *Victuals*; nothing more frequent than for ſuch an one, to betake himſelf preſently to his flail, or ſpade, and to *exchange benefits*: full well knowing, that *Labour is a very good commodity*, and as likely a way to fetch in money,

as moſt things that have been invented. And this *politick* remark of yours puts me in mind of a moſt admirable *Receit*, that I have ſomewhere met with, to awake a man that is aſleep.

Phi. I ſuppoſe, *Tim*, if he ben't deaf, and be but call'd lowd enough; we need not go to the *Queens Cloſet*, nor *Triggs ſecrets*, to awake a man.

Tim. Call'd! but how ſhall he be call'd? that's the myſtery, *Philautus*; what method, what means, what inſtruments are the moſt natural, and proper for this purpoſe?

Phi. I prethee, has not the man a *name*: and can't you call him by that?

Tim. Call him by his *name!* what a deadly black, dull, *phlegmatick* ſtory is that? call him by his *name!* (*Dick*, *Jack*, *Robin*, or any of the reſt know, and can do that:) no, no, *Philautus*: you are quite out. The way is this. "Seeing that hu-
"mane Creatures as well as ſome
"others are not altogether free from
"the

"the thraldom of ſleep: and that "it may be for the intereſt of ſome "private perſon, or for the good of "the Common-wealth, to looſen and "redeem one ſo bound and captiva-"ted: and ſeeing beſides that there "be ſeveral noiſes and ſounds, that "by different motion, do differently "invade the *Territories* of the ear: "from moſt diligent obſervation it "has been at laſt concluded, that, "of all noiſes or ſounds, there is not "any ſo fit and proper to awaken a "humane Creature, as a humane "voice: eſpecially, if the proper "name belonging to the humane "Creature, be plainly pronounc'd "by the humane voice. *Roger*: I "come, Sir, cries he preſently.

Phi. And I prethee, *Tim*, how differs this from what I ſaid before?

Tim. Juſt as much, and no more, Sir, than as a thouſand things, that you magnificently and flaringly dreſs up, differ from what *Dick*, *Jack*, or t'other ſays. Only, as I hinted juſt now, out of *Mathematical* apiſh-

neſs, you fall to your *drawing*, and *deducing*, and *gathering* a Company of trifles, which are not worth the while to pick up in the ſtreets.

Phi. Timothy, Timothy, I ſhall make thee repent of this, Boy. For it plainly ſhews, that thou doſt in no ways underſtand the greateſt inſtance of ſagacity, and a mature judgment: and that the higheſt advancement, and very top of reaſoning, is to make diſcreet, and holding inferences.

Tim. O, Sir, that is a moſt admirable perfection indeed! and how far you tranſcend all others in it, one may plainly ſee, in the *tenth page* of your *Leviathan*. Where (having in the *Chapter* before carefully laid down, that *much memory, or memory of many things is call'd experience*;) you thence firk out this for a great certainty: namely, that *by how much one man has more experience of things paſt than another, by ſo much alſo he is more prudent, and his expectations the ſeldomer fail him.* As ſuppoſe,

Sir,

Sir, a *Taylor* makes a Gentleman a Suit of Cloths; but ſees not a farthing of money, but only a very ſweet promiſing countenance. And, upon the ſame terms, he proceeds to a ſecond, a third, and a fourth. Moſt certainly this ſweet promiſing countenance will take much better with a *freſh Taylor*, than with the old beaten Dog of *much memory*: for he has four very bad *conſequences*, already upon the file. And therefore, (as you have it in the ſame *page*) *as long as we live, we muſt note this; that, he that is moſt vers'd and ſtudied in the matters he gheſſes at, is certainly the beſt gheſſer. And that, becauſe he hath moſt ſigns to go by. From whence it follows, that though no ſign is abſolutely certain; yet (we may take this for certain) that the oftner the Conſequences have been obſerv'd, the leſs uncertain is the ſign.* As ſuppoſe, the Dun-Cow turns up her tail, and friſking about the Cloſe immediately upon that we have a ſhower of rain: this being the firſt *conſequence*,

ſequence, 'tis poſſible that the Farmer may venture his Corn abroad, for all the Dun-Cow. But ſuppoſe her phanſie continues; (for I can't think, that the meer motion of her tail can *phyſically* pull down the Clouds) and that the ſame *conſequence* is ſtrictly obſerv'd for a whole year together; *Will. Lilly* may ſend his *Almanacks* to *Market*, and ſo forth; but, upon my word, the Dun-Cow will ſend them home again with rattle. Men may talk of finding out this, and finding out that: but there is not one of a thouſand that knows how to make the beſt of a notion. That is, how to nurſe it, and brood it, and improve it.

Phi. 'Tis true enough, *Tim.* For a meer Fool may by chance, ſtumble upon a vaſt truth. But the great emolument thereof lies wholly in the inferences.

Tim. Yes, yes: there lies all the ſkill. For, though a man of leſs ſagacity than your ſelf, might poſſibly have blunder'd upon what you ſay

(*Lev.*

(*Le.p.*36.) *viz. Of all diſcourſe, govern'd by deſire of knowledge, there is at laſt an end either by attaining or giving over.* Yet there is no body but *Philautus* (who can make notions breed, long after Geeſe have done laying) could ever have thence diſclos'd, that which follows: *viz. that in the chain of diſcourſe, whereſoever it be interrupted, there is an end for that time.* I profeſs, *Philautus*, 'twas very well for you, that you did not make theſe *politick* inferences, in *Hopkins*'s days. For upon my word, (as great an unbeliever, as you are in his profeſſion) he'd have had you into his inquiſition, and tryed whether you would have ſwum, or ſunk. You talk of *deducing* and *inferring!* whereas in the 3*d.* Chapter of your *Book de Cive*, you make ſuch a notable remark, about putting things to arbitration, that to me is right down *witchery* and *divination.*

Phi. Why, *Tim*, is it not highly reaſonable and convenient, that if two parties diſagree about matter of right,

right, it ſhould be referr'd to ſome third indifferent perſon, call'd an *Arbiter*.

Tim. Very reaſonable and convenient, Sir. And accordingly you write it down for your *fifteenth law of nature*. But the divination lies in hatching out of this *fifteenth*, a *ſixteenth law of nature*. *viz.* that no man muſt be judge in his own cauſe. Which *ſixteenth law* comes into the World, after this manner. *Seeing that when two parties diſagree about a matter of right, it is a law of nature that they ſhould leave it to the determination of a third: we gather* (ſay you) what? *that this third muſt not be one of the two.* No, no: that would be moſt horrible foul play indeed: that when *two* diſagreeing parties had taken pains to chuſe a *third*, and had beſpoken a very good Dinner: no ſooner does this *third* get into the Chair, but whip goes he into one of the *two*; and there's all the fat in the fire.

Phi. This now is ſo abominably ridiculous,

ridiculous, that 'tis ten times worſe than poſitive non-ſenſe.

Tim. But hold a little, *Philautus*; you ſhould have aſk'd firſt, whoſe it was. For, in good truth, this ſame of *the third being none of the two*, is one of your own *Mathematical gatherings*. And becauſe (I know) you love your own words, better than any bodies elſe; you ſhall have them exactly as they ſtand, *p.* 49. upon condition you'l truſt me another time. *But from this ground* (ſay you) *that an Arbiter or Judge is choſen by the differing parties to determine the Controverſie, we gather* (in *Latin* 'tis *colligitur*) *that the Arbiter muſt not be one of the parties.* Do you ſee *Philautus?* 'tis plainly your opinion, that the *third* perſon that is choſen by the *two* differing parties, muſt not be *one* of the *two* that choſe. For it takes *two* and *one* more, to make a *third*. And beſides, 'twould be a very inconvenient thing; as you proceed to demonſtrate it, in the ſame *Article*.

For,

For, ſay you, *every man is preſum'd to ſeek what is good for himſelf naturally, and what is juſt only for peace ſake and accidentally; and therefore cannot obſerve the ſame equallity commanded by the law of nature, ſo exactly as a third man would do.* No, no: he can't obſerve it: nothing near ſo exactly. For ſuppoſing the *third* ſhould be *one* of the *two*, to be ſure he, after a few Complements, would ſo utterly forget that he was a *third*, that he would e'en deal as archly for himſelf, as if he were meerly *one* of the *two*. So that having throughly weigh'd, not only the great abſurdity of three being two, but alſo the great miſchief that might thence ariſe in a *Common-wealth*; we ſafely gather, that the *third* neither can, nor ought to be *one* of the *two*.

Phi. I ſhall maintain, *Tim*, againſt thee, and all ſuch bold faces, that to chuſe an *Arbiter* is a *fundamental law of nature*: and that it was the *Philoſopher* of *Malmsbury* that firſt found it out; becauſe no body be-

fore

fore him had *gathered* it according to art.

Tim. I, I; there lies the ſkill, *Philautus*; to nick a notion, and to gather it according to art: to take it at the critical minute, and regiſter it upon the right file. As (in the 68. *p.* of your *Leviathan*) I remember you do the buſineſs of covenanting with Bruits.

Phi. Why, *Tim*, can any Covenant, or bargain be made between a Man and a Beaſt? is it not demonſtrable, both from the nature of a Covenant, and the nature of a Beaſt, that there can't poſſibly be any ſuch thing?

Tim. 'Tis very demonſtrable, Sir. For ſuppoſe a man proffers his Dog *Jowler* a good large piece of bread; upon condition that he ſkips cleaverly over his ſtick. Here ſeems indeed a tacite kind of promiſe, that the Dog ſhould have the piece of bread for his pains; (*a Dogs labour being a Commodity exchangeable for benefit as well as a mans*:) but, by reaſon

reaſon the *Maſter* only held forth the piece of bread, and did not orally ſay to the Dog; here, *Jowler*, ſkip over this ſtick, and thou ſhalt certainly have this piece of bread; or if he had ſaid ſo, yet *Jowler* being not able to take him at his word, and to ſay *done Maſter*; (by which the right of the bread might be *tranſferr'd* upon performance of Covenants:) thereupon it is that, if the *Maſter* either eats the bread himſelf, or gives it to any other Dog (though never ſo little deſerving) *Jowler* can never recover of his *Maſter* this piece of bread, or any other thing to the value of it, either at *Common-Law*, or *Chancery*. And why? *becauſe* (as you very learnedly *gather* it, in the forementiond place) *ſeeing that bruits underſtand not our ſpeech, they underſtand not*: (all underſtanding being nothing but knowledge of words:) *and if they don't underſtand, they can neither accept of any tranſlation of right from us, nor can tranſlate any right to us; and without mutual acceptation*

tion there's no Covenant. There now lies the point of *law: without mutual acceptation there's no Covenant.* This place moſt certainly deſerves a *cut*; 'tis ſo *mathematically* managed. And therefore, in the next edition, I'd have *Jowler* pictur'd, jumping at the *overture* of his *Maſter.*

Phi. 'Twould be a better ſight by half, *Tim*, to ſee *Jowler* and *you* hang'd up together for a couple of Curs. For what more eaſie, than out of the beſt Book that ever was printed, to pick three or four places; and, by forgery and malice, to repreſent them as trivial, and contemptible?

Tim. 'Tis not three or four places, or three or four hundred that I ſhould have much minded: and whereas you talk of repreſenting, *&c.* there is ſo little need of any ſuch thing, that this kind of gullery and affectation diſcovers it ſelf in every *page* almoſt of your Writings. What forgery or malice, I pray, is required, to make what you ſay, *Lev. p.* 29.

moſt notoriouſly idle, and frivolous?

Phi. Why, what do I there ſay?

Tim. As in your *Humane nature*, you invite down the *Jocqueys* (which I formerly told you of) to ſee your *race* of the *paſſions*: ſo here you call together the *School-Maſters*; and, much to their aſtoniſhment, ſhew them the great harmony that is between the *paſſions*, and the ſeveral *Moods* of a *Verb*. Firſt, ſay you, *generally all paſſions may be expreſs'd indicatively*; *as I love, I fear, I joy, I deliberate, I will, I command*: upon my word, the *Indicative Mood* has a fine run on't: 'tis in at all. *But ſome of them have particular expreſſions by themſelves*; *for inſtance, deliberation is expreſſed ſubjunctively*; *which is a ſpeech proper to ſignifie ſuppoſitions with their conſequences.* What a brave definition is there of the *Subjunctive Mood*! *the Subjunctive Mood is a ſpeech proper to ſignifie ſuppoſitions with their conſequences. The language of deſire and averſion is imperative:*

perative: as, fall on, bear back: the language of Vain-glory, &c. is Optative; as *Utinam*, or would to God, I had a piece of Bread and Butter round about the Loaf: *but of the deſire to know there is a peculiar expreſſion, call'd Interrogative.* A very peculiar one indeed! ('tis great pity there is no *Interrogative Mood:*) and therefore, if a man be either in haſte to know, or eager to know, the beſt way will be to make uſe of that ſame *peculiar expreſſion*, call'd inquiring or aſking: for it will take ſome conſiderable time for another man to gheſs, what I have a mind to know. Again, Sir, when you adviſe ſuch as have the *ſupream Authority* to affix puniſhments to the breach of their laws, you do very well: but when you adviſe them further (*Civ. p.* 207.) to put thoſe laws ſometimes into execution; and withall ſo heartily prove the convenience thereof, I can't ſee, but that a man without either forgery or malice, may make ſhift to ſmile. *The fear*, ſay you, *whereby men are*

deterred from doing evil, *ariſeth not from hence, namely, becauſe penalties are ſet, but becauſe they are executed*; (and that's the reaſon that people are not ſo much afraid of Paper and Ink, as Rope, Ladder, and the conſequences thereof :) *becauſe*, as you proceed, *we eſteem the future by what is paſt; ſeldom expecting what ſeldom happens.* And therefore, man being of a collecting nature, he certainly ought to be hang'd for a Coward, who fears to be *added to the law* for ſtealing, if no body upon that account, had ever been *added* before him; becauſe he reckons badly, and expects that which never, as yet, came to paſs. But I ſhall not at preſent, *Philautus*, trouble my ſelf any further to ſet forth how laborioufly you argue, when 'tis to no purpoſe. Only I can't forbear ſhewing ſome little reſpect to one thing more, becauſe you ſo accurately diſcuſs it.

Phi. All that I ever writ, has been very accurate.

Tim. Yes, Sir: but this is not only very

very accurate, but of extraordinary concernment. For it removes a very conſiderable objection againſt *Government. viz.* if it be ſo neceſſary for the Peace of Mankind, that men ſhould confer all their power and ſtrength upon one man, or one aſſembly of men, that may reduce all their wills, by plurality of voices, unto one will; how comes it about then that *Bees* (and ſuch like Creatures) live ſo quietly and contentedly, without either chuſing one *ſupream unlimited buzzer*, or *one Aſſembly of Bees*, that by *plurality* of *buzzes* may be brought to conſent in one *buz?* Of this there be no leſs than ſix very remarkable reaſons: (no body but *Philautus* could have found out half ſo many:) In the firſt place, 'tis to be conſidered, that amongſt *Bees* there's no *conteſtation of honour and preferment:* if one *Bee* has a mind to be made *Burgeſs* or *Knight* of the *Shire*; march on, ſay the reſt: Honey is a very good thing. Now it is not honour or pre-

ferment, but the conteſtation that does all the miſchief in a *Common-wealth.* It being that alone which begets envy and hatred, and theſe beget ſedition and quarrelling, and quarrelling begets War, and War in time ſpoils Peace. We may poſſibly, now and then, have obſerv'd a couple of *Bees* wraſtling two or three falls or ſo; where ſometimes one would be *above*, and ſometimes another: but we are to know, that in ſtrictneſs of ſpeech, this being *above* is not to be call'd *preferment*, nor this *endeavouring* to be *above conteſtation of preferment:* becauſe preferment (to ſay no more of it now) is a kind of a notable buſineſs. In the next place, we are to conſider, that, that which makes men to quarrel unleſs aw'd by ſome ſupream power, is their eſteeming of thoſe things only which have ſomewhat of *eminence* in the enjoyment. But 'tis not ſo with *Bees:* for ſuppoſe one of them grows fatter, or proves taller by the head and ſhoulders than all the reſt; notwith-

notwithſtanding this, there's no need of chuſing a *Hive-holder*, to keep them from mutinying: they having no ſuch as cuſtom to *regiſter* their Statures upon the Wainſcot, or Mantle-tree; as man does, who is a comparing Creature, and reliſhes nothing but *Phœnixes* and *eminencies*. In the third place, that which ſecures *Bees* from waging War is, that they don't keep any Scales in the Houſe, to weigh how much Honey every *Bee* adminiſters towards the Winter-ſtock: or if they did, they having not ſo much the uſe of reaſon, as men, are not able to weigh it. For to weigh is only to ponderate, or compare reaſons. But, in the Section before, it was proved that man alone was a comparing Creature. Therefore to bed *Bees*, for fighting is a vanity. Fourthly, though *Bees* have ſome uſe of voice to ſignifie their mutual affections, and to *buz* and *hum* out one another to publick duty; yet, they having never read either *Seton* or *Keckerman*, want the art of

diſpoſing theſe *buzzes* and *hums* into *propoſitions*; and alſo of managing thoſe *propoſitions* into eloquent and crafty *orations*. So that, ſuppoſe ſome factious, aſpiring, innovating *Bee* ſhould go about to diſturb the Peace, and make an uproar; yet becauſe this *Bee* has not a true humane tongue (which is as very a Trumpet of War and Sedition, as a *Warming-pan* is of Peace and ſettlement, to a ſwarm of thoſe Creatures) though it be as big as an *Elephant* it can never like *Pericles*, by its elegant ſpeeches ſo thunder and lighten as to confound the Hive. And therefore ſleep on *Bees*. Fifthly, give but *Bees* their belly full, and ſet them out of the wind; and *libel* them, and *lampoon* them as long as you will, all this breeds no ill blood: and the reaſon is, becauſe as yet they never read *Philautus*'s *Politicks*; and ſo can't diſtinguiſh between *injury* and *harm*. Hive and Honey! What times ſhould we have, if theſe *ſtingers* ſhould once but find out the difference between injury and

and harm? Sixthly, and laſtly (I am ſorry for this laſtly: what would I give for ſix ſuch more) ſeeing that neither the preſent *Bees*, nor their Predeceſſors, did ever take either the *Oath* of *Allegiance*, or the *Solemn League* and *Covenant*, or the *Engagement*, or the *Oath* upon *Triplow heath* (where they ſay there grows many a ſweet bit) what need is there, or can there be, for theſe Creatures to chuſe any *ſupream Magiſtrate* to keep them in awe; when as they did never either ſwear, or covenant or engage to keep any thing at all? and therefore finally, good night *Bees*; for the Moon is in the Flock-bed.

Phi. All this is moſt abominable forgery.

Tim. If you had not ſaid ſo, 'tis like ſome of your friends might. And therefore let's have pure *Philautus*, word for word, as he diſcuſſes the buſineſs in the *77th. p. de Cive.*

Phi. And won't you put in none of your own wild, non-ſenſical Jim-cracks, to interrupt the drift, and contexture of my reaſons? *Tim.*

Tim. No no, Sir: I am ſo far from any ſuch thing, that, to give your reaſons all poſſible advantage, I'll take in *Preface* and all. The *point* to be debated in the *Margent* ſtands thus, *viz. why the government of ſome bruit Creatures ſtands firm in concord alone, and not ſo of men.* To decide which we make this preparation. Ariſtotle *reckons among thoſe animals, which he calls politick, not man only, but divers others; as the Ant, the Bee, &c. which though they be deſtitute of reaſon, by which they may contract, and ſubmit to government, notwithſtanding by conſenting, (that is to ſay) enſuing or eſchewing the ſame things, they ſo direct their actions to a common end, that their meetings are not obnoxious unto any ſeditions. Yet it not their gathering together a civil Government, and therefore thoſe animals not to be termed political, becauſe their Government is only a conſent, or many wills concurring in one object, not (as is neceſſary in civil Government) one will. It is very true, that*

in

in those Creatures, living only by sense and appetite, their consent of minds is so durable, as there is no need of any thing more to secure it, and (by consequence) to preserve peace among them, than barely their natural inclination. But among men the case is otherwise. Now begin the six reasons. *For first among them there is a contestation of honour and preferment; among Beasts there is none: whence hatred and envy, out of which arise Sedition and War, is among men, among Beasts no such matter. Next, the natural appetite of Bees, and the like Creatures, is conformable, and they desire the common good which among them differs not from their private; but man scarce esteems any thing good which hath not somewhat of eminence in the enjoyment, more than that which others do possess. Thirdly, those Creatures which are void of reason, see no defect, or think they see none, in the administration of their Common-weals; but in a multitude of men there are many who supposing themselves wiser than*

than others, endeavour to innovate, and divers Innovators innovate divers ways, which is a meer distraction, and civil War. Fourthly, these Brute Creatures, howsoever they may have the use of their voice to signifie their affections to each other, yet want they that same art of words which is necessarily required to those motions in the mind, whereby good is represented to it as being better, and evil as worse than in truth it is; But the tongue of man is a Trumpet of War, and Sedition; and it is reported of Pericles, *that he sometimes by his elegant speeches thundered, and lightened, and confounded whole Greece it self. Fifthly, they cannot distinguish between injury and harm; Thence it happens that as long as it is well with them, they blame not their fellows: But those men are of most trouble to the republick, who have most leisure to be idle; for they use not to contend for publick places before they have gotten the Victory over hunger, and cold. Last of all, the consent of those brutal Creatures is natural, that*

of

of men by compact only (that is to ſay) artificial; it is therefore no matter of wonder if ſomewhat more be needful for men to the end they may live in peace. Now am I as much taken with theſe ſix reaſons, as the Gentleman was with his good piece of road. I profeſs, I have a great mind to ride 'em all over again: they are ſo incomparably cloſe, ſo ſmooth, and ſo pleaſant.

Phi. Yes, yes, without doubt, *Tim*, ſet but ſuch a one as thou art on Horſe-back, and there will be riding. Thou talkeſt of cloſe reaſoning! thou never ſaidſt in thy whole life one line of ſuch deep ſenſe, as that which juſt now thou didſt repeat.

Tim. But you have ſaid many things as deep, Sir; as one may plainly ſee by your *Leviathan*, *p.* 86. where you thought the mooting this point of the *Bees* to be ſo very neceſſary for the underſtanding the cauſes, the *Generation* and the definition of a Common-wealth that, with great delight to your ſelf, we have

have all the forementionʼd reaſons over again. And ſeeing you are ſo very much delighted, I am as *conformable as any Bee*; and am reſolvʼd to be delighted too. Thus then: *It is true, that certain living Creatures; as Bees, and Ants, live ſociably one with another, (which are therefore by* Ariſtotle *numbred amongſt Politicall Creatures;) and yet have no other direction, than their particular judgments and appetites; nor ſpeech, whereby one of them can ſignifie to another, what he thinks expedient for the common benefit: and therefore ſome man may perhaps deſire to know, why mankind cannot do the ſame.* (I donʼt believe any man in the World had ever ſuch an odd appetite, unleſs he had the *green ſickneſs*:) *To which I anſwer,*

Firſt, That men are continually in competition for honour and dignity, which theſe Creatures are not; and conſequently amongſt men there ariſeth on that ground, envy and hatred, and finally War; but amongſt theſe not ſo.

Secondly,

Secondly, That amongſt theſe Creatures, the common good differeth not from the private; and being by nature enclined to their private, they procure thereby the common benefit. But man, whoſe joy conſiſteth in comparing himſelf with other men, can reliſh nothing but what is eminent.

Thirdly, That theſe Creatures, having not (as man) the uſe of reaſon, do not ſee, nor think they ſee any fault, in the adminiſtration of their common buſineſs: whereas amongſt men, there are very many, that think themſelves wiſer, and abler to govern the publick, better than the reſt; and theſe ſtrive to reform and innovate, one this way, another that way; and thereby bring it into diſtraction and civil War.

Fourthly, That theſe Creatures, though they have ſome uſe of voice, in making known to one another their deſires, and other affections; yet they want that art of words, by which ſome men can repreſent to others, that which is good, in the likeneſs of evil; and evil, in the likeneſs of good; and augment, or diminiſh

miniſh the apparent greatneſs of good and evil; diſcontenting men, and troubling their peace at their pleaſure.

Fifthly, Irrational Creatures cannot diſtinguiſh between injury, and damage; and therefore as long as they be at eaſe, they are not offended with their fellows: whereas man is then moſt troubleſom, when he is moſt at eaſe: for then it is that he loves to ſhew his wiſdom, and controul the actions of them that govern the Common-wealth.

Laſtly, The agreement of theſe Creatures is natural; that of men, is by Covenant only, which is artificial: and therefore 'tis no wonder if there be ſomewhat elſe required (beſides Covenant) to make their agreement conſtant and laſting; which is a common power, to keep them in awe, and to direct their actions to the common benefit. I wiſh, with all my heart, I could tell where to happen of theſe ſix reaſons, but once more: for I am as freſh, methinks, as when I firſt ſet out. Never in my life did I meet with

ſuch

ſuch a Company of good words, ſo artificially put together, to no purpoſe. And yet, now I think of it *Camoraldo*, the great *Spaniſh Politician* gave a friend of his ſix very good directions for *Travelling*. If (ſays he to his friend) you be not ſufficiently content with ſuch knowledge of Foreign Countries, as *Maps* and *Hiſtorians* do afford you; but that you have a mind to peruſe the *Countries* themſelves (or at leaſt ſome of them) with your very own eyes; in the firſt place, I do adviſe that into ſuch Countries, as you have a mind to peruſe after the ſuppos'd manner, you ſend not your man, but go your ſelf. In the next place, when you be once fix'd and determin'd to *go*; it will be very requiſite then to *think of going*: and that either by the motion of your own feet, or by the motion of the feet of one Horſe, or of more Horſes (as by Tumbrell, Cart, Waggon, Coach,) or by no Horſe; as by the motion of Boat, Ship, or by ſome other means and in-

ſtruments of *motion*. For, Native and Foreign being altogether oppoſite, there's no poſſible paſſing from one extream to another without *motion*. Thirdly, When you be once come (according to the directions laid down in the foregoing Article) to that *Town* or *City* that you have moſt mind to ſee and remember; be ſure you *ſtay longeſt* there: for the longer you ſtay, the more you may look; and the more you look, the more you'l ſee; and the more you ſee, the more you'l remember: as was ſaid before, *he that has moſt ſigns to gheſs by, is certainly the beſt gheſſer*. Fourthly, ſuch notices and informations of things as you intend to take in at the *eye*, chuſe rather to do it in the *day* time, than in the *night*. For though the eye and object be full out as big, after as before the Sun is down; yet by reaſon of the many miſts, vapours, Hobgoblins and Witches that trade in the night, the ſkie becomes much thicken'd; and thereupon obſervations

are

are rendered much more weak and uncertain. Fifthly, If after particular obſervations of *Houſes*, *Churches*, *Cathedrals*, *&c.* (made at the time above preſcrib'd) you ſhould have a mind, (the day, ſuppoſe, before you go out of *Town*) to ſum up all, and at one view to take the dimenſions of your whole improvements; don't you go to Bed, and draw the Curtains Cloſe about you: for they'l refract and ſcare the light; nor into the bottom of a well; (as ſome by equivocation have done, becauſe Stars are thence beſt ſeen:) but climb you me ſome *Steeple*, *Tower*, or other *high place*: for though it muſt be granted that the higher you go, the further you'l be from the earth; yet the further you are from the earth (ſo you be not too far) the more you'l ſee, in all probability, of thoſe things that are built upon the earth. Sixthly, and Laſtly, Suppoſe you don't travel by a proxy, but go *your ſelf* in perſon, and perform all according to the laws of *motion*, and

ſet a work thoſe laws of motion more or leſs according as 'tis worth the while to *ſtay*, and that you don't make your obſervations at *midnight*, nor out of the Cellar; then, quoth *Camoraldo* to his friend, as a Crown to all, I do adviſe, that you take a *Table-book* in your pocket, or ſome other little portable inſtrument to *regiſter conſequences*: for though it be ſaid of *Julius Cæſar* (who for a need could thunder and lighten as well as *Pericles*) that he never forgat any thing but injuries; yet it does not, you know, fall to one mans ſhare of fourty to be ſo great an *Emperour*, as *Julius Cæſar*: and though Paper, Parchment, and Velam be all ſubject to the teeth of time, envy, and rats; yet by no means is the memory wholly to be truſted, being oft-times as treacherous, as a ſieve or ſcummer.

Phi. The teeth of time! 'tis very good really: and ſo is a treacherous ſieve or ſcummer. But for the memory to keep Garriſon is much bet-

ter;

ter; eſpecially, if it be but like a ſieve, or ſcummer: becauſe the enemy may paſs and repaſs at the little Port-holes. Doubtleſs this *Cameraldo* was a moſt excellent States-man. I wonder, *Tim*, where thou pickeſt up ſuch abominable, metaphorical-ſimilitudinarian-Raſcals. (that ſimilitudinarian is not a juſt word, but I han't patience to make a better now:)

Tim. Why, Sir, you know that a little ſlice or ſo of a *trope*, or *figure*, gives a fine reliſh and hogoo. 'Tis as good, Sir, as an *anchovy* or *ſhalot*.

Phi. A reliſh and a hogoo! to what I prethee? to a Treatiſe of Philoſophy or Dominion: or to directions for *travelling*, by which Gentlemen may come to underſtand the *Generation* of a *Common-wealth*, and afterwards become helpful in Government? I'le give leave to a Jugler, or Barber to put into their common tittle tattle, their *reliſhes* and *hogoos*, their *anchovies* and *ſhalots*: but when *Divines* ſhall tell you (*Lev. p.* 17.)

of *in-powred vertue*, and *in-blown vertue* (as if vertue were tunn'd into a mans mind, juſt as new drink is into the Veſſel) and of this and that man being extraordinary aſſiſted and inſpired: *as if it were not more credit for a man to ſpeak wiſely from the principles of nature and his own meditation, than to be thought to ſpeak like a Bagpipe by inſpiration*: I ſay, when ſuch things as theſe creep into *ſerious reckonings*, and *Philoſophical Bills*; then, then's the miſchief. I perceive, *Tim*, that thou never didſt read the 5*th* Chapter of my *Leviathan*: for if thou hadſt, thou wouldſt have there found, that amongſt the many cauſes of the abſurd opinions that have been in Philoſophy, there has not been any greater, than *the uſe of Metaphors, Tropes, and other Rhetorical figures, inſtead of words proper*. For (as I there go on) *though it be lawful to ſay, (for example) in common ſpeech the way goeth or leadeth hither, or thither, the Proverb ſays this or that (whereas ways cannot go,*

nor

nor Proverbs ſpeak;) yet in reckoning, and ſeeking of truth, ſuch ſpeeches are not to be admitted.

Tim. What, neither back-ſtroak, nor fore-ſtroak? I know, *Philautus*, that you have ſpent much time in this ſort of reckonings; and therefore you muſt needs be a notable accomptant in Philoſophy: but when I find (as I do in your Treatiſe, call'd *Computation*) *that a Propoſition is the firſt ſtep in the progreſs of Philoſophy, that a Syllogiſm is a compleat pace, trot, or gallop in Philoſophy; being made by the addition of ſteps: and that method is the high-way that leads to Philoſophy:* (where note, though 'tis not proper, in reckoning, to ſay that the way either goes or leads; yet I perceive that Propoſitions and Syllogiſms may both walk and gallop, provided it be in the way to Philoſophy:) again, Sir, when I read (*Levi. p.* 108.) that *a Common-wealth is an artificial man*, ('tis as like him, as ever it can look: 't has got juſt de Father's noſe, and de powting lip)

or an aggregate of Puginellos made for the attaining of peace; and that the civil laws are only artificial Chains; (so the *Dutch* broke the civil Law that went cross the River at *Chatham*) *which men, by mutual Covenants, have fastned at one end, to the lips of the man, or Assembly, to whom they have given the Soveraign power; and at the other end to their own ears.* (I'd scarce have the place to be so fastned:)

Phi. What if I do say this: is this like the *teeth of time*, and your *sievers* and *scummers*?

Tim. Moreover, Sir, when you instruct us (*Lev. p.* 115.) in all the several sorts of *Systemes* of people (this Systeme I look upon to be a kind of *Bastard anchovy*, or *wild shalot*) *that belong to a Common-wealth; and how that these systemes resemble the similar parts of a body natural: and if they be lawful systemes, they are as the muscles of the body: but if unlawful, they are Wens, Biles, and Apostems engendred by the unnatural conflux of evil humours: and how that a*

conflux

conflux of people to Market, or a Bull-baiting, though it be a lawful ſyſteme, yet 'tis an irregular ſyſteme, by reaſon 'tis not order'd by law which Dog ſhall play firſt; or which man ſhall ſell the firſt rowl of Ginger bread: and that the Corporation of Beggars, Thieves, &c. though they may be regular ſyſtemes (having a repreſentative) yet they are not to be looked upon as lawful Syſtemes, being not as yet allow'd of by publick authority: the brick ſhall be, out of hand, burnt for the *Halls*, againſt the *Parliament* meet next.

Phi. What of all this?

Tim. Nay, I pray, Sir, don't interrupt me: let me make an end of my ſentence: and that *as the ſeveral ſyſtemes of people are the ſimilar parts of a Common-wealth, ſo the publick Miniſters are the organical part of a Common-wealth, reſembling the Nerves and tendons that move the ſeveral limbs of a body natural:* and that *publick perſons appointed by the Soveraign,* (this is all Mathematicks) *to inſtruct,*

or

or judge the people, are ſuch members of a Common-wealth, as may be fitly compared to the Organs of voice in the body natural: and that *the ſervice of Sheriffs, Juſtices of the peace, &c. is anſwerable to the hands in the body natural.* And that *if a man be ſent into another Country ſecretly to explore their counſels and ſtrength;* (if he comes only to ſee, he may do well enough; but if he comes to explore, and be catch'd; he may chance to be hang'd:) *he is to be look'd upon as a Miniſter of the Common-wealth, though but private; and may be compar'd to an eye in the body natural:* (and very well, for a blind man makes a very bad Scout:) *but thoſe publick Miniſters that are appointed to receive the Petitions, or other informations of the people, are, as it were, the publick ear of the Common-wealth:* (I profeſs, this artificial man thrives bravely; I hope the cheeks, and the chin of the Common-wealth will come on by and by:) beſides, Sir, when I look ---

Phi. What, han't you done your ſentence yet? *Tim.*

Tim. Alas, Sir, I have but juſt begun: my hand is but juſt in: I ſay, when I look into the 24*th. Chapter* (above-cited) of the *nutrition* and *procreation* of a Common-wealth; and obſerve, how that *the commodities of ſea and land are the nouriſhment of the Common-wealth*; and that *propriety or the conſtitution of* meum *and* tuum *is the diſtribution of the materials of this nouriſhment*; and that *buying, ſelling, &c. is the concoction of the commodities of a Common wealth*; *which concoction is, as it were, the ſanguification of the Common-wealth, being perform'd by money, which is the very blood of a Common-wealth*: (*for as natural blood is made of the fruits of the earth, and circulating, nouriſhes, by the way, every member of the body natural*: ſo money is made out of the fruits of mens labours, and running up to *Town*, and then down again into the *Country*, nouriſhes thoſe *politick members*, that live upon the road:)

Phi. Surely now you have done.

Tim.

Tim. And when I obſerve further; how that the *Collectors*, *Receivers*, and *Treaſurers are the Conduits and Veſſels by which this blood (of money) is conveyed to publick uſe: and that the publick Treaſury is as the heart of the Common-wealth*; (*ſo that, as the veins receiving the blood from the ſeveral parts of the body, carry it to the heart; where being made vital, the heart by the arteries ſends it out again to enliven and enable for motion all the members of the ſame*: ſo the *Collectors*, &c. receiving the *venoſe money*, out of the ſeveral parts of the *Country*, carry it to the *heart politick*; where being vitaliz'd, it does ſtrange things when it comes again into the *Country*:) and that *if a Common-wealth ben't ſtrictly dieted, but highly fed, how that it ſpawns and brings forth little Common-wealths, or Children of a Common-wealth*: (thus the artificial man of *Spain* laid about him, and begot (the Child) *Hiſpaniola*; and if *Hiſpaniola* ſhould afterwards grow up to have a little one, then would *Spain* be a *Grandfather*.)

phi-

Phi. Certainly this ſentence will have an end at ſome time or other.

Tim. Pray, Sir, don't ſpeak to me; for I am in great haſte, and have a great way ſtill to go: once again, I ſay, when I look alſo into the 29*th Chapter* of your *Leviathan*; and there read of *the ſeveral infirmities and diſeaſes that this artificial man, the Common-wealth, is ſubject to:* (for, we muſt know, that an *artificial man*, as well as other men, is very much out of ſorts ſometimes:) and how that *ſome proceed from defectuous procreation*; (*as when an old pockie, gouty, craſie Common-wealth begets another, by reaſon of the* mala ſtamina, *or vicious Conception, the Child Common-wealth either comes to an untimely death, or by purging out the ill quality, breaks out into Biles and Scabs:*) *ſome from ſeditious doctrines*; *ſuch as killing a Tyrant is lawful*; *which venom*, ſay you, *I will not doubt to compare to the biting of a mad dog*; (no man in the World would ever have doubted of it:) *which is a Diſeaſe*

Phyſitians

Phyſitians call Hydrophobia *or fear of water: for as he that is ſo bitten, has a continual torment of thirſt, and yet abhorreth water; and is in ſuch an eſtate as if the poyſon endeavour'd to convert him into a dog;* (in a ſtill night, you may hear one, ſo converted, bark almoſt from *Dover* to *Calis*:) *ſo when a Monarchy is once bitten to the quick, by thoſe democratical Writers* (and the teeth of time) *that continually ſnarl at the eſtate; it wanteth nothing more than a ſtrong Monarch, which nevertheleſs out of a certain* Tyrannophobia, *or fear of being ſtrongly governed, when they have him, they abhor: ſuch likewiſe is the opinion of thoſe that hold there may be two Authorities in the ſame Common-wealth, Temporal, and Spiritual; which diſeaſe,* ſay you, *not unfitly may be compar'd* (it fits to a Cows thumb) *to the Epilepſie, or falling ſickneſs (which the Jews took to be one kind of poſſeſſion by ſpirits) in the body natural. For as in this Diſeaſe, there is an unnatural Spirit, or wind in the head*

that

that obſtructeth the roots of the nerves, and moving them violently, taketh away the motion which naturally they ſhould have from the power of the Soul in the brain, and thereby cauſeth violent and irregular motions (which men call Convulſions) in the parts; inſomuch that he that is ſeiſed therewith, falleth down ſometimes into the water, and ſometimes into the fire, as a man depriv'd of his ſenſes; (a very good lecture upon the Epilepſie:) *ſo alſo in the body Politick, when the ſpiritual and windy power, moveth the members of a Commonwealth, by the terrour of puniſhments, and hope of rewards (which are the nerves of it,) otherwiſe than by the civil power (which is the ſoul of the Commonwealth) they ought to be moved;* (this ſtill is pure Mathematicks) *and by ſtrange, and hard words ſuffocates their underſtanding, it muſt needs thereby diſtract the people, and either overwhelm the Commonwealth with oppreſſion, or caſt it into the fire of a civil war.*

Phi.

Phi. What no end yet?

Tim. Such again, ſay you, *is the opinion of thoſe that are for mixt government: making the power of levying money, which is the nutritive faculty of a Common-wealth* (that is ſuppoſing blood nouriſhes; for if it don't money is clearly cut out:) *run one way: the power of conduct and command, which is the motive faculty* (that's well enough, becauſe conduct and command is perform'd by the motion of legs and lips:) *run another way: and the power of making laws, which is the rational faculty* (that's well enough alſo; becauſe of law and reaſon:) *a third way: which irregularity of a Common-wealth to what Diſeaſe*, ſay you, *in the natural body of man, I may exactly compare it, I know not*: this is the firſt time that *Philautus* has been at a loſs; but ſo hoo! *I have ſeen a man, that had another man growing out of his ſide, with an head, arms, breaſt, and ſtomach of his own: if*, ſay you, *he had had another growing out of his other ſide, the*

the comparison might then have been exact: (if I meet with the man, I'll speak to him, to hire another man to grow out of t'other side; and if that be once done, goodnight *Parliament* for this *October*, and for ever after:)

Phi. Nor yet?

Tim. When I also read that *want of money, especially in the approach of War, may very aptly be compar'd to an Ague*; (now for as long a Lecture upon an Ague, as we had before upon the Falling-Sickness:) *wherein the fleshy parts being congealed, or by venomous matter obstructed; the veins which by their natural course empty themselves into the heart, are not (as they ought to be) supplyed from the arteries, whereby there succeedeth first a cold contraction and trembling of the limbs*; (a very pretty Hypothesis for an Ague:) *and afterwards a hot and strong endeavour of the heart, to force a passage for the blood; and before it can do that, contenteth it self with the small refreshments of such*

things as cool for a time; (a Julap from a Banker:) *till* (*if nature be ſtrong enough*) *it break at laſt the contumacy of the parts obſtructed* ('tis a little obſcure, but the Devil they ſay is in an Ague:) *and diſſipateth the venom into ſweat*; (through the ſieve, or ſcummer of the ſkin:) *or* (*if nature be too weak*) *the patient dyeth*. Ting, tong: ting, tong:

Phi. Then never.

Tim. And that *Monopolies and abuſes of Publicans are the Pleuriſie of the Common-wealth. For as the blood*, ſay you, *in a Pleuriſie, getting into the membrane of the breaſt, breedeth there an inflammation, accompanied with a Feaver and painful ſtitches:* ſo ſay I and you together, *money the blood of the body politick, getting in too much abundance into* the membranaceous Purſes, and Coffers of Publicans, and Farmers of publick revenue; by inflammation, doth diſtend the Purſe-ſtrings, and make the ſides of the Coffers to ſob and groan: and that *the popularity of a potent ſubject*

ject is like Witch-craft: (though, with *Philautus*, there be no such thing, yet for a need that will serve for a Disease too:) and that *too great a number of corporations; which are as it were many lesser Common-wealths in the bowells of a greater;* (that now is a notion) *are like worms in the entrails of a natural man: but that disputers against absolute power, are not like those belly worms in general; but like those little worms which Physitians call Ascarides.*

Phi. I thought nothing had been infinite:

Tim. And when I meditate---

Phi. What, more mumping still?

Tim. I say when I meditate, upon those four accounts (*de Cive*, *p.*123.) for which, the spaces between the times of the subjects meeting, under a *Temporary Monarch*, elected by the people, may be fitly compar'd to those times, wherein an *absolute Monarch*, who hath no Heir Apparent, sleeps; with the introduction thereunto, *viz. to dissolve the Convent, so as it*

cannot meet again, is the death of the people; just as sleeping, so as he can never wake more, is the death of a man; (yes indeed I believe it may prove his death, if he don't use some speedy means:) *as therefore*, say you, *a King, who hath no Heir, going to his rest, so as never to rise again* (*i. e.*) *dying* (a very pretty notion of death: 'tis a going to rest, so as never to rise again) *if he commit the exercise of his regal authority to any one till he awake, does by consequence give him the succession. So the people electing a Temporary Monarch, and not reserving a power to convene delivers up to him the whole dominion of the Country. Furthermore, as a King going to sleep for some season, entrusts the administration of his Kingdom to some other* (he can't surely govern much, when he's asleep) *and waking takes it again;* (that is, if no body has broken up the doors, and stole away the *Kingdom*; for if so, he may take another nap:) *So the people, &c. and as a King who hath committed the execution of his*

Authority

Authority to another, himſelf in the mean while waking can recal this Commiſſion again when he pleaſeth: (or elſe he has given out a very large one:) *ſo the people, &c. Laſtly, As the King who commits his authority to another while himſelf ſleeps, not being able to wake again, till he whom he entruſted give conſent*; (ſuch a temptation as this would make ſome Truſtees to walk as light as a Chambermaid) *loſes at once both his power and his life*; *ſo the people, &c.* and when I conſider ---

Phi. And when I conſider, that this ſentence may laſt till to morrow this time, I ſhall take my leave ---

Tim. By no means, Sir; for I ſay, when I conſider thoſe fourteen elegant compariſons, between the *Papacy*, or *Kingdom of darkneſs*, and the *Kingdom of Fairies*; (with which you conclude your *Leviathan*) viz. *the Kingdom of Fairies ſprung from old Wives Fables, concerning Ghoſts and Spirits, that play feats in the night: and what is the Hierarchy of*

Rome, *but the Ghoſt of the deceaſed Roman Empire, ſtarting up from the ruines of that Heathen Power.* There's Ghoſt for Ghoſt already: A ſecond Ghoſtlineſs they agree in is, that *the Papiſts uſe in their devotions the Latin language: and what, I pray, is Latin but the Ghoſt of the old Roman language, walking up and down* Calepine, Cooper, Goldman, *and ſuch like enchanted places? Thirdly, The Fairies have got but one Univerſal King, call'd King* Oberon: *the Eccleſiaſticks have got a King Pope, that ſhall play, in the night, at puſh-pin with their King* Oberon. *Fourthly, The Fairies are Spirits and Ghoſts: Eccleſiaſticks outdo 'em there; for they are ſpiritual men and Ghoſtly Fathers. Fifthly, Fairies and Ghoſts inhabit darkneſs, ſolitudes, and graves:* Nay, if you be good at that, we can be as private as you: for, *Eccleſiaſticks walk in obſcurity of doctrine, in Monaſteries, Churches, Church-Yards,* and dark colour'd Cloths. *Sixthly, The Fairies have their enchanted Caſtles and certain*

Gigantine

Gigantine Ghoſts, that domineer over the Regions round about them: ſay you ſo? we can fit you there too: *clap but a Gigantick Pontificial Clergyman upon the top of his Cathedral; and he looks over all the little Parochials, juſt as the Devil look'd over* Lincoln: *Seventhly, The Fairies can never be arreſted or ſued, though they ſteal Garters, Shoo-ſtrings, Pin-Cuſhions, &c.* and, if the *Eccleſiaſticks* be not as ſly I am much miſtaken: *for no ſooner do you call 'em to appear before the viſible Tribunal of civil juſtice, but they preſently vaniſh into their Ghoſtly Courts: Eightly, The Fairies are ſaid to take young Children out of their Cradles, and to change them into natural Fools or Elves;* the *Eccleſiaſticks* are old Dogs at that; *for they take young men out of the Cradle of reaſon, and lay them upon the hurdle of hard words, Metaphyſicks, and Miracles. Ninthly, The Shop or Operatory of the Fairies is not as yet determin'd:* there we get ground; for *the operatories of the Clergy are*

well enough known to be the Univerſities: Tenthly, When the Fairies are diſpleas'd with any body, they are ſaid to ſend their Elves to pinch them; the Eccleſiaſticks (I'll warrant you) won't be caſt out at pinching; for *no ſooner does any ſtate diſpleaſe them, but they enchant the elviſh ſuperſtitious ſubjects to pinch their Princes: and ſometimes enchant one Prince to pinch another. Eleventhly, Fairies marry not*; there you get nothing; *neither do Prieſts. Twelfthly, It is ſaid of Fairies that they enter into the Dairies, and Feaſt upon the Cream which they skim from the milk.* The *Eccleſiaſticks* are very good at ſkiming: for *what are the Church lands but the very Cream of Nations skim'd from the Eſtates of ignorant, ſlotten, Gentlemen? Thirteenthly, What kind of money is currant in the Kingdom of Fairies is not recorded in the ſtory*; but with the *Eccleſiaſticks*, all is Fiſh that comes to the Net. *Laſtly, As there is no ſuch thing at all as Fairies, but only in the phanſies of ſilly idle people*; ſo, though it be ſtrongly reported,

ported, yet *there's no ſuch man at all as the Pope; but he's as meer a Phantaſm, as* Beelzebub *the Prince of Phantaſms:*

Phi. And what of all this? here's no concluſion yet.

Tim. No, Sir: but now I conclude, and ſay, that when I find ſuch things as theſe, and a thouſand more ſuch, not in your *Peak* or *Uliſſes*, (for a *Poet* has his priviledges as well as a *Jugler* or *Barber*;) but in your grave and *Philoſophical reckonings* ---

Phi. What then? I hope we are not beginning the ſentence again:

Tim. Then, ſay I, that though *Metaphors, Tropes*, and other *Rhetorical figures be the cauſe of very abſurd concluſions; and therefore muſt not by any means*; no, not by any means, *be admitted in reckoning and ſeeking of truth*; and though again (as you have it *Lev. p.* 21.) *the light of humane minds is perſpicuous words, but by exact definitions firſt ſnuffed and purged from ambiguity*; *Reaſon is the pace*; *Encreaſe of Science, the way*; *and*

and the benefit of mankind the end. And on the contrary, Metaphors, and ſenſeleſs and ambiguous words, are like ignes fatui; *and reaſoning upon them, is wandering amongſt innumerable abſurdities; and their end, contention, and ſedition or contempt;* Yet *Philautus* himſelf (as great a reckoner, and ſtickler for truth as he would ſeem to be;) when 'tis for his tooth, can ſmack his lips at an *Anchovy*, as lowd as a Coach-whip. And now I have done.

Phi. In good time indeed! and what, *Tim*, is there no difference to be made between the *Rhetorick* which is all flaſh and froth; and ſuch as drives at *notion*, and carries that which is weighty and *conſiderable* at the bottom?

Tim. O, Sir, a very great difference: becauſe you have found out a very peculiar way of making your ſelf and your Writings conſiderable, which no body elſe ever thought of.

Phi. I am conſiderable for the ſake of my *works*; and my *works* are conſiderable

ſiderable for their own ſakes, and mine together. I know no other way of being conſiderable.

Tim. This way, Sir, is very troubleſom: a man muſt write well, and meditate much to become thus conſiderable: there's a much eaſier way, than this, Sir.

Phi. How ſo prethee?

Tim. Get ſome body to write againſt ſome *Book* of yours; and let the title of it be *Philautus conſidered*; and before the ink be dry, you'll become as conſiderable, as the Houſe of *Auſtria*.

Phi. Thou art a moſt arch wag, *Tim*: here take a Plum. *Philautus conſider'd*, and therefore *Philautus* is conſiderable! or an accompt of *Philautus*, therefore *Philautus* is of accompt. May not *Tom Thumb*, or *Tom* of *Odcomb* be made conſiderable after this manner?

Tim. Yes, Sir; and ſo may *Tom* of *Malmesbury* too; having in the 51. *page* of his Letter to Dr. *Wallis* tryed the experiment upon himſelf. Where,

the

the *Doctor* looking upon you as one to be pitty'd or contemn'd rather than medled withal; Piſh, ſay you; *the egregious Profeſſor is a Fool for that: for if Mr.* Hobbs *be not a conſiderable perſon, how came he to entitle the beginning of his Book, Mr.* Hobbs *conſider'd?* now whether this be *Wit*, or *Mathematicks* I know not: but one of them I am ſure 'tis. For *Philautus* is a man that plays at nothing leſs; deſpiſing all the middle regions of knowledge.

Phi. Well done, *Tim*: ſpecially well done: for it is not above ſix or ſeven years agone, or thereabouts, ſince I wrote a *Book* call'd, *contra faſtum profeſſorum Geometriæ*: wherein I have plainly ſhewn, that *there is full out as great uncertainty, and as many cheats, errors and falſehoods in the writings of Mathematicians, as in the writings of other kind of ordinary Philoſophers.*

Tim. This Dr. *Wallis* is a moſt wicked and pernicious Creature; a man of the moſt rural language, and abſurd

abſurd reaſoning that ever ſpoke or writ.

Phi I know that well enough: but what makes you ſay ſo?

Tim. Becauſe, till he took you to taſk for your *Geometry*, and ſhew'd you to be no *Mathematician*; *Mathematicks* (as 'tis ſaid in another caſe) was *the very ſmile of nature, the gloſs of the World, the varniſh of the Creation, a bright paraphraſe upon bodies; whether it diſcovered it ſelf in the morning bluſh of computation in general, call'd Logick; or open'd its fair and virgin eye-lids in the dawning of the computation of mens duties, call'd Ethicks; or whether it darted forth its more vigorous and ſprightful beams in the noon day of motion call'd Phyſicks. However 'twas the firſt born of corporeal beings, the Lady and Queen of ſenſitive beauties, the clarifier and refiner of the Chaos*, &c. but, immediately after the *Doctor* put forth his *Elenchus Hobbianæ Geometriæ*; one would wonder to ſee how the price of Olives fell. Alas!

before

before that ſcurvy *Book* came forth, *Philautus* ſometimes could not get above three or four lines into an *Epiſtle dedicatory*, but he muſt be ſlabbering over his dear *Mis*, his ſweet and honey *Mathematicks*: (but poor *Aurelia* is now grown old:) Hum: nat: my moſt honour'd Lord, *from the moſt principal parts of nature, reaſon, and paſſion, have proceeded two kinds of learning, Mathematical, and dogmatical: as for Mathematical, 'tis free from controverſie and diſpute, &c. but in the other there is nothing undiſputable.* Sometimes *Philautus* diſſembles his love, and goes a little further into the *Epiſtle*, before he falls aboard. *Ep. Ded. de Cive. Were the nature of humane actions as diſtinctly known, as the nature of quantity in Geometrical figures, the ſtrength of avarice and ambition, which is ſuſtain'd by the erroneous opinions of the vulgar, as touching the nature of right and wrong, would preſently faint, and languiſh; and mankind ſhould enjoy ſuch an immortal peace, that*

(unleſs

(unleſs it were for habitation, on ſuppoſition that the earth ſhould grow too narrow for her inhabitants) there would hardly be left any pretence for War. There would be brave *Mathematical* days! ſuch an immortal Peace, that there would be neither War, nor pretence for War. And all becauſe of *Mathematicks*. *For*, ſay you, *in another place* (Lev. p. 50.) *the doctrine of right and wrong is perpetually diſputed by the Pen and Sword: whereas the doctrine of lines and figures is not ſo.*

Phi. Why is it?

Tim. Not much till you pretended to the *Mathematicks*. But yet they are never the more free from diſpute for your reaſon, *viz. becauſe men care not in that ſubject, what be truth, as a thing that croſſes no mans ambition, profit, or luſt:* (ah! woe's me; woe's me: for *Philautus*, upon my word, has cared very much ever ſince his *Mathematical* Girl gave him a clap from *Oxford*:) *for I doubt not, but if it had been a thing contrary to*

any

any mans right of dominion, or to the intereſt of men that have dominion, that the three Angles of a Triangle ſhould be equal to two Angles of a Square; that doctrine ſhould have been, if not diſputed, yet by the burning of all Books of Geometry, ſuppreſſed as far as he whom it concerned was able.

Phi. Why, don't you think, *Tim*, if the foremention'd property of a *Triangle* ſhould prove injurious to a Common-wealth, but that thoſe who have the ſupream Authority would call a meeting, and take ſome ſpeedy care about it.

Tim. Care about it, Sir? they'd have a Seſſion purpoſely, not only to turn out all *Triangles* out of Office, and places of truſt and ſtrength; but to baniſh them forthwith five miles from any Corporation.

Phi. I ſay again (as I ſaid, in the 2*d. page* of the *Epiſtle Dedicatory* to my Humane nature;) that *the reaſon why Mathematicks, or that part of learning which conſiſt in comparing of motion and figure, is free from contro-*

verſie

verſie and diſpute; is becauſe there's nothing in that Science againſt a mans intereſt: i. e. *there's nothing that croſſes a mans ambition, profit, or luſt.*

Tim. Fie, fie! don't ſay it o're again, *Philautus:* you had better ſay you were at that time a little too much in love with the *Mathematicks:* and, you know, in that condition, a man may be ſomewhat abated as for ſpeaking reaſon. And therefore if I were you I'd chuſe to have it go for a ſudden pang, rapture, or any thing elſe rather than ſenſe: for you can't but have read, *Philautus*, what a World of Pens have been drawn and blunted in the great quarrels and Wars that have been about *blazing Stars, ſolid Orbs, the motion of the Earth*, and ſuch like points: and yet I don't remember that *Copernicus* or his Doctrine did ever whiſk away any mans *Titles* of *honour*, or ran away with his *Eſtate* into another Country, or chous'd him of his *Miſtreſs*. And therefore don't let us

talk any more of this, *Philautus*: for without doubt, when you writ thoſe two places, you had had a ſad night on't, and been in a moſt ſtrong fit of the *Mathematicks*.

Phi. So, ſo: this is well: it ſeems then to thee, *Tim*, that my Book *contra Geometras*, or *contra faſtum*, *&c.* does contradict what I formerly ſaid of the *Mathematicks*, and *Geometry*. Therefore, prethee, do ſo much as anſwer me one queſtion. What's the difference between *Geometria* and *Geometra*? they both end in a; and therefore have a care of being out.

Tim. The firſt, Sir, I take for the *Science* it ſelf; the latter for him that is, or pretends to be a *Maſter* of it.

Phi. Now, *Tim*, do but conſider my firſt four lines *contra faſtum*, *&c.* viz. *Contra Geometras (amice Lector) non contra Geometriam hæc ſcribo. Artem ipſam, artium navigandi, ædificandi, pingendi, computandi, & deniq; (ſcientiæ omnium nobiliſſimæ) Phyſicæ matrem, æquè ac qui maximè,*

laudibus

laudibus extollendam cenſeo. Do you ſee, *Tim*, how horribly you are miſtaken? 'tis not againſt the *Science* of *Geometry*, or *Geometry* it ſelf that I write: for without doubt *Geometry* it ſelf is an abſolute *Science*, and being a *Science* ---

Tim. Yes: and being a Science, 'tis certainly a Science: but what then do you write againſt?

Phi. What do I write againſt? I write againſt the *Authors*; the ſilly, negligent, ſloathful *Authors*; that are as full of errours, as a Beggar is of lice: the proud, haughty, ſupercilious *Authors*; who if they can but raiſe, or let fall a *perpendicular*, think there's no certain knowledge without rule and compaſſes: I ſay, I write againſt theſe; who always were, and are, and (if I live) ſhall be as much cheated, and gull'd and ſopt, as any men in the World.

Tim. But have you not, *Philautus*, ſeveral Seats and Pews to place theſe *Authors* in? methinks, thoſe ſame malicious Raſkals, that anſwer *Books*,

and won't let Circles be ſquar'd, ought to be ſet in the Bellfry: for they are much more ſcabby, and lowſie than the reſt.

Phi. I deny not but there may be ſome mean *Eccleſiaſtical* wretches, that may pretend to *Mathematicks*: but my deſign, *Tim*, is not to take down the Creſt of this or that ſmall, pedantick *Geometer*; but I flie at the whole Covy: *Geometrarum totam invado nationem*; as I have it in my Dedication: and again *p.* 5. *ipſa aggredior principia, & interdum etiam demonſtrationes. Pro Geometris autem omnibus oppugnabo Euclidem, qui omnium Geometrarum magiſter exiſtimatur, & interpretem ejus omnium optimum Clavium.* Becauſe they make ſuch boaſting of him, I ſet upon their great Flag-man, *Euclid* himſelf; and his Vice-Admiral *Clavius*.

Tim. For my life, I can't get it out of my mind, but that the price of Olives is certainly faln. For, till about the year 56. *Philautus* did not only think that *Geometry*, or the *Lady* her

her ſelf was the beauty and Cream of the Creation; but that the very *men*, the two-legg'd *men* that ſtudied and admir'd her, were the moſt careful, the wiſeſt, and moſt happy people that ever open'd Book. And, I am confident, that had not *Philautus* himſelf been a little diſappointed in ſome of his Writings, by this time (had he believ'd any ſuch things) they'd have proved all *Angels*.

Phi. Never did I intend any ſuch thing at all: for whatever I have written to the honour and commendation of *Geometry*; 'twas (as I ſaid before) *Geometry* it ſelf that I always meant, not thoſe phantaſtical, conceited people that ignorantly profeſs it.

Tim. If this, *Philautus*, was always your opinion, in my mind you have a very crafty ſtile. For ſuppoſe one ſhould take up your *Book de Cive*---

Phi. Then, do I ſay, that he has taken up one of the beſt *Books* that ever was written in the whole World: for, though I ſay it my ſelf (as I do

in the 7th page of my Letter to Dr. *W.*) *never was any Book more magnified beyond the Seas; and therefore,* as I my ſelf ſay again (ſix Leſs p. 56.) *in French it carries the Title of Ethicks demonſtrated:*

Tim. Very modeſt: 'tis pity any body ſhould ſay ſo, but ones ſelf: now, Sir, if you pleaſe to let this ſame honeſt Gentleman read the ſeventh page of your *Epiſtle Dedicatory*, he'll find theſe words. *And truly the Geometricians have very admirably performed their part.* (do you ſee, Sir, they are the two legg'd *Geometricians* that have done the feat:) *for whatſoever aſſiſtance doth accrew to the life of man, whether from the obſervation of the Heavens, or from the deſcription of the Earth, from the notation of times, or from the remoteſt experiments of navigation; finally, whatſoever they are in which this preſent age doth differ from the rude ſimpleneſs of antiquity, we muſt acknowledge to be a debt which we owe meerly to Geometry.*

Phi.

Phi. Now, *Tim*, let me aſk thee one thing: whether is a mans mind beſt to be gheſs'd at from the beginning of a ſentence or end of it? don't I conclude and ſay, that all thoſe fine things are owing to *Geometry* it ſelf, and (to keep out the pragmatical *Geometricians*) don't I ſay beſides, *meerly to Geometry?*

Tim. *Meerly* may do excellent ſervice now, to hedge out the *Geometricians*; but when you writ that *Book*, you deſign'd no ſuch thing.

Phi. How can you tell what I deſign'd?

Tim. Very well: becauſe you tell us your ſelf, in the words immediately following this great encomium of *Geometry*. viz. *if*, ſay you, *the moral Philoſophers had as happily diſcharged their duty*, &c. As what? as *Geometry* it ſelf? *Geometry* it ſelf was never upon duty; and knows no more how to diſcharge any duty, than to diſcharge a Muſket. No, no, I am confident, *Philautus*, it muſt be the huffing and pragmatical *Geometrici-*

ans, that you then meant. But however you need not be at all concerned about it; for neither *Geometry*, nor the *Geometricians* can ever ſue you, for thoſe commendations; becauſe you have in print revoked the whole ſentence. And in law, you know, the laſt *Will* always voids the former.

Phi. I revoke in print? I have made many of my Adverſaries to pull in their Horns, and hang their Ears: but never ſaid any thing ſo haſtily my ſelf, as to recant, or repent of it.

Tim. How it came about, I know not: (perhaps *Poetry* might ſend you a Baſket of Chickens;) but all that ſame *obſervation of the Heavens*, *the deſcription of the Earth*, and the reſt of that rich treaſure, and furniture which about 47. you gave to *Geometry*, in the year 50. you bequeath'd it all to *Poetry*; juſt as it ſtood, ſilk Curtains and all.

Phi. To Poetry? that's very like *Geometry* indeed!

Tim. Yes to *Poetry*: you ſhall hear it Sir: 'tis an excellent ſentence, and may

may do afterwards for *Grammar*; upon condition 'twill be towardly, and promiſe to be guided by the Precepts of true Philoſophy. *Whatſoever commodity men receive from the obſervation of the Heavens, from the deſcription of the Earth, from the account of time, from walking on the Seas; and whatſoever diſtinguiſheth the civility of* Europe *from the barbarity of the* American *Salvages, is the Workmanſhip of fancy but guided by the Precepts of true Philoſophy.*

Phi. But where's *Poetry* all this while?

Tim. Here's *fancy*; and that's as well, Sir.

Phi. But how do you know, that by fancy I muſt needs mean the fancy of a *Poet*; and not that of a *Geometrician?* and again how do you know but that by *Philoſophy*, I meant particularly *Geometry.*

Tim. I'll tell you, Sir, how I came to diſcover theſe two great ſecrets. The ſentence I juſt now mention'd is in the 132. *page* of your Anſwer to

Sir

Sir *William Davenant's Preface* before *Gondibert*: which anſwer is ſo richly fraight with the Hiſtory, nature and laws of *Poetry*, that I am more than pretty well aſſur'd, that by fancy you could not eaſily mean that of a *Geometrician*. And that by *Philoſophy* likewiſe you meant not particularly *Geometry*, but *Philoſophy* in general, I am as well aſſur'd; becauſe in the very next words you adviſe *Poets*, to be well ſkill'd in the true doctrine of *moral vertue*; (*that in their Heroick Poems they may exhibite a venerable and amiable image of Heroick vertue*) and (a little after) *to conſult the poſſibility of nature*; *and not to talk of their impenetrable armours, inchanted Caſtles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying Horſes, and a thouſand other ſuch things which* (as you ſay) *are eaſily feign'd by them that dare.* But, now I think on't, why am I ſo mad as to trouble my ſelf about this? 'tis better by half for me to let all paſs for *Geometry*; for then have I two moſt tearing ſentences

tences in praiſe of the *Geometricians*: for, as for Geometry it ſelf giving any precepts for the guidance of the fancy, ſhe is ſo modeſt and mealy-mouth'd, that I'll truſt her for doing any ſuch thing; unleſs ſhe make uſe of the pen, or mouth of ſome Cuckoldy *Geometrician*.

Phi. You may catch, and carp, and wreſt *Tim*, as long as you will: but you'l never be able to find any one place, wherein I do abſolutely and poſitively affirm, that the Writings of *Geometricians* do any ways tranſcend the Writings of other men.

Tim. Abſolutely and poſitively affirm! that truly may be ſomewhat difficult. That is, you'd have me, I ſuppoſe, ſhew you ſome ſuch place as this, *viz.* "Whereas I *Thomas*, the "great *Mathematician* and Philoſo-"pher of *Malmesbury*; having, for "ten years together, taken all oc-"caſions to magnifie the labours, and "admire the ſucceſs of the *Geome-*"*tricians* in their ſeveral underta-"kings above all other Writers:

"do

"do now publickly declare to all "the World, that by *Geometricians*, "I meant *Geometricians*. In witneſs "whereof I have ſet my hand and "ſeal in the preſence of *&c.* Such a place as this I don't know, on a ſudden, where to find: but ſetting aſide the ſolemnity of ſuch an acknowledgement, I don't know any thing that ever was more plainly expreſs'd, than what you have in many places ſaid to the vaſt credit of *Geometricians* themſelves. But now they are all *Canniballs* and *Cuckolds*. Let but any body read the 15. *page* of your *Leviathan*.

Phi. So he may, if he will: 'twill do him good at the heart; that or any other page.

Tim. For all that you'd give money to buy it out of your *Book*.

Phi. I won't part with any one line of any *Book* that I ever writ, in my whole life, for all the money you can offer.

Tim. You ſhall keep it then, Sir: *the only way*, ſay you, *to become truly wiſe*,

wiſe, and to avoid falſe and ſenſeleſs texts, is to order words aright: that is, to determine what every word ſhall ſignifie, and how it is to be placed: which no body has done but the Geometricians.

Phi. Now, I am ſure, I have catch'd thee, *Tim*: for the word *Geometrician* is not in that whole page.

Tim. But there's that which is as like it, as *the Philoſopher of Malmſbury* is like Mr. *Hobbs*. I think I can ſay it juſt as you do. "Seeing then "that truth conſiſteth in the right "ordering of names in our affirma- "tions, a man that ſeeketh preciſe "truth had need to remember what "every name he uſes ſtands for; "and to place it accordingly, or elſe "he will find himſelf entangled in "words, as a Bird in Lime-twigs, the "more he ſtruggles, the more be- "limed. And therefore in *Geometry* "(which is the only Science that it "hath pleaſed God hitherto to be- "ſtow upon mankind) men begin at

"the

"the ſetling the ſignification of their "words; which ſetling of ſignifica- "tions they call definitions, and "place them in the beginning of "their reckonings. Do you mind it, Sir? they are thoſe ſame men, that begin at the ſetling of the ſignification of their words; and they call ſuch ſetling of ſignifications definitions; and (by the bleſſing of *God* upon their extraordinary care and endeavours) the doctrine of lines and figures is ſo accurately performed by them, that that alone as yet deſerves the name of Science.

Phi. I am not bound, *Tim*, to remember every word that I have ſpoken, or writ.

Phi. No, Sir; that would be a moſt unreaſonable burden: and therefore I ſuppoſe when you writ your *contra faſtum, &c.* You might have forgot alſo what you ſaid *Lev. p.* 20. *viz. that of all Creatures none is ſubject to abſurdity but men: and none ſo much as thoſe that profeſs Philoſophy. For it is moſt true that* Cicero

ſaith

ſaith of them ſomewhere; that there can be nothing ſo abſurd, but may be found in the Books of Philoſophers. And why? *becauſe all, but Geometricians, are Sots, Lubbers, and Logger-heads.*

Phi. I am ſure theſe laſt are none of my words.

Tim. Right: but theſe that follow are (which are as good) *and the reaſon*, ſay you, *is manifeſt. For there is not one of them* (and now there's ten thouſand ſince you fail'd in *Geometry*:) *that begins his ratiocination from the definitions, or explications of the names they are to uſe; which is a method that hath been uſed only in Geometry; whoſe concluſions have therefore been made indiſputable.* Do you mind it again, *Philautus*; 'tis not an idle tale of ambition, profit, or luſt; (ſuch as you talk'd of before) that makes the concluſions in *Geometry* to be indiſputable; but 'tis the admireable method, *&c.* which *Geometricians* alone make uſe of?

Phi. I don't ſpeak one word of the method which *Geometricians* uſe; but only

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Phi. I don't ſpeak one word of the method which *Geometricians* uſe; but only

only of that which is us'd in the Science of *Geometry*.

Tim. By whom: by Sow-Gelders or Rat-Catchers? I beſeech you, *Philautus*, don't try at that any more: for you know well enough that *Geometry* her ſelf can't wipe her own noſe according to art; unleſs ſhe borrows a *quadrant* of ſome neighbour. And beſides, I find that you right down affirm, that the *Mathematicians* are the only men, that reaſon methodically; and in a diſcourſe too, where one could not eaſily expect any ſuch thing; (*viz.* in your *Animadverſions* upon *Biſhop Bramhall's Vindication of true Liberty, &c.* p.46.) but only I conſider, *Philautus*, 'twas in the days of your *Amours*; when you took all poſſible occaſion to hook in that venerable eſteem you had of thoſe kind of Writers. *Reaſon teacheth*, ſay you, *and the example of thoſe who only reaſon methodically*, ſay you, *which are the Mathematicians*, ſay you, *that a man when he will demonſtrate the truth of what he is to ſay, muſt*

muſt in the firſt place determine what he will have to be underſtood by his words; which determination is called definition; whereby the ſignifications of his words are ſo clearly ſet down, that there can creep in no ambiguity. Thus 'twas, *Philautus*, for many years together: write about *Humane Nature*, *Ethicks*, *Politicks*, *Liberty* and *Neceſſity*, or any thing elſe, ſtill *Mathematicks* was the word, and the *Mathematicians* were the only white boys. "I know that that part of "Philoſophy wherein are conſidered "lines and figures, has been deli- "vered to us notably improved by "the ancients. I confeſs indeed that "that part of Philoſophy by which "magnitudes and figures are com- "puted is highly improved: the like "advancement I have not obſerved "in the other parts of it, *&c.* Be- "cauſe the Elements of Geometry "having been improved by the beſt "wits of all ages, has afforded grea- "ter plenty of matter than can well "be thruſt together within the nar-

"row limits of this diſcourſe; I
"thought fit to admoniſh the Rea-
"der, that before he proceeds fur-
"ther, he takes into his hands the
"works of *Euclid*, *Archimedes*, *Apol-*
"*lonius* and other as well ancient as
"modern Writers. For to what
"end is it to do over again that
"which is already done? the little
"therefore that I ſhall ſay concern-
"ing Geometry, ſhall be ſuch only
"as is new and conducing to Natu-
"ral Philoſophy.

Phi. But what's all this for? and whence hadſt it, *Tim?*

Tim. All this, Sir, I had out of the *Tranſlator* of your *Book de Corpore*. The firſt place I mention'd is in your *Epiſtle Dedicatory*: the ſecond in the beginning of your *Logick*: and the laſt in the 149. *page* of your *Philoſophy*.

Phi. What is any mechanical *Tranſlator* to me? this Tranſlator, for ought I know, is ſome two-penny *Almanack-maker*: or ſome giddy-headed, conceited *Mathematician*;

who

who had a mind to foiſt into my Works ſome commendations of himſelf, and his own trade.

Tim. I don't think, Sir, that the *Tranſlator* has wrong'd you much; becauſe (in his *Epiſtle* to the *Reader*, he ſays) what he did was view'd, corrected and ordered according to your own mind and pleaſure. But perhaps the noiſe of your own *Latin* may be more delightful to you. *Scio Philoſophiæ partem illam, quæ verſatur circa lineas & figuras traditam nobis eſſe bene cultam à veteribus. Bene cultam!* I promiſe you, that's pretty well for ſuch old Fornicators. *Fateor quidem partem Philoſophiæ eam, in quâ magnitudinum figurarumq; rationes ſupputantur, egregiè cultam eſſe.* Say you ſo: *Egregiè cultam eſſe?* I think they deſerve a largeſs: for by the following words they have wrought very hard. *In reliquis partibus Philoſophiæ ſimilem operam poſitam non vidi, &c.*

Phi. And by the words following thoſe; (*viz. conſilium ineo, quoad potero,*

tero, Philoſophiæ Univerſæ, &c.) others intend to work as hard, and in time to deſerve as well.

Tim. Who do you mean, *Philautus*, you nown dear ſelf?

Phi. "Yes, *Tim*, 'tis I: I my own "ſelf that have advanc'd all parts of "*Philoſophy* to indiſputable and *Ma*-"*thematical* certainty. 'Tis I that "ſet forth the firſt Book that ever "was truly written about *civil Phi*-"*loſophy* (*Epiſt. ded. de corp.*) in reſ-"pect of whom (I mean my ſelf) "*Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle* and the "reſt were meer Chimney-ſweepers, "black pieces of ſuperficial gravity, "Phantaſms and Ghoſts of Philoſo-"phy, and ſerved only to be deri-"ded by *Lucian*. 'Tis I that firſt "ſhew the way (*Lev. p.* 87.) how "to generate a Common-wealth the "great *Leviathan*; or rather (to "ſpeak more reverently) that mor-"tal God, to which we owe under "the immortal God our Peace "and defence: and that have ſent "word to (*Lev. p.* 391.) ſuch as

"govern

"govern Kingdoms, that if either
"they intended to preſerve them-
"ſelves in authority, or to have their
"*Clergy* and *Gentry* preſerved from
"the venom of Heathen Politicians,
"and from the incantation of decei-
"ving Spirits, they ſhould appoint
"that *Book* of mine publickly to be
"taught in the *Univerſities*. 'Tis I
"again that firſt baniſh'd the Hob-
"goblin School-diſtinctions; (*Epiſ.*
"*Ded. de corp.*) and inſtead thereof
"have brought pure light into na-
"tural Philoſophy: (*non pugnando,*
"*ſed diem inſerendo*, as I there have
"it) having firſt diſcovered ſuch a
"principle in the World as *motion*;
"and having out of my many good
"wiſhes for the improvement of Phi-
"loſophy, revealed this great ſecret
"to the lazy backs at *Greſham*. Who
"(as I tell them *Ep. Ded. de nat.*
"*aeris*; and in my Letter to Dr. *W.*
"*p.* 55.) may do very well, if they
"would not ſet their minds wholly
"upon every new gin, and janty de-
"vice that is brought from beyond

" Sea. *Nam conveniant, ſtudia con-*
" *ferant, experimenta faciant quan-*
" *tum volunt, niſi & principiis utan-*
" *tur meis, nihil proficient.* They
" may meet at *Greſham Colledge*, and
" the *Preſident* (which my dear friend
" and *Tranſlator Sorbiere* wittily ob-
" ſerv'd) may knock the table with
" the *wooden hammer*, and the fel-
" lows may lay all their experimen-
" tal noddles together, and they
" may build Furnaces, and buy
" Coals, and grind Spectacles, and
" ſhoot Stars, and kill Cats and Pidg-
" eons; but they'l never be able to
" make ſo much as the tail of a
" Mouſe, unleſs they apply them-
" ſelves to the doctrine of my *mo-*
" *tion*, and ſend for me, who will
" be very ready to help them ſo long
" as they uſe me civilly: for I am at
" a compoſition with nature; and
" ſhe has promis'd to do nothing but
" by *me* and *my motion*. 'Tis I that
" have heard that *Hugenius* and *Eu-*
" *ſtachio Divini* were to be tried by
" their Glaſſes who was moſt ſkillful

" in

" in *Opticks* of the two; but, for
" my part, (Letter to Dr. *W.* p. 54.)
" before I ſet forth my Book *de Ho-*
" *mine*, I never ſaw any thing writ-
" ten of that ſubject intelligibly.
" Laſtly, 'tis I alone (*Ep. Ded. con-*
" *tra faſt. &c.*) that have throughly
" examined and mended the princi-
" ples of *Geometry* it ſelf, and in
" ſpight of all my *Adverſaries* have
" truly ſquar'd the Circle.

Tim. What an excellent thing 'tis for a man to keep a *common place-Book* of his own deſerts: eſpecially if it be made out of his own *works*, and that the *quotations* be ready? there comes, ſuppoſe, a good honeſt fellow to *Philautus*; who having look'd upon his Picture before his Latin Works; and finding there, *en quam Modicè habitat Philoſophia*; tells him that thoſe words, as they may be taken, ſit about him excellently well. Say you ſo, quoth *Philautus*? if any man takes thoſe words in a bad ſenſe, let him be who he will that very man do I take for a Fool. Becauſe

I am not only the beſt *Logician*, the beſt *Moraliſt*, and the beſt *Natural Philoſopher*, but the greateſt *Mathematician* in all *Europe*. As at large I grant it, and acknowledge to my ſelf, in ſeveral places of my ſeveral *Books*, ſuch *Pages*, ſuch *Articles*, and ſuch *Editions*. Neither is there any thing of *Vain-glory* or *ſelf-conceit* in all this; becauſe (quoth *Philautus*) there is not; as I my ſelf have proved it in ſeveral places of my Writings. *For* (to define it ſtrictly) *Vain-glory or ſelf-conceit is a certain idle and wanton form of ſpeech; by which a man, either in the ſhade or in the open Sun, admires himſelf, being not juſtly call'd thereunto.* And that man has very little ſkill in Morality, and the common actions of humane life, that cannot ſee the juſtice of commending a mans ſelf, as well as of any thing elſe, in his own defence. And to ſpeak not only prettily well, but extraordinary well of a mans ſelf if vilified and provoked, is a great inſtance of *Heroick vertue*:

(as

(as I have at large proved it, both in my ſix Leſſons, *p.* 56. and in my Letter to Dr. *W. p.* 57.) and he that neglects that piece of juſtice towards himſelf is a moſt puſillanimous ſneaker; and (for ought I know) neglects a duty as great, as any of thoſe that belong to the Clergy-mens two *Tables*. And thus it happen'd when I firſt put out my *Book de Cive*: ſome ſnarled at this, ſome looked aſkew upon that, and ſome found fault with the whole. But I being well acquainted with the value of my ſelf; (keeping always by me a Regiſter of my own deſerts:) and being well ſkill'd in the greateſt actions of humane life, preſently did my ſelf juſtice, and ſtraighten'd all. For (as was ſaid before) I printed a Book a little after, wherein I told my ſelf, and the *Earl* of *Devonſhire*, that *my Book de Cive was not meerly the beſt, but the only Book that ever was written of that ſubject*. And then, I pray, what became of my abſurd and rural detractors? So again, there was a

ſmall

ſmall pragmatical *Cypherer* (*he was one of the reſemblance of Divines:*) went and reported that I had committed ſome great miſtakes in the very principles of *Geometry*. That fellow, ſay I, ſhall preſently be made a Fool of; and forthwith I call to my principal moral vertue *ſelf juſtice*, to rally together all the famous things that have been ſpoken concerning me; (now, there's no ſelf conceit in this, it being other peoples conceit of me, not my conceit of my ſelf:) *I know a paſſage* (Letter to Dr. *W. p.* 52.) *in an Epiſtle written by a learned French man to an eminent perſon in* France; *wherein I am reckon'd amongſt the* Galilæo's *the* Des Carteſes, *the* Bacons *and the* Gaſſendi's: *and 'tis generally believed that ſome of theſe were no inconſiderable Mathematicians* (eſpecially *Des Cartes*) and I am ſure in the *Epiſtle* my name ſtands immediately after his. But if any body ſhould queſtion the truth of this teſtimony, it being foraign, I am ſure it cannot be denyed

(though

(though my name is not to the Book) but that I give this following teſtimony of my ſelf (*Lux Mathem. p.* 36, 37) *viz. Hobbeſius extrà legitur, intelligitur, laudatur: Hobbeſii inventa tum in Geometriâ tum in Phyſicâ multa, nova, excelſa, clara, utilia ſunt: imo talia, ut nec ætas prior majora vidit, nec (quantum conjicio) futura confutabit aut extinguet.* O brave *Arthur* of *Bradley*! now they are meer Aſſes that think any of this oſtentation; it being only to vex and confound my Back-biters. Oh how the Raſkals do pine and fret, when I let go the great conſciouſneſs of my own worth upon my ſelf! In ſhort, they may talk and write what they will; but if I don't commend my ſelf much faſter, than they can poſſibly ever diſcommend me, then will I give in, and patiently ſubmit to their ſcurrilous, and clowniſh contumelies. But notwithſtanding all this that you have now ſaid for your ſelf, or I for you; I have a very great ſuſpition of one thing---

Phi.

Phi. What's that, *Tim?*

Tim. That though to praiſe a mans ſelf, in order to the vexation of his Enemies be a very pretty divertiſement; and moſt undoubtedly a moral vertue; yet this will not fully reconcile you to your ſelf in the caſe of the *Mathematicks.*

Phi. Why not?

Tim. You muſt hear the laſt place which I promis'd to repeat to you, concerning your former opinion of the *Mathematicians*; and you will then perhaps perceive ſomewhat. *Quoniam autem* (de Corp. p. 106.) *pars iſta Philoſophiæ* (*Geometriæ*) *ab excellentiſſimis omnium temporum ingeniis exculta* (we had *benè culta*, and *egregiè* before; now 'tis got to *exculta*:) *uberiorem tulit ſegetem, quam ut in anguſtias propoſiti operis noſtri contrudi poſſit; Lectorem ad hunc locum accedentem admonendum eſſe cenſui,* ('twas then very good advice, and ſo 'tis ſtill for all your *contra faſtum, &c.*) *ut Euclidis, Archimedis, Apollonii, aliorumq; tum antiquorum*

quorum tum recentiorum ſcripta in manus ſumat. Quorſum enim actum agere? ego vero de rebus Geometricis pauca tantum & nova & ea præſertim quæ Phyſicæ inſerviunt proximis aliquot capitibus dicturus ſum.

Phi. Now what do you make of all this?

Tim. Oh Sir! of that ſame *excellentiſſimis omnium temporum ingeniis exculta, &c.* I make very much: *viz.* that when you writ that ſame *Book de corpore*, you were ſo fully ſatisfied with what the man *Euclid*, the man *Archimedes* and the man *Apollonius* had done; (who were not three Sciences, but *tres ſubſtantes viri* in *Geometry*) that you did then think that there was nothing to be ſaid againſt them; nor, as far as they had gone, any thing to be altered. *Quorſum enim actum agere?* ay *quorſum* indeed: *ego tantum nova & pauca, &c.* but now, *Philautus*, they are all Scoundrels, Hedg-hogs, and Caterpillars; not knowing ſo much as what a point is, or what a line is, or what

what ſuperficies is, or what an angle is nor any thing elſe: nay you don't certainly know (*non videtur Propoſitio illa univerſaliter vera*, ſay you, *ſed dubitans nil pronuncio*) but the famous 47*th* Propoſition it ſelf may be falſe? ſo that I am afraid that the Gods muſt reſtore to *Pythagoras* all the Bullocks they have received for that Propoſition. Now, I'll tell you, *Philautus*, how all this came about.--'twas juſt ſo: really 'twas.

Phi. Really 'twas, *Tim?* thou art really an Owl. 'Twas juſt ſo? how ſo was it?

Tim. You know, *Philautus*, you have written a *Poem* upon the *Peak*: and upon *Ulyſſes*.

Phi. Well.

Tim. Now I am very confident, that were thoſe *verſes*, as capable of being confuted, as your *Mathematicks* are, and have been; if need were (as was ſaid before about *Logick*) we ſhould preſently have a *Book* out *contra Faſtum Pecci*, & *Ulyſſis*: wherein it ſhould be proved that

that there never was any ſuch place as the *Peak*; nor any ſuch man as *Ulyſſes*; but that the one was a ſtanding *Phantaſm* in *Derbyſhire*; 'tother was a *Phantaſm* that *travel'd*.

Phi. And how do you apply this to *Mathematicks*.

Tim. I'll tell you two ſayings of your own; and then you may apply your ſelf. The one is *Lev. p.* 21. *viz. who is ſo ſtupid as both to miſtake in Geometry, and alſo to perſiſt in it, when another detects his error to him?* the other is *Ep. Ded. Hum. nat. viz. as oft as reaſon is againſt a man, ſo oft will a man be againſt reaſon.*

Phi. I meant that, *Tim*, only of other people: for I my ſelf never forſook reaſon in my whole life; and therefore, ſuppoſe, I ſhould grant that in former times I might ſpeak a little too warmly in praiſe of the *Geometricians*: am I, *Tim*, oblig'd to be always of the ſame mind; when I had ſo many good reaſons to alter it?

Tim. Now, *Philautus*, you ſay ſomewhat

ſomewhat indeed: if you had had any reaſons to do ſo. But you never had any, nor are ever likely to have any. But only according as you have been bitten by the *Doctor*, and the *teeth of time*; ſo your diſtemper has conſtantly increas'd; and thereupon you invent new exceptions, and ſeek out new places of refuge. For it is very evident, that when you were firſt taken ill; 'twas a meer plain *Walliſiophobia*: but the *Doctor* getting deeper and deeper into you; 'tis heighten'd now into a moſt abſolute *Euclidophobia*: which is a Diſeaſe almoſt as ill as that ſame *Tyrannophobia* you ſpoke of before. And I am very much afraid if the reſt of your *Writings* were as ſtrictly examin'd, as your *Mathematicks* have been; that at laſt it may come to a perfect *Philoſophophobia*; which is the moſt dreadful howling Diſeaſe that can poſſibly befal a man: ten thouſand *Scepticks* don't make half ſuch a noiſe, as one man that has got the *Philoſophophobia*. Therefore I pray,

Sir,

Sir, have a care of it: for really I look upon you to be a going that way. And I perceive you your ſelf are not without ſome apprehenſions of danger; by what you ſay in your *Epiſtle Dedicatory* to your *contra Faſtum, &c. For a certain*, ſay you, *either I am ſtark mad, or all the Geometricians are ſo: for I differ from them all.* Remember that, Sir; and, as I ſaid, be careful of your ſelf: for I believe, as for their parts, they all hold pretty ſound as yet.

Phi. Sound? Yes, ſo is a Tub with twenty great holes at the bottom. Their principles are all falſe; their demonſtrations are many of them falſe; (and therefore you are likely to have a good reckoning:) as I have evidently made it out by moſt ſolid reaſons.

Tim. I wiſh, Sir, you'd tell me where thoſe ſame ſolid reaſons lie. For I can find nothing but only ſome *Grammatical, Metaphyſical* ſmall-ſhot: ſuch as you formerly diſcharg'd at the *Doctor*, when you and *Mathema-*

ticks firſt fell out. 'Tother day, *Philautus*, I look'd upon a Book of yours, called *Examinatio & emendatio Mathematicæ hodiernæ*; a very good Title: ſurely, think I, we ſhall have ſome notable Reformation. But reading on I found *qualis explicatur in Libris Johannis Walliſii*. Whenever I ſaw that ſame *qualis &c.* in the Title, I preſently, from that Symptom, concluded that there would be very much of the forementioned diſtemper in the *Book* it ſelf. And ſo it proved: there being very little beſides Grammatical nibling, and tearing rants at *Algebra*. *Quantumvis*, ſays the *Doctor*, *non ſim ego prorſus neſcius, &c.* Out, out, out! ſays *Philautus*; abominably out! *Quantumvis Walliſius Doctus ſit Mathematicus, non eſt certè Latinæ linguæ peritiſſimus. Quantumvis, prorſus*; what both in the ſame ſentence? the like was never known. For *quantumvis* is a mark of uncertainty; but *prorſus* puts all out of doubt. *Etſi* might have done well enough; but

quantumvis

quantumvis can never do. Then immediately after this, ſay you, follows *ſigillatim* for *ſingulis*, *inſtituat* for *inſtitueret*, *laboret* for *laboraret*, *proferre* for *efferre*, and thoſe barbarous Scholaſtical Phraſes, *viz. Pro formâ, idem erit ac ſi*, and the like: as alſo this: *cum quæ in publicum prodeant, pro more ſcilicet (eoq; ſatis inveterato) nonnullis inſcripta ſoleant prodire*; in which ſmall piece of a ſentence, you find out no leſs than three huge *Geometrical* miſcarriages. Firſt, ſay you, *cum quæ &c.* ſhould be *cum Libri qui &c.* for we don't hear of *Houſes* or *Churches* going to the *Preſs*; but only of *Books*: therefore doubtleſs the *Doctor* had not his Compaſſes about him, when he ſaid *cum quæ &c.* (*cum quæ &c. an ille ipſe*, ſay you, *quoties in publicum prodit, inſcriptus (ἐσιγμένῳ) prodit?*) in the ſecond place, ſay you, the *Doctor* again is out in *prodeant*, which ſhould be *prodeunt*: and in the third place, as for his *nonnullis inſcripta*, I can't deviſe, ſay you, what poſſibly to

make of it. For the word *nonnulli* (*ſolitariè poſita*) ſtanding melancholy without any ſubſtantive, and *Rebus* being always civil, and ready to be underſtood; preſently cries out; next Oars, next Oars! ſo that the *Doctor's Mathematicks* are certainly moſt extraordinary *Mathematicks*, for he ſcorns to dedicate them to men, but to *Rebuſſes* themſelves.

Phi. And did not the *Doctor*, *Tim*, firſt nibble at my Writings and my *Latin*?

Tim. If he did, *Philautus*, you have clearly got the day; for no man ever carried on that humour like you. And thus, ſay you, it happens in all the *Books* that he has written. For whatever he ſays, either *non placet*, or 'tis *inept*, or *childiſh*, or *vicious*, or *unintelligible*, or *wonderful*, or laſtly *malicious* and *ghebrical*. For example: he has put out a *Book de motu*, ſay you; which (at the latter end of my *Roſetum*) I briefly cenſure and confute after this manner. The *Book* (ſuppoſe) is ſent to me: and I having

ving read it, am aſk'd what I think of it. In the firſt place, I ſay, *non placet:* and there's for his *Book* in general. Then I go on, ſay you, and read, *viz. Mechanica eſt Geometria de motu:* that's *inept*; becauſe *he lets Mechanica ſtand alone without ars in the ſingular number. Impedimentum eſt id quod motui obſtat, vel eum impedit: to put impedit into the definition of impedimentum is horribly childiſh*, ſay you: and to put *reſiſtere* into the definition of *reſiſtentia* is not *childiſh*, but *vicious. Celeritas eſt affectio motûs &c.* is *unintelligible*; *for affection only belongs to living Creatures:* and no man ever ſaw motion to hug, kiſs, or feed celerity. *Continuum quodvis (ſecundum Cavallerii Geometriam indiviſibilium) intelligitur &c.* for *Cavallerius* to come into a definition would be very *wonderful* to any *Logician.* Laſtly, to make uſe of *Symbols*, and to ſay *cujuſcunq; rationis index* is moſt *maliciouſly* and *ghebrically* done. And if *Euclid*, ſay you, or *Archimedes*

ſhould ever come this way, and but ſee thoſe abominable Antichriſtian *ſcrawles*, which the *Egregious Geometer* makes, and the word *Index*, they'd be ſo horribly ſcar'd, that we ſhould never have their Company again. And therefore now you are in, *Philautus*, I pray let's hear you rail a little at *Algebra* and *Symbols*.

Phi. You are a very ſcoundrel, *Tim*, and ſomewhat beſides, for ſuppoſing me to rail: for my language is always clean, gentile, and elegant.

Tim. This is only modeſty: for you can do't as well as any man alive. Come, Sir, let me give you the Key. *Gheber.* Now away with it: *id dictum Ghebricè, hoc dictum ghabricè, gibbericè, gabbericè, ſcabicè, ſcrubbicè, ſymbolicè, gambolicè, &c.*

Phi. What are you doing, *Tim*?

Tim. Don't you ſee, Sir? I am confuting and confounding the Whore-*Algebra*: that barbarous, Iriſh, Welch Whore-*Algebra*: that naſty, ſcabby, peſtilential, abomination-Whore-*Algebra*: that ſcratching,

ing, ſcrawling, brachygriphal, ſtigmatical, ſymbolical Whore-*Algebra*. (*Exam. & emend. p.* 10. *p.* 100.) *abominans prætereo &c. pro peſte Geometriæ habenda eſt, &c.*

Phi. I hope you don't call this confuting, *&c.* ?

Tim. Yes but I do; and ſo do you: for when you would ſeem mild, and pretend to reaſon the caſe, you talk ten times worſe. *Algebra?* it takes its name, ſay you, from one *Gheber*: who perhaps might be ſome Comb-Maker, dextrous Corn-Cutter, Operator for Teeth or ſome ſuch Engineer. *Symbols?* what a ſilly thing is it to talk of *ſymbols* (*Exam. p.* 9.) *words are the moſt ancient and currant of all ſymbols*, &c.

Phi. And do you really think, *Tim*, that *Algebra* is good for any thing?

Tim. I durſt not think any thing of it at all, Sir; for fear *Gheber* ſhould get me: but I have heard that *Vieta*, *Oughtred*, *Cartes*, *de-Wit*, and half a dozen more have, for

reaſons I ſhall not now mention, ſpoke well concerning it: whoſe judgments put all together, I ſhall for once, *Philautus*, beg leave to prefer before yours.

Phi. Vieta I grant (*de corp. p.* 156.) by reaſon of his great ſkill in *Geometry*, was a good conſiderable perſon. But as for the reſt of thoſe *ghebrical ſcrawlers*, you mention'd; I don't know any one thing they ever found out.

Tim. And truly, *Philautus*, as you order the buſineſs, I don't ſee how they, or any body elſe ever ſhould. For firſt of all, you ſeize upon all *motion* as yours; and neither man, nor nature can do any thing, unleſs you lend them a little of your *motion*. Again all *reaſoning* is plainly yours; you being the firſt that ever call'd *Logick Computation*. And moſt of the *Mathematicks* is alſo yours; you being the firſt that demonſtrated (*de corp. p.* 63.) *the whole to be bigger than any one part*. And I don't much queſtion but that the *Sun* and the

the *Moon* alſo (you may do ſomewhat or other to 'em) in time, may become yours. But no more of the Whore-*Algebra*. Now look to your ſelf *Euclid*, *Clavius* and the reſt of you: for *Philautus* is coming, and upon my word wherever he comes, he makes moſt dreadful work. You may think (and ſo did he once) that you were the only people upon whoſe endeavours the bleſſing of *God* had fallen. But he has ſent back the bleſſing of *God*; and you have made ſuch ſmall progreſs in your *profeſſion* of *Geometry*, that there is no one of you (beſides himſelf) that knows ſo much as the *definition* of it. *Geometry* (ſays a famous man among you) *is an art of meaſuring well.* Neatly ſaid indeed for a Timber-Merchant, or Dial-maker!but there's very nigh as many abſurdities as words in the definition. For firſt of all *Geometry* is not an *Art*, but a *Science*; and if that ben't ſufficiently abſurd,I know not what is.Secondly, 'Tis an Art of *meaſuring well*, ſays he:

he: measuring well? measuring what well? *Geometry* well? is *Geometry* then an art of measuring *Geometry* well? Lastly, says he, 'tis an art of measuring well: but how does that art measure, and by what? by Sun-Beams, or Rain-bows? all which abominable absurdities I avoid (*Less. p.* 1. *cont. fast. p.* 7.) by saying, that *'tis the Science of determining the quantity of any thing not measured, by comparing it with some other quantity or quantities measured.* Again say you, suppose we go and search for an exact accompt of a *figure*; which is a thing of such vast concernment, that the whole business almost of *Geometry* is to consider nothing else but several *figures*: and yet, for all that, one had e'en as good turn to *Rider*'s Dictionary as *Euclid*'s Elements for any such thing. *Figura*, says *Euclid*, *est quæ sub aliquibus*, &c. How lubberly and Porter-like was that said? *figura est quæ?* where's here any *antecedent* for the *Relative quæ?* (*cont. fast. p.* 17.) if there be any,

any, it muſt be either *eſt*, or *figura*. As for *eſt*, ſurely no body will take that for an *antecedent*: and *figura* is e'en as bad a Bedfellow. For then it muſt be *figura eſt figura quæ, &c.* which ſounds a little oddly out of a *Geometricians* mouth. I told the *Euclidiſts* of this (for as I ſaid before, 'tis of infinite concernment) in my *ſix Leſſons* (*p.* 1.) and again in my *Examinatio* (*p.* 44.) and now again in my *contra faſtum, &c.* and yet I believe they are ſo ſtupid, that in ſome Copies one may ſtill find *figuræ eſt quæ, &c.* If *Philautus* had not come, and comforted poor *quæ*, by ſaying, *figura eſt magnitudo quæ &c.* doubtleſs by this time, ſhe had pined away her ſelf to ſkin and bones, for want of an *Antecedent*. And thus again, ſay you, they do in the buſineſs of *proportion*. Which, ſays *Euclid, eſt mutua quædam habitudo, &c.* that is in plain Engliſh (*Leſs. p.* 7.) *proportion is a what-ſhall-I-call-it iſneſs, or ſoneſs*; or, ſay you, (*Leſs. p.* 16.) *a whatſhicalt habitude of two quantities.*

quantities. I wonder where the modesty of these *Euclidists* lies, that they should not perceive the bawdiness of this *quædam:* all which they might have easily avoided, if with me they had said *proportio est relatio &c.* and truly 'twas worth the writing a *Book* on purpose to leave out *quædam*, and put in *relatio* instead of *habitudo.*

Phi. But when do I speak, *Tim?*

Tim. Speak, Sir, you speak all this while.

Phi. But you pick the worst and least of my exceptions against the *Geometricians:* for I rout them about a *point*, a *line* and every thing else of concernment.

Tim. How so?

Phi. I hold, *Tim*, that a *point* and a *line* are both really bodies; though in *Mathematical consideration* they are not.

Tim. What need we then trouble our selves about such an old *Metaphysical* nicety, as *indivisibile and divisibile in infinitum, &c.?* seeing (suppose

(ſuppoſe they be bodies) we are not, ſay you, to take notice of that in *Mathematical demonſtration.*

Phi. But, *Tim*, there's a vaſt deal, a very vaſt deal depends upon a *point* having *bigneſs*, and a *line breadth.*

Tim. A vaſt deal indeed! if you have but the carving it out. For ſeeing that your *ſquaring* the *circle*, *&c.* don't well agree with the *principles* of *Geometry*; you'l ſhew'em a trick, and make the principles of *Geometry*, to comply with your *ſquaring* the *circle:* and then huff comes out *contra faſtum*, *&c.*

Phi. Did you ever know me to wreſt, or force any thing to comply, *&c.?* were you, *Tim*, at my elbow, when I ſquared the circle?

Tim. No: nor any body elſe, that I can hear of; for though you have done it twelve times over, yet ſeveral people ſay, 'tis ſtill all to do.

Phi. I ſay, I have done it; and have demonſtrated it too (cont. faſt. p. 43.)

p. 43.) *as manifeſtly as any propoſition in Euclid.* And therefore why may not I be believed as well as other people, and why ſhould I be ſaid to wreſt, *&c.*?

Tim. As for your being believed, *Philautus*, I did never care for relying much upon any mans judgment, that looked upon ſelf-conceit to be a moral vertue: but as for 'tother thing, I had it in part from your ſelf.

Phi. From my ſelf; how ſo?

Tim. In the 41. and 43. *pages* of your *contra faſtum, &c.* you tell us that had the buſineſs of *punctum, linea*, and ſome ſuch principles of *Geometry*, been ſooner examined and corrected; we had had *ſquaring* of *circles* and many other admirable things long before this time. Now I have a phanſie that this ſentence ought to be thus turned: *viz.* ſeeing that *ſquaring* the *circle* is a moſt admirable thing, if it would but agree with the principles of *Geometry*; 'tis high time now e'en to make 'em agree. But, which is worſe than all, *Philautus*,

tus, your dear friend tells you, that they won't agree yet. And whereas you have taken ſuch vaſt pains to prove a *point* to have *bigneſs*, and a *line* to have *breadth*; he's of the mind (*Heaut. p.* 112.) that *Cheapſide is much too narrow to do the buſineſs.* Therefore in my opinion, *Philautus*, you had much better have ſuffered *quæ, quædam, punctum, linea*, and the reſt of them to have continued, as we had them from *Euclid*; unleſs the alterations you made had been more to your profit; and the grounds you went upon more conſiderable. A *point*, ſay you, is a body: and why? becauſe (*de corp. p.* 59.) *the whole earth is a point, in reſpect of the Heavens*; *Ergo.* Again, a *point* is a body, for *'tis a mark*; *and the nature of a mark is to be viſible: and if viſible, then*, ſay you, (*Lux Mathematica p.* 11.) *it muſt be diviſible:* and if *diviſible*; then ſay I, it muſt be *indiviſible*: for wee'l never ſtand out for one ſyllable. And then for a *line* having latitude, and being a body; that's

that's ſo very plain that if it ben't granted nothing, ſay you, (*Lux Math. p.* 12. 32.) can be demonſtrated in *Mathematicks*. For there's no *demonſtrating* without *Diagrams*: and no *Diagrams* can be made without *drawing* of *lines*, and no *lines* can be *drawn* but they will have *breadth*. And by ſuch niceties and whimſies as theſe, (of which I could give you many more inſtances) have you vainly endeavoured to preſerve your credit, and make people believe you had great ſkill in the *Mathematicks*. And the very ſame ſhifts you have made uſe of, to ſecure your Carcaſs, in all that you have ſaid about *Government*, and *Religion*: being all plainly founded upon your three Cardinal vertues, *Self-conceit*, *bad nature*, and moſt *irreligious cowardice*.

Phi. No man ever writ two ſuch Treatiſes of *humane politicks*, and *Chriſtian politicks*, as I have done···

Tim. Thoſe Phraſes are perfectly new:

Phi.

Phi. In both which I have given the Prince ſuch due Authority, and ſuch a vaſt power as will be a foundation of perpetual Peace, and happineſs in his Kingdom.

Tim. 'Tis a vaſt power indeed, *Philautus*, that you have beſtowed upon him; and he is very much beholding to you: for, at one ſtroke, it utterly deſtroys both *himſelf* and his *Government.*

Phi. How is that?

Tim. You allow him, you remember, to be the maker of all *good* and *evil.*

Phi. What then?

Tim. I would only know which way you conferr'd that power upon him: did you ſend it him in a Baſket, as a token of your pure love to abſolute *Soveraignty*: or how was it?

Phi. That power was originally divided amongſt all his Subjects; but they all join'd together, and turn'd over all their power of making *good* and *evil* to him.

Tim. Don't you believe that, *Phi-*

lautus: that any man, that ever thought he had the power of making good and evil, would ſo part with it, as not to reſerve a little for private uſe; or at leaſt to keep the *Receit*. And therefore you may make a noiſe about abſolute *Monarchy*, and *unlimited Soveraignty*; and that if the *Prince* ben't able to raiſe *money* at his pleaſure, he'l catch an *Ague*, as certainly as if he went into the *hundreds*: and if he takes any advice about making of *Laws*, *he'l have a man grow out of his ſide*; and very tender you may ſeem to be of the *Soveraign's* health (with reflections bad enough upon our Government) but you are even with him for all your kindneſs: for you give him indeed a *little money*; but withal every ſubject leave to take away his *throne*, and *life* alſo.

Phi. But a ſubject, *Tim*, is one that has given up all his *power*, &c. and a Prince can't be remov'd without *power*.

Tim. But, by your principles, he can

can call for't again, when he thinks it for his advantage.

Phi. But he has promis'd he won't; and every man is bound to keep his promiſe.

Tim. How (according to you) is he bound? has he promiſed to keep his promiſe: or has he ſworn to keep his promiſe; or how has he ſo faſten'd himſelf, but that your principles will unty him?

Phi. But for a man to break his promiſe is *abſurd.*

Tim. 'Tis very right: 'tis abſurd; I remember it very well, in your 3*d.* Chapter *de Cive. He that contracts,* ſay you, *in that he doth contract, denies that action to be in vain: and if he thinks himſelf not bound to keep it, in thinking ſo, he affirms the contract to be made in vain: now for a thing to be done in vain, and not in vain is a contradiction: which is abſurd. Whence,* ſay you, *it follows that an injury (which is breaking of a bargain) is a kind of abſurdity in con-*

verſation, as an abſurdity is a kind of injury in diſputation. And therefore when *Oliver* cut of the Kings head, *&c.* he was guilty of an abſurdity, and that's all.

Phi. I hated *Oliver*, and his practices as much as you.

Tim. That you might do in your heart, *Philautus:* as you love *Chriſt*, when you renounce him. But your Writings favour his actions ſo very much, that there is not one thing that *he*, and his *Rogues* did, but upon your Principles may be eaſily defended: nay, and *demonſtrated* too; and train'd from *Article* to *Article*. And were not your *Books* much too ridiculous for people to be guided by (any further than of themſelves they are debauch'd, and villanouſly bent) thoſe two opinions alone of yours, *viz.* that *intereſt is the meaſure of good and evil in this life*; and in the next life that *Heaven* is only a little better than *Spring-Garden*; and Hell not ſo ill as the *Counter*, are at any time ſufficient to ſet

up

up ſuch another pack of *Rebels*. And yet you are the man that have ſet up *Princes*, and eſtabliſh'd them in their *Thrones*: and have ſhewn ſuch a *Generation* of a *Common-wealth*, that (give it its due) is to be called a *mortal God*.

Phi. Methinks, *Tim*, you begin to be ſomewhat hot: but be as hot as you will, I ſtand to this, that no man before me had ever juſtly ſtated the *rights* of *Princes*, nor given them ſuch *power* as become them.

Tim. You are a very liberal Gentleman indeed, *Philautus*: and have granted to *Princes*, power in a great meaſure: but by chance ſo *ridiculouſly blaſphemous*, that you'l get ne'r a *Prince* in the World to accept of it.

Phi. Can you confute ---

Tim. Confute? what ſhould I confute: all the madneſs of *Bedlam* crowded into one man? for once I'le try two or three inſtances of your bounty; and let ſtanders by judge what kind of confutation it deſerves.

The first *Complement* you pass upon your Prince is, that it would please his *Soveraignty* to umpire the business of the *Creation*: (a very pretty point indeed for the *civil Magistrate* to decide with his Sword:) *i. e.* whether the World was *eternal*, or whether it was *created* by God. Here's honour now for a Prince! The *King* of *Sweden* or so, if requested, may give his opinion concerning *Flanders*, or concerning *Liberty* of *fishing*: but *Philautus's Prince* is to have the arbitration of Heaven and Earth: his *Prince* is to determine whose the whole World is; and to whom it belongs; whether to *God Almighty*, or to *its own self*.

Phi. Who says that God does not govern the World?

Tim. I don't know indeed; but I say if the World made it self, it may e'en as well make shift to look after it self.

Phi. But I am not, *Tim*, against the Providence of God: but thus much I say; (*de Corp. p.* 204.) seeing

ing that *all knowledge comes from Phantaſms*; and no man can have a *Phantaſm* of that which is infinite: and ſeeing that it is very laborious, and would tire the beſt Philoſopher to proceed from cauſe to cauſe, till he comes to the firſt and truly eternal cauſe: I ſay, upon theſe and ſuch like accompts, I think it reaſonable, that this of the *Creation* of the World, and all ſuch knotty points ſhould be left to the determination of that Authority, which has right to determine all things.

Tim. I think, *Philautus*, I underſtand you: ſeeing that there's no man now living upon Earth, that was really and actually preſent at the *Creation* of the World; nor that did *bonâ fide* ſee, or ſpeak face to face with any man that was: and ſeeing that the talleſt ſubject, or Philoſopher that any Prince has, can't ſtand upon his threſhold, and from thence look to the furtheſt end of the World, unleſs he cuts down the great Pear-tree; nor can ſtand ſo long up-

on one leg, hopping from cauſe to cauſe, but that if he hops long enough he may be tired; therefore *we Prince*, by the Authority aforeſaid, do declare and determine that the World had no *beginning*, but was *eternal*. Given at our Court --- daſho.

Phi. I don't ſay 'tis ſo to be determin'd: but that he that has the ſupreme Authority (ſeeing the caſe is very doubtful, and too difficult to be determin'd by natural reaſons:) may determine it ſo, if he pleaſe.

Tim. Yes doubtleſs: and that by right and vertue of the *firſt-fruits*.

Phi. The firſt-fruits! what firſt-fruits?

Tim. Don't you remember, Sir, that the diſpute concerning the *Creation* of the World is the *firſt-fruits* of all diſputable queſtions: and upon that accompt the deciſion of that controverſie as *firſt-fruits* belong to him, that has the ſupream power?

Phi. I don't eaſily call to mind the meaning of theſe *firſt-fruits*.

Tim. Look, Sir, but the above-quoted

quoted place *de Corp.* and you'l ſoon perceive it. For ſay you there; *as Almighty God when he had brought his people into* Judæa, *allowed the Prieſts the firſt-fruits reſerved to himſelf; ſo when he had delivered up the World to the diſputations of men, it was his pleaſure that all opinions concerning the nature of infinite and eternal* (as the Creation of the World and the like) *known only to himſelf ſhould (as the firſt fruits of wiſdom) be judged by thoſe to whom he had given the ſupream Authority.* I wonder, Sir, you ſhould forget ſuch an admirable reflexion as this: *Judæa* being ſo very like the many *diſputations* that are in the World; and that concerning the *Creation* ſo very like *firſt-fruits.* But if you pleaſe, *Philautus*, wee'l go on to the next *Complement* you beſtow upon *your Prince.* And truly if there ever was a *Complement* to purpoſe, this is one: 'tis down, and down, and down again to the ground.

Phi. What is it, *Tim?*

Tim.

Tim. 'Tis ſuch a ſwinger, I can ſcarce get it out: 'tis only, Sir, whether there be a God or not?

Phi. Whether there be a God or not? what ſhall the *Civil Magiſtrate* (whom I never granted to be more than Gods *Lieutenant*, *Lev. p.* 361.) determine whether there be a God or not?

Tim. Shall he? why not? for all knowledge comes from *Phantaſms*, *&c.* and no body whom we can truſt, has lately ſeen or diſcourſed with God Almighty: and 'tis plainly a *firſt fruits-diſputation*; *i. e.* concerning infinite and eternal: and all *firſt-fruits diſputations* belong to the *Magiſtrate.*

Phi. Whom do you mean: the *Hangman?* (*Lett. to* Dr. *W. p.* 36.)

Tim. That's a very good hit: I perceive *Philautus* begins to be a little angry; and when ſo, then a *Magiſtrate*, forſooth, in ſtrictneſs of ſpeech, ſignifies only ſome *Officer* of the *Soveraigns*, not the *Soveraign* himſelf. But you may go on, *Philautus*;

lautus; and, if I had occaſion for any Latin, I'd put in *quæ* and *quædam* too: for I love to croſs a man, that is made wholly up of ſuch ſtarch'd curioſities. And therefore, I ſay, you have ſo far honour'd your *Prince* or *Magiſtrate*, that if he pleaſe indeed there ſhall be a God; but if he be out of humour, there ſhall be none at all.

Phi. What, can he pluck God Almighty out of his Throne: and baniſh him out of the World?

Tim. That, *Philautus*, is a little more than he can do; but (by your great bounty to him) he can baniſh him out of his *Kingdom*; or if he can't do it alone, he's to call in the aſſiſtance of all his ſubjects.

Phi I gheſs how you mean, *Tim*; the Prince, I warrant you, is one day or other, to put out a *Proclamation* againſt the exiſtence of a God: and this is to be poſted up at every Corner of the ſtreets. Can't I, in paſſing by, pull off my Hat very low, and cry *Vous avez* Mr. Prince: and

and for all that walk religiouſly home; believing and truſting in God every ſtep that I ſet; and praiſing him for all the good Victuals that I have eaten, and all the great victories that I have obtain'd, over ſuch as out of envy have endeavour'd to anſwer my *Books*?

Tim. But ſuppoſe, *Philautus*, he ſends *Poker* for you, with an Halbert or a Muſket.

Phi. He need not trouble himſelf ſo far: for I am paſt thoſe vanities, and had much rather go to him privately, than in ſuch pomp.

Tim. And when you come there, he tells you that he has been that Morning running o're the World, and the affairs thereof; and, upon the whole, he can't find that there is any God beſides himſelf. What would you then ſay, *Philautus*?

Phi. I ſhould beg his pardon as to that, as great as he is; and tell him plainly that I know what belongs to a God better than he; and I know that he is no more than Gods *Lieu-*

tenant;

tenant; and that I am more oblig'd to God (being more powerful) for the ſeveral kindneſſes that I have receiv'd from him, and the great miſchief that he may do me, than I ever was or can be to him.

Tim. But if upon that, *Philautus*, the *Lieutenant* cocks his Hat, ſtamps, looks ſtern and big; and ſays that he is ſure, he is very ſure that there is nothing (either in Heaven or Earth) better or greater than himſelf; and that you ſhall be ſure of it too, before he and you part. What ſhall we do now, *Philautus?*

Phi. Hah! how i'ſt? cocks, ſtamps, ſtern, big?

Tim. Yes; 'tis juſt ſo: come I'll tell you what you'd ſay. Sir: -- *truly ſays* Philautus, *Majeſty is not to be put out of humour for every ſmall matter: 'tis pity the Prince ſhould ſpoil his Hat with cocking it; or his ſhoes with ſtamping, or his countenance with frowning: meekneſs becomes a ſubject; and therefore I'll be ſilent.* But being ſilent, *Philautus*, won't ſerve your turn:

turn: for you must pronounce with a clear and lowd voice that he, before whom you now stand, is not Gods *Lieutenant*, but *God himself*: and not only so, but that he is the *Almighty*, *Omnipotent* and *Eternal God*; who, when you were asleep Created you, and all things else; but especially his own *great Grandfather*; you must say, pronounce, and subscribe all this; or else--- *You need not go on*, says *Philautus*, *I am yours, I am yours, Sir: for what is a true Prince but one, to whom all the right and power of the whole Kingdom is transferr'd: and if he comes to his Soveraignty by right of succession I have* (*Lev. p. 99.*) *prov'd such Soveraignty to be a kind of eternity. So that he understands nothing at all of the Generation of a Common-wealth that sticks in the least to grant every absolute Monarch to be Almighty, Omnipotent and Eternal.* But you have not done yet, *Philautus*, for after all this you must engage to worship the Prince with the very same words, and same

ſame poſtures, as you uſe to do God Almighty: praying unto him for health, long life, rain, fair-weather and the like: and this you muſt do ſo lowd, that all your Neighbours may hear you; and beſides, that they may think you to be in good earneſt; you muſt take all publick occaſions to curſe and blaſpheme God, in the moſt affronting and defying words that can be invented. --- *That's a little odd,* ſays *Philautus, that a Prince, let him be as abſolute as he can, ſhould be able to make it rain or hold up But, now I think of it, by right of ſubjection I have made over my whole body, and every limb of it to his ſervice: and therefore, if the Prince will ſend my tongue upon ſuch an errand, it muſt not refuſe to go, no more than my legs, if they were ſpoken to. And then,* ſays *Philautus, as for curſing, blaſpheming, &c. God knows my mind well enough as to that: i. e. how I worſhip him in my heart; and what honour and ſervice I have done to his Church, to himſelf and the whole Trinity by my*

ſeveral

ſeveral writings. But ſtill, *Philautus*, the Prince is not ſo abſolutely ſecure of you, but you may give him a bob at laſt. For you know there is a very ſtrong report in this part of the World, that many years agon there was one, that called himſelf *the Chriſt*, that appear'd upon earth: and he taught that it was better to liſten to him, than to the commands of Princes; and he ſaid that he came from God, and that he was the true and only Son of God; and, by many things that he ſaid and did, made ſeveral to believe the ſame. Now, if this be ſo, *Philautus*, this will be a notable check and rebuff to the unlimited Authority of your Prince. And therefore, if you intend to be a Subject quite through, you muſt needs alſo renounce Chriſt: ('tis a ſmall matter, for *Chriſt*, you know, *is no more God the Son*, than *Moſes was God the Father.*) and believe there never was any ſuch perſon; but that he wasa meer Impoſtor, or a cheat of theKingdom of darkneſs···

to

to that, replies *Philautus*; *I must confess, most unlimited and irresistible Sir, that of all things now visible upon earth, you are to me the greatest and most obliging; and your opinion upon all accompts I am bound to adore: for it is by your great interest in your own Dominions as well as elsewhere, that I continue in fame and health, and am protected from the barbarous insolencies of my Adversaries. But whereas 'tis your Princely pleasure to command me not to believe in Christ; (with humble submission to your irresistibility) I think you are, as it were, mistaken: for whatever you appoint me to do in affront to Christ; I can therein deceive you, believing on him in my heart: and should your almighty inclinations proceed further, and force me to deny and forswear such belief (with all imaginable dread again be it spoken) 'tis not my heart but my tongue alone that denies or forswears, &c.*

Phi. But how do you know, *Tim*, that I'll say or do any of these things? did you ever see me tried?

Tim. No: but above twenty years ago you promiſed to do them all in ſeveral places of your *Leviathan*. And I know you'l be as good as your word; becauſe you deſire Mr. *Godolphin* (in your *Ep. Ded.* to him) to tell all people that are offended at that *Book*, that *you love your own opinions. If*, ſay you, (*Lev. p.* 360.) *I want rain, fair weather or any thing elſe that God alone can beſtow on me; and out of my own humour, wantonneſs, or opinion, I make ſolemn Prayer for ſuch things to him who has the ſupream Authority; by doing ſo, I am certainly a very wicked man, and an abſolute Idolater; becauſe out of my own heart I give unto the civil Magiſtrate that worſhip which is alone due unto God: but if I be compelled to this by the terrour of death, or any other corporal puniſhment, I may then do it very ſafely; without any offence to God Almighty, or ſcandal to my Neighbour.* Well done Carcaſs! and thus have we turned off *Moſes*, or God the Father: now let's ſee how we can get rid

rid of *Chriſt*, or God the Son: *if*, ſay you, (*Lev. p.* 27.) *a King, Senate, or other Soveraign perſon forbid me to believe in Chriſt* (if he does not hear me) I'll ſay he talks nonſenſe; *becauſe belief and unbelief are not ſubject to mens commands. For faith is a gift of God* (that comes well out of *Philautus*'s mouth) *which men can neither give nor take away by promiſe of rewards, or menaces of torture. But if the lawful Prince* (being aware of ſuch ſubtlety) *urges further, that I ſhould ſay with my tongue I believe not in Chriſt; I can be too cunning for him there alſo; for I ſtill do but ſay ſo: and therefore rather than I'll diſpleaſe my lawful Prince* (O Heavens! how do I love and honour my ſelf, and a lawful Prince!) *it ſhall be done, and ought to be done. For profeſſion with the tongue is but an external thing, and no more than any other geſture whereby we ſignifie our obedience.* Rarely come off Carcaſs again!

Phi. I muſt confeſs that to this

purpoſe I do ſpeak: and very nigh in the ſame words: and let *Theologers* object what they can, I can moſt eaſily prove my ſelf to be a true ſubject of the *Chriſtian City*; that is, a Son of Chriſts Church, and an Heir of that Salvation which he has *bargain'd* for.

Tim. Prove, Sir? never in my life did I meet with your fellow for proving: eſpecially conſidering what inferiour tools you work withal. For you ſhall talk leſs *morality* than a *Turk*, and leſs *Chriſtianity* than a *Jew*; (for you ſhall not only ſwear that *Chriſt* is not as yet come, but that he ſhall never come:) and yet give you but a little Country *motion*, and ordinary *Grammar*, and you ſhall preſently be at perch with the *Primitive Chriſtians*. I deny Chriſt, ſuppoſe, and when that's done I ſwear that I do it from the very bottom of my Soul: "What of all this, ſays "*Philautus?* denying and ſwearing "too are both meer forms of ſpeech: "and ſpeech is but words: and "words

" words are but motion: and there-
" fore that Divine that talks of
" Blaſphemy or Hereſie coming out
" of a mans mouth, whoſe heart is
" truly firm; he may as well gape
" for Blaſphemy or Hereſie at the
" ſpout of a pair of Bellows. Be-
" ſides, ſays *Philautus*, people may
" prate againſt my profeſſing with
" my tongue and ſo forth; but (to
" go to the bottom of the buſineſs)
" he that knows but the very firſt
" Elements of Government, knows
" that I have no Tongue at all: for
" 'tis one of the Princes Tongues
" that I wear in my mouth: and
" what's that to me, or any body
" elſe what the Prince does with his
" own tongue? and then, ſays *Phi-*
" *lautus* again: what wondring is
" here at my ſpeaking two or three
" words? is ſpeaking any thing more
" than a meer geſture of the tongue?
" and did *Naaman*, I pray (when he
" was allow'd to go into the Houſe
" of *Rimmon*) leave his tongue at
" home? did not his tongue alſo

"bow together with his head? and
"did it not, as it were, nod and
"give conſent to what his head and
"ſhoulders did? and then in the laſt
"place, ſays *Philautus*; as for the
"ſeveral places of *Scripture* which
"the Eccleſiaſticks bring againſt me:
"ſuch as thoſe of our Saviour; *who-*
"*ſoever denyeth me before men, I will*
"*deny him before my Father which is*
"*in Heaven: and ye ſhall be brought*
"*before Governours and Kings for my*
"*ſake, &c.* and *fear not them that*
"*kill the body, but are not able to kill*
"*the ſoul, &c.* 'tis plain, that they
"don't at all underſtand the Hiſtory
"of that Goſpel, by which they
"live: for though our Saviour, at
"the firſt planting of Chriſtianity,
"commanded his *Diſciples* and *Apo-*
"*ſtles* that they ſhould not be daun-
"ted, nor give in; but rather ſuffer
"any thing, than not ſtand to the
"Faith: yet, thanks be to God, ſays
"*Philautus*, ſuch advice is now need-
"leſs: for Chriſtian Religion is very
"well ſpread and ſetled now; and

"ha-

"has got great footing in the World;
"and a man may either profeſs or
"renounce it (according as it lies
"for his hand) with a great deal
"leſs danger, and inconvenience than
"formerly: and therefore if two
"or three *ſubjects* in a Kingdom
"ſhould utterly forſake Chriſt,
"there's ſtill enow: and if two or
"three *Kingdoms* ſhould do the like;
"there's ſtill more *Kingdoms*: and
"if (the *Turk* prevailing) *Europe*,
"*Aſia* and the reſt of the whole
"World ſhould alſo do the ſame;
"yet Chriſt is ſtill Chriſt: and he
"has had a fine time of it. And
"there will be a joyful meeting, and
"great doings about *Jeruſalem*, at
"the general reſurrection: and I
"hope to be as merry then, as the
"beſt of 'em. There be, continues
"*Philautus*, I know thoſe who un-
"derſtanding neither *Grammar*, nor
"the *Hiſtory* of the *Goſpel* ſhall tell
"you that, let what will come, they'l
"not part with Chriſt; no not for a
"thouſand Worlds. They'l dye, yea

"and that a thouſand Deaths. Dye
"on, ſays *Philautus*; for this is meer
"Vain-glory, and affected *Apoſtle-*
"*ſhip*; and all for want of a good
"*Dictionary*. For *Martyr* (*Lev. p.*
"272.) is a Greek word; (which
"they, poor Creatures! ſuffer them-
"ſelves to be knock'd off the head,
"and never think of;) and ſignifies
"a witneſs, an eye-witneſs; and eſ-
"pecially ſuch an one as ſaw Chriſt
"before, and after his Reſurrection:
"which few, I ſuppoſe, now alive will
"pretend to have done: or ſo much
"as to have ſeen thoſe that did ſee
"Chriſt: and if there be any ſuch
"as theſe latter, they are but *Mar-*
"*tyrs* at the ſecond hand; that is,
"*Martyrs* of *Chriſts Martyrs*. And
"therefore if any man has a mind
"to put himſelf upon any inconve-
"nience, or run himſelf into any
"danger upon the accompt of Chri-
"ſtian Religion, I wiſh him a good
"Journey; but I pity him no more
"than one that ſhould ſkip off a Stee-
"ple, for fear he ſhould ſtumble in

"coming

"coming down the ſtairs. Here's a *Chriſtian Politician* for you, or a true Member not of Chriſts Church, (for that's vulgar) but of the *Chriſtian City!*

Phi. I ſay, *Tim*, that *Martyr* does ſignifie a witneſs.

Tim. And ſo does *amo* ſignifie *to love.*

Phi. That's falſe; for in ſtrictneſs of ſpeech it ſignifies *I love.*

Tim How quick and nimble *Philautus* is? well, ſuppoſe then that *Martyr* does ſignifie a witneſs: are you willing to be ſuch an one for our Saviour?

Phi. That is, will I who was born within theſe hundred years, be willing to be born above ſixteen hundred years ago? well gheſs'd *Tim!*

Tim. You ſhall then, *Philautus*, be a *Martyr* of a *Martyr.* I'd fain have you into ſome employment.

Phi. How can I be any ſuch thing? I never met in my Travels with any of the *Apoſtles* or *Diſciples*, that were ſent into the World to be Witneſſes

of

of the Reſurrection: and no man can glory in being a *Martyr* unleſs he be *ſent*; and he muſt be ſent to Infidels too: for what need (*Lev. p.* 273.) a witneſs of Chriſt be ſent to thoſe, that have had ſufficient witneſſes already?

Tim. If that be all, *Philautus*, wee'l ſpeed the Commiſſion, and you ſhall be ſent, *&c.*

Phi. But, I tell you, I had rather ſtay at home, than be cut o' the Crown like a Gooſe, to be a *Martyr*, of a *Martyr*, of a *Martyr*, of I know not whom, or what.

Tim. I ſee this *Martyrdom* (or *Greek* affliction) won't down with you, *Philautus*; will you, if need be, for Chriſt's ſake *ſuffer* a little in plain *Engliſh*? wee'l engage you ſhan't be abuſed, and call'd *Martyr*: nor have any ſuch improper, and unfaſhionable word written upon your Tomb.

Phi. How much would you have me ſuffer: what, dye?

Tim. Suppoſe ſuch a thing ſhould be,

be, *Philautus*: according to *Chriſtian Politicks*, you'l clearly be a ſaver by't; when you meet Chriſt at *Jeruſalem*. For when he comes to reign here upon Earth, he has promiſed, you know, to make very much of thoſe (you may chance to be Chief *Secretary* of State) who are faithful to the end. And his *Kingdom*, you know, is a dainty fine *Kingdom*: and worth two or three of the *Kingdoms* of *England*.

Phi. But 'tis a great way, *Tim*, to go for preferment to *Jeruſalem*: and it may be a great while, before Chriſt will come to have his Court there.

Tim. I believe indeed it may; after that childiſh, ridiculous, groſs, prophane manner that you deſcribe. Are you not aſham'd, *Philautus*, to pretend to Wit, Philoſophy, Mathematicks, *&c.* and to go about to face, and huff down God Almighty, and our Saviour, with ſuch intolerable fooleries as *firſt-fruits*, *Martyr*, *&c.* Was ever old fop ſo utterly benum'd

and

and beſotted, as to turn Providence out of the World, to prevent tumults and uproars; and to think to complement his *Prince*, by offering ſuch ſaucy and witleſs affronts to God himſelf? I'll undertake, *Philautus*, give but a very ſmall-wit ſufficient impudence, prophaneneſs, and a Glaſs of Wine, he ſhall abuſe the Scriptures, ſcoff at Heaven, and talk better and more reaſonable *Atheiſm ex tempore*, than you have labour'd into all your grave Periods.

Phi. Hey day! how huffing and ſwaggering is this *Tim*, becauſe he has got a few of thoſe ſame *Churchmen* on his ſide? who are for a *ſpiritual Common-wealth*; not minding what I learn them (*Lev. p.* 317.) that *there are no men on earth whoſe bodies are ſpiritual; and therefore there can be no ſpiritual Common-wealth amongſt men that are yet in the fleſh.* I ſay, *Tim*, ſome ſuch as theſe, that talk of a *ſpiritual-body-politick* you may have on your ſide; but I am ſure all the great Wits, and the men of depth,

depth, and buſineſs go all my way.

Tim. And my *Lord Bacon* is your way too.

Phi. If he were now alive, 'tis likely he would.

Tim. Yes very likely: for, ſays he, in his *Eſſays, it is true, that a little Philoſophy inclineth mans mind to Atheiſm, but depth in Philoſophy bringeth mens minds about to Religion.*

Phi. This now is very ſcurrilous, and moſt uncharitably ſaid: and if the *Biſhop* of *Durham* were now alive---

Tim. What ſhould he do?

Phi. He ſhould teſtifie, *Tim*, to the confuſion of all my ſlanderers, (*Ep. Ded.* to his Majeſty) how godlily I behav'd my ſelf, when I was ready to dye: and what a ſound and clear *Conſcience* I had.

Tim. Conſcience? that's good indeed! *Conſcience*, you know, is only when one looks over your ſhoulder, or in at the Key-hole. For, you remember, there muſt be two at leaſt,

leaſt, to make up a true *Grammatical Conſcience*; (becauſe of *cum* and *ſcio*:) and as for any other *Conſcience* (*Lev. p.* 31.) i. e. *knowledge of ones own ſecret facts or thoughts, that's only a Metaphorical or Rhetorical Conſcience.* But I pray, *Philautus*, after what manner did you confeſs to the *Biſhop?* did you confeſs with your tongue, or how?

Phi. With my tongue? what, *Tim*, wouldſt thou have men confeſs with their Legs, or Shoulders?

Tim. Truly, *Philautus*, you are ſuch a moveable, ſlippery, and Philoſophical kind of Chriſtian, that I think the *Church* ought to appoint a peculiar ſort of confeſſion for you. For if, after you were recovered, you had but met with any body that had a little ſcar'd you, you ſhould have unconfeſſed all again; and have ſworn, and curs'd, that you did but droll with the *Biſhop*.

Phi. Under favour, *Tim*, that's a lye. For I only ſay that if my *Lawful Prince* or the *ſupreme Magiſtrate* require

require any ſuch thing, for Peace ſake, and to preſerve my life I am bound to obey.

Tim. And I ſay, that if the *lawful Oſtler*, or *ſupream Magiſtrate* of the *ſtables*, ſhould take you into his office, and ſhew you but a *ſwitch* (for that may Gangrene) I underſtand the Principles of your fidelity, and Chriſtian courage ſo well, that, were he ſo wicked as to demand it, you ſhould not only renounce all belief in Chriſt, but all allegiance to your *lawful Prince* too: for a breathing time, you know, is very deſireable, and whilſt he has you in his power, he's to you as good a *Lieutenant of God*, as any Prince upon earth. And *Naaman* the *Syrian* (*Lev. p.* 271.) ſhall do for all; for the *Oſtler*, as well as for the *Prince* himſelf.

Phi. For my part, *Tim*, I can't ſee (when compelled) why I may not allow my ſelf as much liberty, as the *Prophet* did to him.

Tim. But how are you ſure, *Philantus*, that the *Prophet* allow'd him any

any at all? for there be ſome, and thoſe learned too, who queſtion whether *go in peace* ſignifie *Naaman's* waiting ſtill upon his *Maſter*, &c. or whether he ſhould forthwith leave his ſervice. But ſuppoſe it does; do you think, *Philautus*, that what *Naaman* did (which may ſeveral ways be imagin'd to be far enough from *Idolatry*) will countervail, or void all thoſe ſeveral plain places of Scripture, that are moſt abſolutely againſt your whimſycal, and prophane opinion? but *Philautus's* Divinity is like the Gentlemans, who (a little before he was to ſuffer for *padding*) being aſk'd by his Confeſſour how he came to follow that employment: told him, that he took it up from Gods adviſing the *Iſraelites* to ſpoil the *Ægyptians*; which to him, he ſaid, was a plain place for *robbing* at any time, and any where: whereas thou ſhalt not ſteal, and the like, were all *typical* and *metaphorical*; and only true upon ſome occaſions. But 'tis wonderfully ſtrange

to

to me that his *Majeſty* ſhould ſuffer it ---

Phi. Suffer what, ſuffer me ---

Tim. No, Sir: ſuffer his ſpightful, ambitious Prieſts to preach in his Chappel againſt you.

Phi. So 'tis, *Tim*: and I make bold to tell his *Majeſty* to that purpoſe, in an *Epiſtle Dedicatory* to him.

Tim. And you did very well ſo to do, Sir: for *Naaman* will do againſt the whole *Bible*; and a line or two out of *Tertullian* (nothing to the purpoſe) againſt all the *Fathers*. And ſeeing you are ſo firmly fixt in the *Catholick Faith*, and are ſo condeſcending and dutiful to all lawful Princes, certainly they ought to be very careful to check and rebuke the adverſaries of ſuch a dear and devout Subject. And therefore let's ſee if we can't find never another *Complement* for the Prince. If I ben't miſtaken (*Lev. p.* 205.) there is a pretty obliging one: *viz.* that if the *Civil Magiſtrate* pleaſe, he may

take away the word of God (for we have had it e'en long enough) and inſtead thereof, give us *Guſman*, your *Leviathan*, or whatever elſe he thinks moſt convenient for his Common-wealth. For in the firſt place 'tis plain ſay you, that the *Book* which is now called the *word of God* is not really and grammatically the word of God: *i. e.* 'tis neither the *Noun* of God, nor the *Verb* of God, nor any other *part* of *Speech* of God. But, be it what it will, it obliges no further than the *Civil Magiſtrate* pleaſeth: who by making it law, made it firſt to oblige; and by repealing that Law can make it not to oblige. The *Old Teſtament* indeed was a *Law*, but to the *Jews* only, never to us. The *New Teſtament* never was a *Law* to any body at all, till 'twas made ſo by *Princes* and *Emperours*. For Chriſt was no Lawgiver: neither (if he had made any Laws) had he any *Kingdom* to practiſe in: neither did he by his civil Authority *command* any thing; but only

only *advis'd* and *counſel'd*, *&c.* and ſent out the *Apoſtles* to do the like; who were *to fiſh and allure*; (Lev. p. 270.) *not like* Nimrods *by coercition and puniſhing to hunt men into Chriſtianity.*

Phi. Moſt of this is true, *Tim:* but firſt of all I muſt chaſtiſe thee, for thy great ſawcyneſs in comparing my *Leviathan* to ſuch a Raſkallion-ſcoundrel Book as *Guſman:* and in the next place, for ſuppoſing me to be ambitious of having the *Bibles* turn'd out of *Churches*, and my *Leviathan* made *Canonical.*

Tim. As for *Guſman*, *Philautus*, I am not, I muſt confeſs, much ſkill'd in that *Author*; (and if I were, it would take up a little too long time to debate the buſineſs throughly between you two) but if that *Book* ben't ten times worſe than any I ever ſaw yet, I don't queſtion but it will furniſh out a much *honeſter Gentleman*, a more *faithful ſubject*, and a *truer Chriſtian* than yours ſhall do. And then as for your *Leviathan* be-

ing made *Canon*; you know well enough, *Philautus*, 'twas a thing you your ſelf were not without ſome hopes of.

Phi. What, *Tim*, did I ever hope, wiſh, or deſire that my *Leviathan* might be appointed by *Act* of *Parliament* to be publickly read in all *Churches*, inſtead of the *Bible*?

Tim. You ſhall hear, Sir: *Seeing*, ſay you, (*Lev. p.* 293.) *that neither* Plato *nor any other Philoſopher hitherto, hath put into order and ſufficiently proved all the Theorems of moral doctrine, that men may learn thereby how to govern, and how to obey*; *I recover ſome hopes, ſay you, that one time or other, this writing of mine may fall into the hands of a Soveraign, who will conſider it himſelf (for 'tis ſhort, and I think clear) without the help of any intereſſed, or envious interpreter; and by the exerciſe of entire Soveraignty, in protecting the publick teaching of it, convert this truth of ſpeculation, into the utility of practice.* 'Tis worth any Soveraigns

pains

pains indeed, to take a progreſs of a year or two to ſettle and protect in his Kingdom a Company of ſuch ſpeculations, which, if practis'd, would (for all your kindneſs to him) certainly ruine him.

Phi. But here's not a word, *Tim*, of my ever hoping that the *Bible* ſhould give way to my *Leviathan*. What made you ſay that I had any ſuch expectation or ambition?

Tim. Don't you remember, *Philautus*, what a huffing challenge you once ſent to a *Doctor* of *Divinity*: how that *you* and your *Leviathan* ſhould preach with *him* and his *Bible*? and that without any ſuch *ceremonious foolery* as *ordination*; only the *Soveraign* ſhould lend you one of his *Life-guard* to ſee you into the *Pulpit*, and to bang thoſe that would not believe you. *If*, ſay you (as I take it 'tis in your *Stigmai*) *the Soveraign power give me command (though without the ceremony of impoſition of hands) to teach the doctrine of my Leviathan in the Pulpit, why*

am not I, if my doctrine and life be as good as yours, a Miniſter as well as you. Right; why are you not? for 'tis plain that you have the *word* of *command*, as well as the *Doctor*; and a *Miniſter* has nothing more. And as for *Authority*, you are well enough with him; for if he ſwaggers, and produces the *Biſhops* Orders; then can you bid your *Life-guard* man ſwagger too, and cock his Piſtols: and then as to the *Book* that is preach'd out of, there's no difference at all between you. For you preaching out of your *Leviathan* preach out of a *Bible*, as well as he. For a *Bible* (in Greek) is only a *Book*: and moſt certainly your *Leviathan* is a *Book*: and a moſt rare one too. But I pray, *Philautus*, how came it into your mind that the *word of God* does not oblige as much, (if not a little more) than the *word* of a *Prince*? I muſt confeſs indeed that in the beginning of the 36*th* Chapter of your *Leviathan*, you have a very notable obſervation concerning the

the word of God (as was juſt now hinted) which, I don't remember, I ever met with in any *Author*: but I don't ſee, but that it may oblige for all that, without the ſupream *Magiſtrate's* drawing his ſword. *When there is mention*, ſay you, *of the word of God, it doth not ſignifie a part of ſpeech ſuch as Grammarians call a Noun or a Verb, or any ſimple voice, without a contexture of other words to make it ſignificative; but a perfect ſpeech or diſcourſe, whereby the ſpeaker affirmeth, denieth, commandeth, promiſeth, wiſheth, or interrogateth:* (I profeſs *Philautus* would have been a thundering Preacher: how he pours it out! affirmeth, denieth, commandeth, &c.) *in which ſenſe 'tis not vocabulum, that ſignifies a word* (I pray, *Gentlemen*, remember that, and turn down a proof;) *'tis not vocabulum but ſermo* (*in Greek* λόγ⊙) *that is, ſome ſpeech, diſcourſe or ſaying.* Without doubt, if the *Soveraign* had ſent out *Philautus*, this ſame had been the beginning of his

firſt *holding forth*. 'Tis a moſt admirable introduction to a body of Divinity. But to proceed, *Philautus*, ſuppoſe the *word* of *God* (as you have moſt painfully and learnedly made it out) is neither *Noun*, *Pronoun*, *Verb*, *Participle*, nor any of the reſt, but only the *ſpeech* or *diſcourſe* of God: I pray do ſo much as let me know (I deſire it once more) ſome of your beſt reaſons why this ſame ſpeech, or diſcourſe of God (ſeeing you'l ſo have it) does not oblige us to believe it and practiſe it, unleſs it be authoriz'd by *Kettle-drums*, and *Trumpets*.

Phi. Beſt reaſons? what an impudent trick is this of *Tim*, to call for my *beſt reaſons?* any ſurely are good enough for ſuch a fellow as thou art: in the firſt place, if thou canſt, thou art to underſtand that whatever was laid down by *Chriſt* himſelf, or his *Apoſtles* after him, as it was laid down by him or them, never did, neither does it now at all oblige.

Tim.

Tim. I am ſuch a fool, *Philautus*, that methinks I had much rather mind, and obſerve what our *Saviour* ſaid, than any thing that can be commanded by the *General* of an *Army*.

Phi. You may mind and obſerve what you will; but (take that from me) you'l have little thanks for your labour. For it does not at all oblige, (*Lev. p.* 284, 285.) as propounded by him.

Tim. Why ſo?

Phi. Becauſe 'tis not *Canonical*.

Tim. Canonical? did not Chriſt and they that followed him give Articles of Faith, and *rules* of an holy life?

Phi. Yes: but neither he nor any of his Succeſſours did ever lay down one *obligatory Canon*. For ſuch a *Canon* is a Rule authoriz'd and injoin'd by the Common-wealth, *&c.* and that only is truly ſaid to be *Canonical*, which is allow'd of, and made *Canonical* by the *Soveraign*: that is to ſay which is made Law in

any

any Kingdom: *for a Law is the commandment of that man, or aſſembly to whom we have given* ---

Tim. Really, *Philautus*, if you don't leave that trick, I'll get a new man to talk withal.

Phi. What trick?

Tim. You can't come near the word *Law*, but preſently you ſpring forth --- *for a Law is the commandment of that man or aſſembly, &c.* and when 'tis every whit to as little purpoſe, as 'tis here.

Phi. To as little purpoſe? by the definition alone of a Law, namely, *that a Law is the commandment of that man, or* ---

Tim. What, ſhall we have it again?

Phi. I ſay, by that definition of a Law it is very evident that not any one Rule or precept in the whole *New-Teſtament* was an *obligatory Canon: i. e.* did really oblige any man living till the *New-Teſtament* was made *Law.* And I am ſure it never was made *Law* till ---

Tim. Till when? till 'twas made Law.

Law. That's all that *Philautus* will engage for: for he's a very wary Gameſter, and he's as ſure as can be that the Goſpel was never publickly owned, nor appointed by any Prince to be read in any Kingdom or Common-wealth; till that very day, hour, and minute that it was ſo own'd, and appointed, *&c.* *Philautus*, I ſay, is very ſure of this; and thus much he will certainly undertake for, and no more.

Phi. 'Tis falſe: for I undertake further to ſhew, that whatever our Saviour propounded to be done in order to Salvation (till obedience thereunto was commanded by the Soveraign-Ruler) was ſo far from obliging, that every man, *without the leaſt injuſtice*, might refuſe to obſerve ---

Tim. For injuſtice, (ſhould you have ſaid) *is a breach of the commandment of that man, or aſſembly* ---

Phi. Should have ſaid? what, *Tim*, doſt thou undertake to teach me what

what I ſhould have ſaid: don't I know when to break of, and when to go on?

Tim. Indeed, Sir, I think that in all right the definition of injuſtice ought to have come in there: for then the buſineſs had been plainly demonſtrated.

Phi. 'Tis plainly demonſtrable, *Tim*, that any man might refuſe to obey whatever our Saviour ſaid (till 'twas made Law) without being *unjuſt* at all.

Tim. Without being *unjuſt*? to whom do you mean, *Philautus*?

Phi. To whom can a man be unjuſt but to his lawful Soveraign; and to thoſe with whom he contracts according to the *Laws* of his *Country*.

Tim. Yes, yes: ſo I thought: I knew as well as could be, that the demonſtration would be thereabouts.

Phi. What did you know, *Tim*?

Tim. I know this, *Philautus*; that a man may neglect to obey the precepts of Chriſt, and yet not be at all guilty of *tranſporting* of *Leather*, or *Wool*.

Phi.

Phi. How do you mean, *Tim?*

Tim. I mean this, *Philautus*; ſuppoſe I (being a ſubject of a Kingdom wherein there were no poſitive Laws againſt *ſwearing* or *private Revenge*, but plain and ſevere ones againſt tranſportation of *Leather*, and *Wool*) had been preſent at our *Saviour's Sermon*; and believed him and his doctrine: but notwithſtanding had ſtill continued a great *ſwearer*, and a moſt revengeful wretch; thus far I durſt venture to ſay (and truly you may ſafely go along with me) that *ſwearing*, to define it ſtrictly, is not *tranſportation* of *Leather*, neither is *revenge tranſportation* of *Wool*.

Phi. Nor are they a direct breach of any other particular Law of the Kingdom.

Tim. How can they poſſibly be? what are you mad, *Philautus?* would you have thoſe things to be a breach of the Laws of that Kingdom, which we have ſuppoſed not to have taken notice of any ſuch things? never certainly did *Catchpole*, *Poſtiſogger*, *Forger*

ger of Wills, more intangle, ſhuffle, wreſt, ſcrape, and patch, *&c.* to bring about their villanous deſigns: than you have rack'd and tortur'd thoſe two poor words of *Law* and *Juſtice* to make your ſelf ſingular in Irreligion. And as in your *Morals*, you have thereby endeavour'd to debauch *humane nature*, and to taint the very foundations of *practical reaſon:* ſo here you uſe the ſame ſilly artifice to fruſtrate the intentions of Chriſts coming into the World, and to void the obligation of thoſe Precepts that he left behind him.

Phi. You much miſtake me, *Tim*, if you think me to be againſt Chriſt, or his Precepts: *for Faith in him, and obedience to Laws is all that I count neceſſary to Salvation.* But thus much I ſay further, that nothing which either our *Saviour* or his *Apoſtles* propounded was truly Law, or did oblige; for neither he, nor they had any *Kingdom.* And though there were many *Kingdoms* in the World; over which Chriſt, if he had pleas'd, might

might have challeng'd to himſelf the *Soveraign Power*; yet 'tis plain, that he utterly diſown'd all ſuch publick and Regal authority, by ſaying, *my Kingdom is not of this World. Now*, ſay I, (*Lev. p.* 286.) *they that have no Kingdom, can make no Laws.*

Tim. Well rhimed, *Philautus!* *Kingdom* and *Law.*

Phi. Why, can any man, *Tim*, make a Law, that is, give out ſome rule to be obſerved in a *Nation*, who has no *Nation* to give it to? muſt not a man have Soveraign right to do it, and ſtrength and authority to make it take effect?

Tim. Truly, *Philautus*, I cannot forbear to ſay, that if a *private Country-Gentleman, in a rainy day*, ſhould contrive a ſet of Laws; and ſend them, by the packet Boats into *Foreign Countries*, to look for a Nation, and people to obſerve them; but that ſome of his Laws may chance to come home again unobſerved.

Phi. No queſtion, *Tim*, but that they would: and the reaſon is be-

cauſe

cauſe all Nations are ready ſtock'd; and there's never a void Nation for the Gentleman to vent his Laws in: and a Law is no Law, but where it is, or ought to be obeyed.

Tim. But, I ſuppoſe, you don't look upon our *Saviour* (who was immediately ſent from God, and whom we believe, not minding what you do, to be the Son of God) to be only a *private perſon.* Surely, *Philautus*, if you believe any God at all, you muſt alſo believe that he can both make and protect Laws without diſpoſſeſſing of Princes, and keeping his *ſtanding-Armies.* You may remember that Chriſt could violently have been reſcued by *twelve Legions of Angels*: and could have ſent for as many to have enforc'd his *Doctrine*: which if he had done, then poſſibly it might have agreed with your great curioſity to have admitted his Precepts to have had the force of Laws: but, why do I talk to *Philautus* of ſuch *vain-Philoſophy* as *twelve Legions of Angels*; which

to

to him are only *twelve Legions* of *Phantaſms*; all to be diſcomfited with the brandiſhing of Horn-knifes, and the blaſt of Elder-Guns?

Phi. I don't at all regard, *Tim.* any of all this: being moſt fully aſſur'd that I never read that Chriſt was choſen *ſupream Magiſtrate* of any place.

Tim. Neither did you, I warrant you, ever read that he was ſo much as choſen *Over-ſeer*, or *Church-Warden* of any Pariſh.

Phi. You are prophane, *Tim.*

Tim. I bleſs God, that I believe Chriſt to be his Son; and that I am more oblig'd to obſerve his Precepts (without your indulgent favouring them to be termed Laws) than the moſt immediate and direct commands of all the Princes in the World: and he that believes otherwiſe, I ſuppoſe, is the man that juſtly deſerves the title of *prophane.*

Phi. You may believe what you will, *Tim*: but 'tis plain that Chriſt never took upon himſelf the Govern-

ment of any Nation; neither would he accept of any place of authority or publick employment.

Tim. And I pray, *Philautus*, what do you think might be the reaſon of it? don't you think it was for fear people ſhould not only believe his doctrine, but count themſelves oblig'd to practiſe it? was not that, *Philautus*, think you the buſineſs? was it not to prevent ſome ſuch great abſurdity and inconvenience that might have happen'd in the World? whereas now every one enjoys a moſt reaſonable and bleſſed Liberty: and if the Goſpel ſtands with a mans convenience, and be the *faſhionable Book* at *Court*, it may then be read and practis'd not without ſome delight, and benefit: but when it either croſſes my own particular intereſt, or the irreſiſtible humour of my moſt *dreadful Prince*, thanks be to God, there be other judicious and practical Authors, in which a retired and ſtudious Gentleman may make ſhift to ſpend his time, without any ways diſobliging

diſobliging *Gods ſecond repreſentative, Jeſus Chriſt.* This, *Philautus*, is ſuch a kind of devout meditation as, I ſuppoſe, you take heed ward. And from hence any one, that is not utterly blind, may plainly perceive, what it is that you count *obligation*: that is, when a man is ſo chain'd, rop'd or chorded down to his bargain that he can't poſſibly avoid ſubmitting to't; ſuch a man and none elſe will you allow to be truly oblig'd. Neither muſt he be faſten'd with ſuch Chains and Chords as the joys and terrors of another life; for they are at a great diſtance, and with *Philautus*, very metaphorical: but he is for viſible Grammatical Hemp, and Iron, ſuch as grow upon, and is digged out of the Earth. Where theſe things be, there's reaſon, law, juſtice, and obligation; but where they are miſſing, a man is as free as any fiſh in the Ocean. Thus if a man, ſuppoſe, has an hundred pound weight of ſhackles about him, and be under good ſtore of locks; I

believe *Philautus* will grant ſuch an one to be very properly and ſtrictly oblig'd not to ride an Hunting: and if a man has half a dozen Pikes tickling him at the tail, 'tis likely that he alſo may be look'd upon as oblig'd to march on: but if I privately without either witneſs or writings borrow a hundred pounds of a friend---

Phi. If you do, you ought to pay it him again, upon demand.

Tim. I ought? why ſo; how am I oblig'd? where's the ſhackles, where's the Pikes, *&c?*

Phi. But you know well enough, *Tim*, that you did really and truly borrow of him ſo much money.

Tim. Yes, Sir, that I do very well: but do you think, *Philautus*, that when a Gentleman has intruſted me with ſuch a great ſecret as an *hundred* pounds, that I am ſuch a great Booby, as to blab out this in *open Court?*

Phi. But you forget *Conſcience* all this while, *Tim.*

Tim.

Tim. No more than you have forgotten it in all your writings. Can't I ſay to Conſcience, *Couchée* Conſcience: down Conſcience: cloſe and be ſtill Conſcience. That man certainly is a very paſſionate fool, that has ſo little command of his mouth, as not to be able to keep it ſhut, when 'tis ſo much to his diſadvantage to open it. And ſeeing we are faln upon Conſcience, *Philautus*, let us put one caſe more: ſuppoſe you find a Neighbour of yours in a Ditch, juſt ready to periſh: whoſe life, by wetting the end of your Cane, you might eaſily preſerve---

Phi. O, help him out, help him out, by all means. What a Man, a Neighbour, and a Chriſtian and not help him out!

Tim. To what purpoſe? do you owe him a helping out, or do you lay in one aforehand? you don't conſider, *Philautus*, that the end of your Cane being wetted may catch cold; and this cold (by motion) may creep up to your hand; and ſeiſing your

hand, by degrees it may get into the whole maſs of blood: and ſo bring you into ſome dangerous diſtemper; a diſtemper that may coſt you another *confeſſion*: and if the *Biſhop* be out of the way; you muſt then ſend for the *Lord Lieutenant* of the *County*: for he'l do as well as t'other being commiſſion'd by the *Prince*: and, of the two, is the beſt and ſafeſt *Confeſſour*: for he is one of the immediate *Lieutenants*, under *Gods Lieutenant*; and, if need be, can raiſe all his *Militia*, to defend ſuch a confeſſion as he and you ſhall agree upon. I ſay, *Philautus*, ſeeing your helping him out may occaſion you ſo much trouble, if I were you, I'd e'en let our Neighbour paſs on in the buſineſs, he has begun. For if you don't, there is ſtill one much greater miſchief that you don't think of.

Phi. What's that?

Tim. If, *Philautus*, you help him out of the Ditch now: you muſt needs ſo contrive it, that he may help you out another time.

Phi.

Phi. To what end, I prethee, *Tim*, ſhould I wet and endanger my ſelf when I need not?

Tim. There is a moſt abſolute neceſſity of it. For if you omit to do't; this Neighbour of yours will be your utter Enemy, deſpiſe you, hate you, and as certainly contrive your death, as you help'd him out of the Ditch.

Phi. If I thought ſo, *Tim*, he ſhould e'en have gone on, for all *Philautus*, till he came to the bottom. What, ſhall I be thus rewarded for my great pains, and clemency? ſhall he conſpire to take away my life, becauſe I endanger'd mine own, to ſave his? this truly is very fine ingenuity, and morality!

Tim. 'Tis juſt ſuch *ingenuous morality* as you teach your Diſciples, and would have them to practiſe. *To have received*, (ſay you, Lev. p. 481.) *from one, to whom we think our ſelves equal, greater benefits than there is hope to requite, diſpoſeth to counterfeit love*; (meer counterfeit

love: he may come, *Philautus*, to your Bedſide Morning and Evening, and there aſk you bleſſing, and pretend to adore and worſhip you; but all this is only to ſpy out ſome cunning place to lay a Barrel of Gunpowder, and to blow you up: for, as you go on very morally) *ſuch benefits do really produce ſecret hatred; and puts a man into the eſtate of a deſperate Debtor, that in declining the ſight of his Creditor, tacitely wiſhes him there, where he might never ſee him more.* (That would be juſt your caſe, *Philautus*; for the ingenuous Neighbour, whom you have ſo much oblig'd, may, as was ſaid, pretend to come to ſee you, but at his heart he wiſhes ten thouſand Devils would fetch you away, ſo that he might never ſee you again) *for*, as you further go on, *benefits oblige; and obligation is thraldom; and unrequitable obligation, perpetual thraldom, which is to ones equal hateful.*

Phi. What a wondring you make, *Tim*, at this ſentence? whereas, I am confident

confident, I could prove the truth of it from Hiſtories of all Ages.

Tim. I don't at all queſtion, but that in all Ages you may find Rogues and Raſkals, ſomewhere or other: and 'tis plain that that's the very method you took, to make up your *moral Philoſophy*. And whereas other Writers upon that ſubject were ſo civil to humane nature, and ſtudious of the good of Mankind as to draw their obſervations from the moſt brave, the moſt vertuous, and moſt generous of Men and Princes: *Philautus* (as may have formerly been hinted) that he might be ſingular, and ſufficiently ſcandalize his own kind, appeals to nothing elſe but to the very dregs, and ſink; to the moſt vile and moſt unreaſonable practices for his Authority. *Obligation is thraldom! and unrequitable obligation perpetual thraldom and hateful!*

Phi. What, han't you done wondring yet, *Tim?*

Tim. No, Sir: and I ſay further he that thinks ſo, and behaves himſelf

ſelf accordingly: thinks non-ſenſe, and behaves himſelf like a Beaſt.

Phi. How do you know, *Tim*, but that Kings may have done ſo?

Tim. And how can I help it, if Kings won't live and act like men? why, *Philautus*, for all your bountiful condeſcentions and mighty cringes to him that has the ſupream Authority; I believe that ſuch an one, if he don't obſerve the *laws* of *nature* (which are known well enough without his interpretation) may as plainly and eaſily be proved a *Tyrant*, in the Court of reaſon; as an ordinary Subject that refuſeth to obey *his Laws*, may be proved a *Rebel* in *Weſtminſter-Hall.* But we are not at leaſure, *Philautus*, for that diſpute now.

Phi. If you be, I am ready for you: but if you ben't then let me tell you; that it is thought by ſome that Sir *William Stanley* far'd ne'er the better for his overmuch-obligation that he laid upon King *Henry* the *7th.* in *Boſworth-field.*

Tim.

Tim. If, upon that very accompt, he far'd the worſe, I ſay ---

Phi. What do you ſay? What, *Tim*, prate againſt Kings?

Tim. No, Sir; but I ſay that his preſent *Majeſty* (God bleſs him) is a *reaſonable* and *great man*, as well as *a great King:* who, when highly oblig'd by a *late ſubject*, could never be perſwaded, by your ſort of *puny*, and *ill-natur'd Politicians*, to think it tedious or reproachful ſo to be.

Phi. That was becauſe he was his *ſuperiour*, and able to requite him; but the obligation which I obſerve to be hateful is *unrequitable obligation*, ſuch as is, for the moſt part, only amongſt *equals.*

Tim. Come, come *Philautus*; for a need you can hate without ſtanding upon the curioſity of equals: for if the obligation be but unrequitable, let it be where it will, 'tis hateful to you. And upon this accompt, I ſuppoſe, it may be that ſeeing our bleſſed Saviour has laid, by his Death, an *infinite* and *unrequitable*

obligation

obligation upon all Mankind; therefore to revenge this kindneſs, you *renounce* both *him* and his *Goſpel*.

Phi. This is only railing, *Tim*, to which I have been ſo long accuſtom'd; that I am pretty well ſeaſon'd againſt it. For ſtill I keep to this that nothing can be a *Law*, that is, a Precept that *obliges*, unleſs he that lays it down has both *authority* to do it, and *coercive-ſecular-power* to make it good.

Tim. And would any man in the World, but ſuch a mad one as *Philautus*, think that a Commiſſion, ſuch as our Saviour had from the great God of Heaven and Earth ſhould be of leſs authority than a ticket from *Jack* of *Auſtria*, or any *tiny-earthly Potentate:* or that thoſe eternal rewards and puniſhments which our Saviour plainly promiſes and threatens ſhould be leſs obliging than running the Gantelet, or an hours ſetting in the ſtocks? but I know very well what it is that *Philautus* drives at: *viz.* if our Saviour had either determin'd

determin'd the *breadth* of *Stuffs*, or the *weight of bread*: or had ſet a certain *mulct* or *fine* preſently to be levy'd upon every iniquity, then poſſibly he might have paſſed for a *Lawgiver*; and his word might have been taken without a *Canonical Certificate* from two *Juſtices* of the *Peace*. But to ſay that he that lives and dies in ſin ſhall be *eternally damn'd*, was only a *figurative expreſſion*, and a meer frolick which *Chriſt* began, and ſpoke to his *Apoſtles* and *Diſciples* to put about.

Phi. I am ſure that the Goſpel would find but very little entertainment, were it not for the *Sword* of *Juſtice*.

Tim. Why what, I pray, does the *Sword* of *Juſtice* towards the making the Goſpel oblige? does the *Magiſtrate* thruſt down the *Goſpel* into his Subjects bellies, with his *Sword* of *Juſtice*? if he did, 'twould do them but very little good. For 'tis plain, *Philautus*, to any one that knows what

what belongs to Religion; that this ſame *Sword* of *Juſtice* which is to make the *Scriptures Canonical* has ſo very little of any *obliging* vertue in it, that he that does not count himſelf oblig'd to obey the Precepts of Chriſt, only becauſe Chriſt gave them (*i. e.* without your *Sword* of *Juſtice*) is as far from ſalvation, as one that never heard of Chriſt at all.

Phi. I ſuppoſe you don't imagine, *Tim*, the command of a *lawful Prince* to blaſt the obligation of the Goſpel.

Tim. No: but, I ſuppoſe, he that obeys the *Goſpel* only out of complaiſance to his Prince, will obey any *other Book* out of the ſame complaiſance; having no other God, nor Religion, but Power and the Sword.

Phi. 'Tis a very ſtrange thing to me that the commands of Princes ſhould have ſuch little vertue in them; whereas the chief thing that our

our Saviour order'd his Diſciples to Preach, was obedience to Magiſtrates. And therefore St. *Paul* bids *Children to obey their Parents in all things*; and *ſervants in all things to obey their Maſters:* now, if it was Chriſts mind that ſuch little Potentates, as Fathers and Maſters of Families, ſhould be obey'd in all things; what ſhall we ſay to *Fathers* and *Maſters* of *Kingdoms?*

Tim. What ſhall we ſay? we muſt ſay that they muſt be obey'd in more than all things.

Phi. In more than all things? that's non-ſenſe, *Tim*, and impoſſible. But it was certainly our Saviours intention that they ſhould be obey'd as far as was poſſible, *i. e.* in all things.

Tim. Without doubt, Sir: and therefore when our Saviour Preach'd up obedience to *Magiſtrates*, and ſaid that he came not to *deſtroy* but *fullfil the Law*, his meaning certainly, *Philautus*, muſt be this: *viz.* "Where-

"as,

" as I, who am the true Son of God,
" am come into the World to give
" Salvation, and the true means lead-
" ing thereunto; which are meek-
" neſs, ſobriety, fidelity, charity, &c.
" yet, not to deceive you, you are
" to know that at preſent, I am only
" in a private capacity; and this is
" no command, but only my private
" opinion, judgment and advice: and
" therefore if the ſupream Magiſtrate
" calls upon you to cheat, lye, ſwear,
" whore, ſink, damn; and to deſpiſe
" and renounce me and my doctrine;
" never boggle or ſtand to conſider
" of it; but do't, do't: mind not
" at all what I ſaid: for I call'd in
" now, only by the by: and this is
" a time only of friendly counſel
" and invitation. My time of com-
" manding is not as yet come. But
" I ſhall have a time of it afterwards;
" and that a very great one, when
" I come to be ſeated at *Jeruſalem*;
" and then I ſhall have great ſtrength
" and a long Retinue: but in the
mean

"mean while --- *obey in all things*, "whatever I ſay to the contrary. This is the very truth and bottom, *Philautus*, of all your *Chriſtianity*.

Phi. I am ſure of this, that neither Chriſt nor his Apoſtles did any thing more than counſel and invite; never did he, or they impoſe, or command.

Tim. That is, when Chriſt ſent out his Diſciples to preach the Goſpel, he did not bid them fire a Muſket at every ſentence: and when St. *Paul* exhorted the *Corinthians to ſtand faſt in the Faith*; he did not bid them do't, in the *Kings name*.

Phi. No; nor in any other name of *ſecular Authority*.

Tim. No; for according to you, they only went up and down the World *crying* the *Goſpel*: for a Preacher (as you obſerve) in Latin is *Præco*; that is, a *Cryer* or *Proclamation-maker* and as the *Prophet Eſay*

(*Lev. p.* 286.) invites and calls: *ho, every man that thirſteth, &c.* ſo they that were ſent out to preach the Goſpel did nothing more, but knock at mens doors, and cryed ho, will you have any Goſpel within? or elſe got upon a ſtool in the Market, and made Proclamation of the Goſpel there; which, according to *Philautus*, (*without any ſin*) need not be any more minded than the ſinging of a Ballad: for Chriſt has no Kingdom as yet; and where no Kingdom, there's no command, and conſequently no obligation. That a *Philoſopher* and *Poet* ſhould write this for ſenſe or wit; or that any body elſe ſhould take it for ſuch in the reading! for, as for Religion, that's not to be regarded.

Phi. I am ſure I have had many a ſerious thought about Religion: and have been very careful to keep a Conſcience void of offence towards *God*, and towards my *lawful Prince:* for my lawful Prince is to be minded.

Tim.

Tim. Yes, Sir, your Prince muſt be minded: and truly you have complemented up a fine one. But let me tell you he's not abſolute and perfect, till you have remov'd one *objection.*

Phi. What's that?

Tim. You muſt needs take away *Heaven* and *Hell*: but eſpecially *Hell.*

Phi. I don't take away Hell.

Tim. No; not quite; but you make ſuch a little, pretty, eaſie, reaſonable, convenient Hell for *Villains*, *Traytors*, *Tyrants*, and *Atheiſts*, as never was invented. "Let me ſee, "ſay you (*Lev. p.* 238.) I have "promis'd my lawful Prince (or the "Oſtler) to blaſpheme God, re-"nounce Chriſt and burn my "Bible: and for Peace and Govern-"ment have adviſ'd others to do "the like: but there be ſome ſqueam-"iſh, Clergyfied, diſloyal Simpletons "that will be afraid of Hell. There-"fore I muſt needs make a little,

"pretty, tiny Hell. For otherwiſe "my Eternal Almighty Prince may "chance to be diſobey'd, and the "Peace diſturbed. I ſhall only give you moſt of your own words, and ſo take leave. *Seeing*, ſay you, *that the maintainance of civil ſociety dependeth on juſtice, and juſtice on the power of life and death, and other leſs rewards and puniſhments reſiding in them that have the Soveraignty of the Common-wealth; and ſeeing that 'tis impoſſible that a Common-wealth ſhould ſtand, where any other than the Soveraign hath a power of giving greater rewards than life; and of inflicting greater puniſhments than death: and ſeeing further that it is reported by Poets and ſome Bagpipe Divines, that Eternal life is a greater reward than the life preſent, and Eternal torment a greater puniſhment, than the death of nature*; therefore, ſay you, let us make a pretty good Heaven, to invite people to obedience to Magiſtrates: but a very little Hell (about the bigneſs of a

Quartan-

Quartan-Ague) for fear people ſhould obey God more than Men. And accordingly you do't.

Phi. My Hell is a very reaſonable Hell.

Tim. I remember ſo much of it that all the men that ever were in the World are to live upon earth at the ſame time; and if ſo, they'l eat up one another in a day and a night or thereabouts, for want of paſture. Caſt it up and you'l find it ſo: you are a Mathematician: and ſo farewell.

Phi. What won't you talk a little about the *Trinity*, *&c?*

Tim. I know what *Perſona* ſignifies in the Dictionary, and therein lies all your Divinity. And therefore, I ſay again, Farewell.

THE END.